

MAY 2, 1956

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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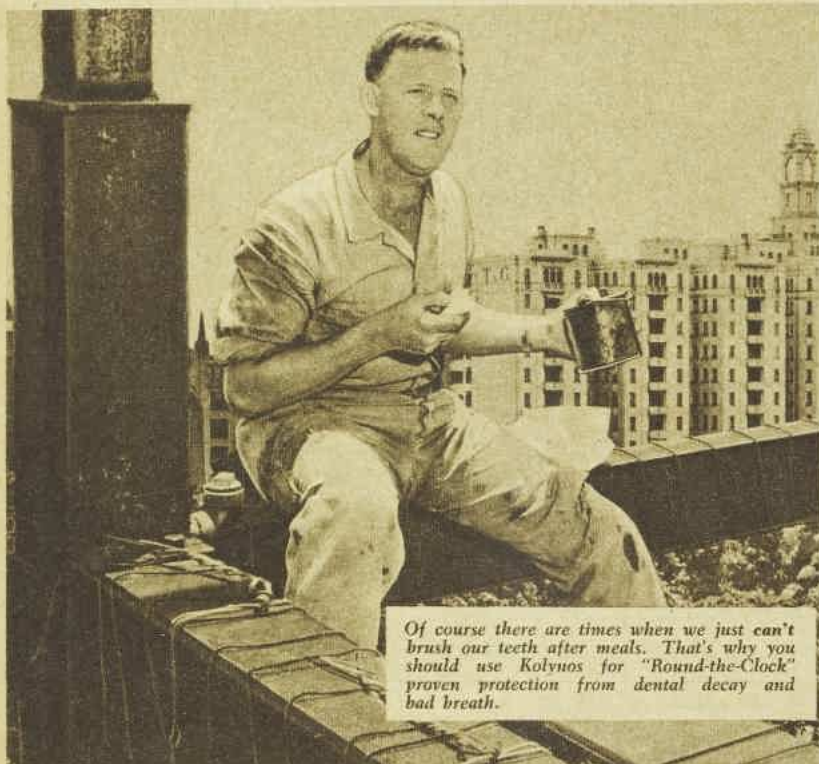
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 104C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 17 James St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

MAY 2, 1956

Vol. 21, No.

PROBLEM FOR PARENTS

WITH Salk anti-polio vaccinations due to begin in most States within a few weeks, an important responsibility is facing all parents.

Will we have our children vaccinated against polio or won't we is a question all parents must ask themselves.

The Commonwealth Government is sponsoring and manufacturing the Salk vaccine, but is not making vaccination compulsory.

The final decision of whether or not every child in the country should be treated with it rests with parents—and parents only.

That this is so is quite right and proper. But it also means that parents must MAKE a decision. Ignoring the problem, or letting it drift is not good enough with a matter so vital.

For most parents the main difficulty will be in deciding what are the best methods to use in making up their minds.

The wise parents will be those who, finding themselves confused or uncertain, consult the family doctor. The doctor, and only the doctor, is the man who really knows what he's talking about on this matter.

The woman next door, Grandma, or the nice woman you met at the butcher's might all be first-class advisers when it comes to a new recipe or a new hat, but their advice is worse than useless in deciding whether or not your children should be vaccinated.

Once vaccination begins there will naturally be much discussion about it. Lurid stories will undoubtedly be told, but sensible parents will not allow themselves to be influenced by these.

They will seek medical advice, and, having been given it, that, and no other, is the advice they will take.

Our cover:

● The pretty girl in the red dress is an American debutante wearing the dress which our Candy Hardy has chosen as the party wear for Australian girls. The dress which comes in white, ballerina-pink, blue, shocking-pink, and emerald-green, as well as red, is ballerina-length with slim princess lines and a huge skirt (180 inches round the hem). You'll find all the details about it and how you can order it on page 37.

This week:

● The picture of the Mosman ferry on the This is Australia series is almost sure to make all ex-Sydneysiders who see it with homesickness. Since 1847 the busy ferries chugging back and forth across the harbor have been just about the most attractive of the sights of Sydney. The first to run to Manly 109 years ago was a 23-horsepower paddle-steamer called "The Brothers" carried 50 passengers, and did the seven-mile trip to Manly three or four times a day. Between trips it did service as a tug—a woad-aid job that the modern ferries would regard with disfavor.

● Our American correspondent Larry Foley, who wrote the story about American debts in the Coming-Out section, tells us that the shortage of presentable young men for deb parties is an easier problem to solve in America than it is here. American "De Agencies" keep lists of eligible young men with as many as 4000 names on the list. From the agencies, anxious mamas can get the names and addresses of suitable young men to invite to their daughters' parties. The agencies get a fee for this. The young men don't like it, of course, refuse the invitations.

Next week:

● The girl with the glory box to fill will find a lot to interest her in next week's eight-page bride-to-be supplement. Wonderful ideas for trousseau clothes and for household linens are included in the supplement.

● For the home gardener there'll be an informative article on plant raising, both from seeds and cuttings.

● Tempestuous Academy Award winning Italian actress Anna Magnani will be the film pin-up—and what a pin-up!

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

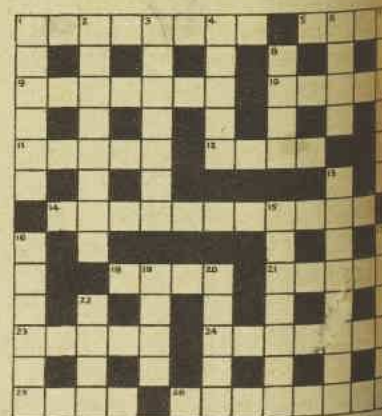
ACROSS

- Menace a broken heart before ten (8).
- Measure Anscreen, but not immediately (4).
- Top gate (Anagr. 7).
- What is hidden in a demoniac riddle is biting to the taste (5).
- Ointment starting a well-known anti-phosph (5).
- Savage cry with a measurable end (4).
- Affirmed solemnly by a quadruped and a most original lady scolded (11).
- Pimple produced by a cane (4).
- Level a narrow road (5).
- One of Bray is well known (5).
- Everything in a shot smells like garlic being related to it (7).
- Decompose a roster (4).
- Bountiful mineral turned in a Latin group (8).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Usually under the order of a dictator (8).
- Cruel Boas before he married the gleaming widow (8).
- Ace made college (7).
- Coarse corundum very hard yet full of polish (5).
- Grain not to tread on (4).
- Stubble field provided with a plate (6).
- To drop with autumn (4).
- So I glare at the harem (8).
- Pacify an ape full of vegetation (7).
- Tradesman who becomes a swart heart when losing his head (8).
- Moors (6).
- Vehicle very skilful (4).
- Succeed with sun in ease (3).
- Payment in people's cottages (4).

Marriage Anyone?

By SARAH and RONALD MORRISETTE

IF you're going to live in New Orleans you simply must find an apartment in the French Quarter," someone had told Katy back in New York. And that was why Katy found herself obediently toiling up three flights of ancient stairs on Royal Street.

Goodness, she thought, pushing back a stray strand of hair, one would certainly have to be a mountain goat to climb those stairs every day! Mr. Lerner, the estate agent, apparently was one, for he bounded ahead, cheerfully calling down the advantages of the neighborhood. It was close to the famous French Market . . . right in the centre of the Vieux Carre . . . with such charming old-world shops and restaurants.

He needn't bother, Katy thought as they reached the top apartment. She wouldn't climb those stairs daily for anything he could name, and when she got her breath back she'd tell him so.

Mr. Lerner was flinging open closet doors to show how much space the closets contained and rattling on about the glories of the tiny kitchen. Katy followed him around, thinking how homesick she was already for New York and her family.

In addition to her parents, there were two sisters and a brother. The sisters, both younger than Katy, were happy wives and mothers. Then, last month, her brother had married—at twenty-two, mind you! Katy had suddenly realised that she was twenty-six, and in a rut.

Oh, life was comfortable, easy, and pleasant. There were several agreeable young men willing to take Katy dancing and dining. She enjoyed their company, but somehow she could not become interested in marriage to any of them.

In fact, she got claustrophobia every time she looked up at a big apartment house and thought of all the people in it doomed to see each other for breakfast for the rest of their lives. It wasn't that she had anything against marriage. It was just that she hadn't met the man of her dreams.

"Oh, really," said Katy irritably, "it's ridiculous to talk as if that cat had brains and personality."

But when her brother took a wife Katy was jolted. She needed a change, she decided, a fresh outlook on life. The textile company for which she worked had an opening in their New Orleans office and she accepted it, feeling very adventurous. But now, as she trailed around behind Mr. Lerner in the empty apartment, she knew that she was homesick.

"Step out here on to the balcony, Miss Bard," Mr. Lerner said, "and look at this amazing view."

"Mr. Lerner," Katy said firmly, "it's a nice apartment, but I have thought it over and decided—"

The view from the iron lacework balcony was amazing, after all. It looked out upon the French Quarter with the spire of the St. Louis Cathedral, upon the blossoming patios below them, and upon a man on the adjoining balcony. An extraordinary man. He was, in fact, the very man who had been starring in Katy's dreams for years.

She even recognised the color of his hair. And there he sat, long and thin, with a good-natured mouth. And there, too, was the pipe—a quaint clay pipe. So very manly of him, Katy thought. But he wasn't puffing on the pipe, because he was asleep. Sound asleep in a sort of deck chair that was separated from her balcony only by a railing.

"Well, Miss Bard? Breathtaking, isn't it?" Mr. Lerner said, indicating the view of the French Quarter.

"Yes," Katy said, looking hard at the adjoining balcony. "He's—I mean, it's just what I wanted."

At the office Mr. Lerner drew up a one-year lease, which Katy signed. All the time she was moving out of the hotel and into her new apartment, Katy was hopefully ticking over her liabilities and assets.

On the one hand, she had never won a beauty contest; on the other hand, she wasn't exactly repulsive. She had been told that she had a beautiful smile. She had a good disposition and a quick mind, and she could certainly hold her own in a bathing suit.

Katy had a funny sensation similar to heartburn whenever she thought about the man on the next balcony. What if she hadn't wandered into that estate agent's office—and what if she hadn't come to New Orleans in the first place? She shuddered at the thought.

Fate was obviously hard at work, for what could be more convenient than conversation between her and the man next door? And what could be more natural than his bringing his lamb chop over to her balcony to join her and her lamb chop for dinner? She could see it all now, so casual, so—so designed.

As the clock in the St. Louis Cathedral chimed six, Katy stepped on to her balcony. The man next door was striding up and down his balcony, whistling. Katy pretended to arrange some potted plants as she waited for him to speak. To her surprise, it didn't work out that way.

He stopped whistling, and she could feel his eyes

To page 39



"See my glorious new perm
with time-saving Toni!"



I used one of the
Toni Trio
3 HOME PERMS
for lanolin protection
and soft shining curls

Whatever your type of hair, Toni brings you the perfect perm for it. There's *Super* for hard-to-wave hair; *Regular* for normal hair and *Gentle* for the easy-to-wave. Just 15 minutes is the exact waving time for all! And Toni Seal-A-Wave solution locks in those lovely curls instantly and permanently.



"Mine's **SUPER**
for hard-to-wave
hair"



"Mine's
REGULAR
for normal hair"



"Mine's
GENTLE
for easy-to-wave
hair"



Toni gives a natural curl
that lasts till it grows out

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HANDSOME SIR GARETH LUDLOW has scarcely had much time to ponder on LADY HESTER THEALE'S unexpected refusal of his hand in marriage, because he has had to leave Brancaster Park to chase off after AMANDA SMITH, who has run away with Lady Hester's uncle, FABIAN THEALE, thinking he intends to help her. But when Amanda sees he is a philanderer she gives him the slip, and Sir Gareth finds her at a farm where she is hiding.

She is still determined not to reveal her grandfather's name or to tell Gareth the name of the young Army officer, NEIL, to marry whom she has run away from her home. Sir Gareth says he is taking her to London to the home of his sister, MRS. WETHERBY, where she

must stay till he can return her safely to her grandfather.

En route to London they put up at an inn where the only other guest is a young man, HILDEBRAND ROSS, a student and poet. Before long he is quite taken with Amanda, and shocked to see how strict Sir Gareth is with her and that she is locked in her room at bedtime.

He manages to talk to her through her window, and is horrified at the lurid story Amanda makes up for his benefit, having quickly recognised him as a possible ally. She says Sir Gareth has abducted her and is taking her to London to force her into marriage with him as she is an heiress. Hildebrand, the young romantic, is at once inspired to try to help her escape from Gareth's clutches. **NOW READ ON:**

"Help me lift him," said Amanda to the post boy who stood aghast looking at the pale Sir Gareth and his blood-stained coat.



IT did not take the young couple long to discard the trappings of convention. "Oh, I wish you will not call me Miss Smith!" said Amanda. "Amanda!" breathed Mr. Ross reverently. "And my name is Hildebrand."

"Isn't it odd that we should both of us have the most ridiculous names?" said Amanda. "Do you find yours a sad trial?"

Struck by her rare understanding, Mr. Ross told her just how sad a trial his name had been to him and explained to her the precise circumstances which had led to his being given a name calculated to blight his scholastic career. He had never dreamed it could sound well until he heard it on her lips.

After this digression they became more practical and very much more argumentative. A number of schemes for Amanda's deliverance, all of which depended upon some extremely improbable stroke of good fortune, were considered and dismissed regretfully; and a promising new alliance was nearly ruptured by Hildebrand's rejection of a daring suggestion that he should creep into Sir Gareth's room and steal from under his pillow (where there could be no doubt it was hidden) the key to Amanda's room.

In Hildebrand, an inculcated respect for convention warred with a craving for romance. The thought of the construction Sir Gareth would inevitably place on the theft of the key, should he wake (as Hildebrand rather thought he would) before the accomplishment of the design, made that young gentleman blush all over his slim body.

He was naturally unable to disclose to Amanda the cause of his reluctance and so was obliged to endure the mortification of being thought a wretchedly cowardly creature.

"Oh, well, if you are afraid!" said Amanda, with a disdainful shrug of her shoulders.

Her scorn sharpened his wits. The glimmerings of a plan, more daring than any that had occurred to her, flickered in his brain.

"Wait!" he commanded, his brows knit portentously. "I have a better notion!"

She waited. After a prolonged silence, pregnant with suspense, Mr. Ross said suddenly: "Are you willing to place your honor in my hands?"

"Yes, yes, of course I am!" responded Amanda, agog with expectation.

"And do you think," he asked anxiously, descending with disconcerting rapidity from

SPRIG MUSLIN

Fifth instalment of our Regency serial by GEORGETTE HEYER

these heights, "that if I were mounted on my horse, Prince, you could contrive to leap up before me?"

"I could, if you reached down your hand to me," replied Amanda optimistically.

He considered this for a daunted moment. "Well, I shall be holding a pistol in my right hand, and I shouldn't think I could contrive to hold the bridle in it as well," he said dubiously. "I could try, of course, but—no, I think it would be best if I tucked the reins under my knee. And even if Prince does become restive it won't signify, once I have you firmly gripped. All you will have to do is set your foot on mine in the stirrup and spring the moment I tell you to. Do you think you can do that?"

"Are you going to ride off with me across your saddle-bow?" demanded Amanda eagerly.

"Yes—well, no, not precisely. I mean, I thought, if you put your arms round me, you sit before me—just until we were beyond the reach of pursuit!" he added quickly.

"Yes, that would be much more comfortable," she agreed. "Of course I could do it!"

"Well, when the notion first came to me I thought you could, too, but now I come to think of it more particularly, I can see that it is a thing we ought to practise."

"No, no, I am persuaded there can be not the least difficulty!" she urged. "Only think how knights in olden times were forever riding off with distressed ladies!"

"Yes, and in armor, too!" he said, forcibly stuck. "Still, we don't know but what they may have bungled it, before they acquired the habit, and it won't do for us to bungle it. I think I had better dismount, and hold Prince while you get upon his back. Are you able to mount without assistance?"

"Certainly I am! But what are you going to do?"

"Hold you up on the road to Bedford!" disclosed Hildebrand.

Amanda uttered a squeak, which he correctly interpreted as an expression of admiration and approval, and gave a little jump of excitement.

"Like a highwayman? Oh, what a splendid scheme. Pray forgive me for not having thought you had any courage!"

"It's a pretty desperate thing to do, of course," said Hildebrand, "but I can see that only desperate measures will answer in this case, and I would do anything to save you from your guardian. I cannot conceive why your father left you in the care of such an infamous person. It seems the oddest thing!"

"He was deceived in him, but never mind that!" said Amanda hastily. "How do you know he means to go to Bedford?"

"I discovered it when I was waiting for an opportunity to seize this ladder. Only

to think that I was wishing that groom at Jericho, when all the time I had been guided to the stables by Providence. Because the groom was arranging for the hire of a chaise for his master, and inquiring about the state of the road that runs to Bedford. It's not a pike road, you know, but Sir Gareth means to go by it, just to Bedford, which is only one stage. And there you are to change from this chaise, which is a shabby old-fashioned one, and go on to London in a better one, which, of course, may readily be hired in a place like Bedford." Hildebrand sounded more and more pleased with himself.

"Four horses, too! By Jove, it is another instance of Providence," he went on. "For you know, if this weren't such a quiet place, with precious little custom, I daresay they would keep any number of fast vehicles for hire, and bang-up cattle as well, and I might have been at a stand. For I daresay I should have found it pretty hard to cover two postilions, as well as Sir Gareth. But only a pair of horses are hired for the first stage, which makes my task much easier. And I will own myself astonished if we do not find the road deserted, so early in the day. I mean, it can't be like the pike roads, with mails and stages going up and down at all hours!"

Amanda agreed to this, but was shaken by doubt.

"Yes, but how will you procure a pistol?" she objected.

"Procure one? I have a pair of my own, in my saddle holsters," said Hildebrand, unable to keep a note of pride out of his voice. "Loaded, too."

"Oh!" said Amanda rather thoughtfully. "You need not be afraid that I don't know how to handle them. My father holds that one should be accustomed to guns as soon as possible. I don't wish to boast, but I am accounted a tolerably good shot."

"Yes, but I don't wish you to shoot Sir Gareth, or even the post boy," said Amanda uneasily.

"Of course, I shall do nothing of the sort!" he retorted indignantly. "A pretty kick-up that would mean. I might be obliged to fire one of the pistols over the post boy's head, to frighten him, you know, but I promise you I shan't do more. There won't be the least need. I shall hold Sir Gareth covered and you may depend upon it he won't dare to move, with my pistol pointed at his head. He is bound to be taken quite by surprise, but you will not be, and you must lose not an instant in jumping down from the chaise and mounting Prince. Then I shall get up behind you and we shall be off in a trice."

He paused, but Amanda said nothing.

After a moment he said, rather hurt: "You don't care for the scheme?"

"Yes, I do!" she replied warmly. "I like it excessively, for I have always wished to have adventures, and I can see that this would be a truly splendid adventure. Except for the pistols."

"Oh, if that is all—! I promise you you need not be afraid; I won't even fire in the air!"

"Oh, well, then—No, it won't do. Nothing is of any use because I have nowhere to go to," said Amanda, plunging back into dejection.

But Hildebrand was not daunted.

"Don't be unhappy!" he begged. "I had been thinking of where I should take you and, if you should not dislike it, I fancy I have hit upon the very thing. Of course, if this had not chanced to fall at an awkward time I should have taken you home so that Mama could have looked after you, which, I assure you, she would have been delighted to do."

But it so happens that my eldest sister is about to be confined and Mama has gone away to be with her, while Father is at this very moment taking Blanche and Amabel to Scarborough for a month."

Seeing that Amanda looked even more dejected he hurried on, "It is vexatious, but never mind! I will take you to Hannah instead. She is the dearest creature and I know you would be happy with her, for she used to be our nurse and she will do anything in the world for me. And her husband is a very good sort of a man. He is a farmer and they have the jolliest farm, not far from Newmarket. What I thought was that I should ride with you 'cross country to St. Neots and there hire a chaise. I suppose I shall be obliged to stable Prince there or, perhaps, I could ride him as far as Cambridge. Yes, that would be best."

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You just can't resist



Everybody (well, almost everybody) is eating and enjoying Carola chocolate caramels. Crisp, creamy-milk chocolate outside . . . soft, smooth caramel inside . . . delectable, delicious—that's Carola! Even quite unselfish people are often caught trying to keep their packs of Carola to themselves. Don't risk discovery! Buy *two* packs of Carola. One for your friends and one for your purely personal and private enjoyment. After all, why not?

AT ALL CONFECTIONERS, 1' - IN THE HANDY POCKET PACK

MADE BY ROWNTREE'S, MELBOURNE

Birthday

A short story complete
on this page

By NANSI PUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

"QUICK MARCH!" said the captain, and the troops moved forward briskly.

Anne held her head high and swung her left arm. Over her right shoulder was balanced her father's walking-stick. Their objective was a clump of trees two hundred yards away, but they approached it by a roundabout route, the captain being a cautious fellow. No enemy was sighted and presently they were standing at ease.

The captain leaned his rifle against a fallen tree trunk and the regiment regarded it fondly in a mixture of communal pride and personal envy. It was made of shiny yellow wood and bright metal, with a leather strap by which to sling it over the arm, and it looked exactly like a real gun.

A dog barked in the distance and the band of soldiers seized their arms and fell to the ground. Anne held the walking-stick at eye level, trained on the path by which they had come.

"Don't shoot yet!" said Edwin in a low, firm voice. "Wait for the command!"

When at last he shouted "Fire!" the noise was tremendous. "Bang! Bang! Bang!" they cried, and the Red Indians they had been pursuing were mown down mercilessly.

"Cut off their heads! Cut off their heads!" cried Dick, who was always bloodthirsty, and he ran down the slope yelling and waving his tin sword.

Edwin pursued him, catching him by the shoulder. "Let the dogs lie!" he thundered. "The vultures will pluck out their eyes."

Anne admired Edwin always, but in battle he was magnificent. Now he slung his rifle on his shoulder again. "Back to camp," he said, "before the hordes sweep down again."

Reluctantly they followed him, knowing him to be right. Anne looked back once or twice, half fearful that a wounded Indian might, even as he lay dying, aim a poisoned arrow at her, but all was quiet in the field behind them and they reached their base safely.

"Dismiss!" said Edwin briefly. "Same time tomorrow." The others saluted smartly and went off.

Anne stayed as usual. "Edwin," she said, before he could launch out on strategy for repelling the next attack, "it's my birthday tomorrow."

"I know," he said, and his brown eyes shone with secret pleasure.

"So," continued Anne, digging the end of the walking-stick into the ground and concentrating fiercely upon it, "I won't be able to come tomorrow."

"Do you have to stay with your mother on your birthday?"

"No," said Anne, not looking up, "but a girl is coming to spend the day."

Edwin brightened. "She can march, too."

Anne worked the stick round and round in the hole. "I think we shall have to stay at home," she said.

Edwin did not pursue the subject. The brown eyes, sober now, followed the movement of the stick. "Let's measure how deep the hole is." And he took a folding ruler out of his pocket.

The birthday breakfast was exciting. There were presents tied in green paper from Mother, Father, and Granny Spragge. The eggs were scrambled, because that was her favorite way, and she was allowed to see the decorated birthday cake which had been made for tea. Nancy was to arrive at eleven o'clock.

Anne went up to the nursery to see that everything was tidy and to spread the paper dolls right along the bed. Nancy would bring hers, tucked between the pages of a thick magazine, and they would begin one of their interminable games of "Families," scarcely able to tear themselves away for lunch.

She had only just reached the nursery when she heard Edwin's familiar step on the stair. He knocked on the door importantly. Usually he walked straight in. "Shut your eyes!" he ordered.

When she opened them he was standing in the room close beside her, the beautiful rifle in his hands. It was exactly like his own, gleaming yellow wood, shining metal, leather strap for the shoulder. Any Red Indian would have given his soul to possess such a weapon.

"Look!" said Edwin, and pointed to a little metal plate with "A.S." engraved in capital letters. "We had it made," he went on, "specially."

Anne took the gun reverently. "It's beautiful!" she said. "Oh, Edwin, its lovely!"

Edwin laughed happily. "I thought you would like it," he said. "Can't you come this afternoon?"

Anne remembered Nancy and carried the gun across the room to lean it against the big dolls' house. "No, I'm sorry, Edwin." When she looked round he was gone.

Nancy brought her a page of cut-outs. It was furniture for the paper dolls and they could scarcely wait to find the scissors. "Funny you being eight," said Nancy as they cut industriously.

"Why?"

"Well, that means I'm nearly ten." Nancy was wearing stockings for the first time. She looked very superior and tall. "What else did you get?"

Anne showed her the presents that had been tied up in green paper and Nancy approved them. They began the paper doll game. After an hour or so Nancy became a little restless. She put down Clementina de Vere, and prowled round the room. "What's this?" she asked suddenly, pouncing on the rifle.

Anne looked up. "Oh, just another present," she said casually. "What have you done with Clementina's evening-dress?"

"Another present? A birthday present of a gun? Who gave it to you?"

"The boy next door," mumbled Anne.

Holding it at arm's length, Nancy came into the middle of the room. "The boy next door? The one with the big ears? He gave you a gun for your birthday? Does he think you play soldiers? Oh, how jolly funny." And Nancy began to laugh.

She threw the rifle across her shoulder and marched up and down. Anne sprang up and marched behind her. They laughed and laughed, rocking and prancing, goose-stepping, saluting each other wildly, leaping to attention, collapsing to stand at ease again. The tears poured down their cheeks.

"What a lot of noise!" said Mother. "Lunch is ready."

The gun was left lying on the carpet. They ran to wash their hands. After lunch Father took them for a drive. They went to a wood and

had a picnic tea. Then Nancy and Anne climbed a tree and went on with their "family" game.

On the way home they passed the regiment. They were marching smartly, at their head the captain with his gun. He waved when he saw the car, and Father and Mother waved in return. Sitting in the back of the car, Nancy nudged Anne.

"Don't they look funny?" she giggled, and Anne nodded and began to laugh again. They pressed their noses to the rear window and made faces at the soldiers. Edwin, the leader, straightened his shoulders and marched proudly. The car had passed too quickly for him to notice the expressions of the people in it.

He was marching well so that Anne and her friend would be pleased.

Father drove Nancy to her home. It was late when they got back to the house.

"A quick supper and then bed,"

said Mother. "Tidy up the nursery, won't you, before you undress?"

The rifle was still lying on the carpet. Anne propped it up against the dolls' house once more and put all the paper dolls neatly away between the pages of a magazine. But, lying in bed afterwards, she could not sleep. She rubbed her feet, which felt cold, and then drew them up under her. She was wrapped in a cocoon of strange, unrecognisable misery. And yet she was eight and it had been a nice birthday.

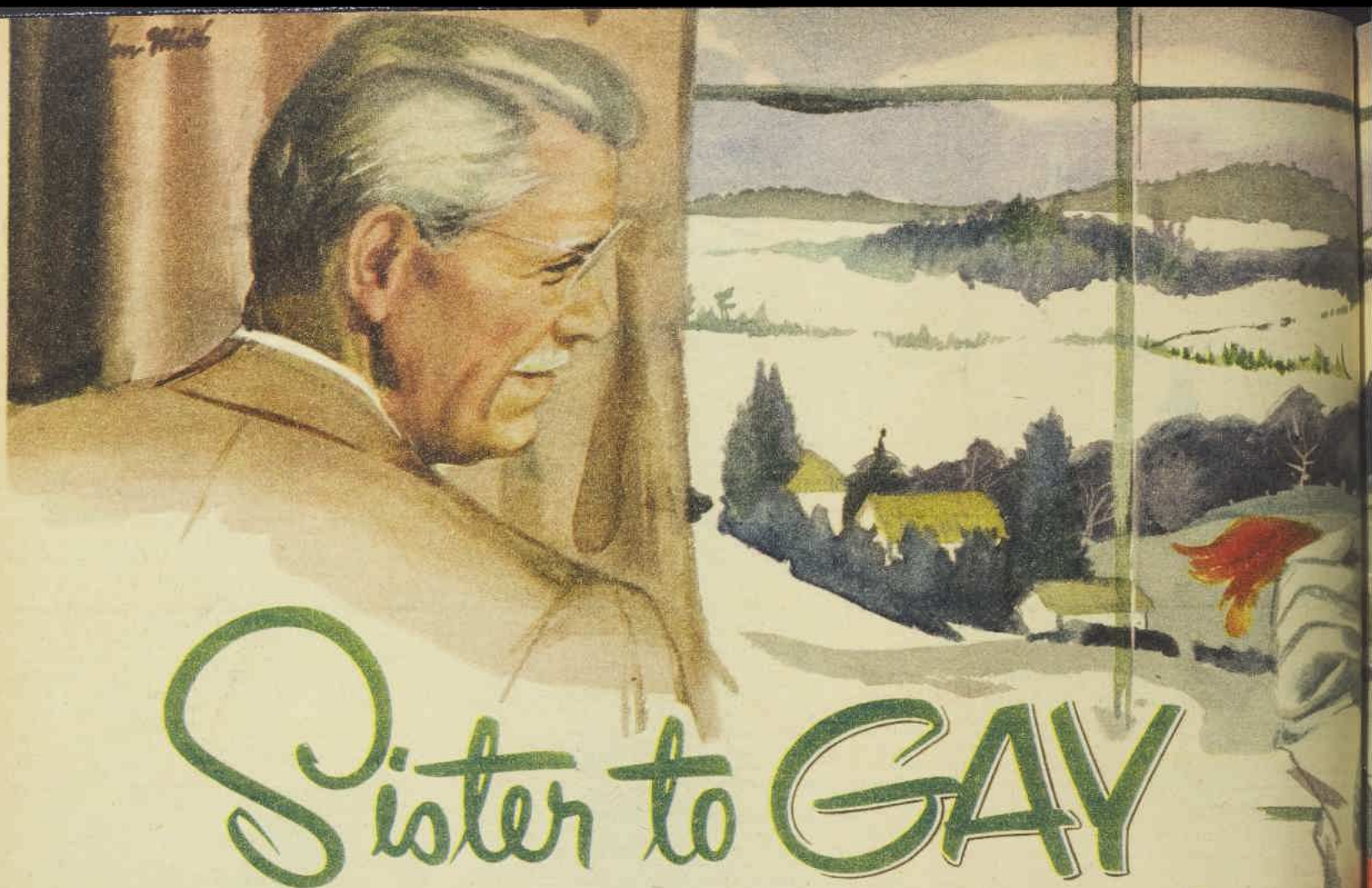
She heard the hall clock strike ten. Moonlight shone across the nursery. Anne sat up. Then she got out of bed and tiptoed across to the dolls' house.

In the morning the sun was shining and the first thing Anne saw was the wooden rifle on the bed beside her. She stretched out her hand and strokes the letters "A.S." Then she got dressed quickly so that she would be sure to be on time for parade.

(Copyright)



"Bang! Bang!" yelled Anne and Edwin while Dick waved his sword and shouted, "Cut off their heads! Cut off their heads!"



An enchanting story by DOROTHY EDEN

HALF an hour before the train was due Monica went to Gay's room. No one had suggested that she have a last look round to see if everything was spick and span, the flowers on the dressing-table unwilted, the fire burning brightly because outside it had begun to snow, Gay's comfortable woolly robe that she always liked to wear when she was home spread out on the bed.

There was no need to have that last look because of course everything was exactly in order. Everyone else had trouble with maids, but Annie never grumbled about having an extra fireplace to do when it was Gay's, or extra sheets to wash if they belonged to Gay.

The whole house waited for Gay, mother having her half-hour nap so as to be fresh and bright, father hurrying over his afternoon calls, Annie making up the bed in the guest-room for Nigel Parker, who was Gay's friend. Even Lulu had sensed Gay's approach and was constantly running to the door, wagging her tail and sniffing eagerly.

The whole house, Monica thought. Even the grandfather clock in the hall moved its hand from minute to minute with a slow jerk, as if restraining its eagerness.

Nigel. That was a name of which they all approved. Gay's Nigel was already a personality to them, one of their own, because, being Gay's, he naturally belonged to them.

It was all so easy, so easy for Gay. Monica's small thin hands hesitated on the knob of the wardrobe door. Then she opened the door and looked at the clothes hanging inside. Gay would say, "What a pity we aren't the same coloring. Not that you don't look far better in my things than I do myself. Have that turquoise thing. I've worn it only once. I had to get it for that do at the Dorchester. But you know how I loathe dressing up."

And, although she would adore the dress — all Gay's formal clothes were in the best

of taste — she would have to be grateful again, she would have to smile and say, "Thank you so much. You're so good to me."

Each word seemed to blacken her soul. Since the age of twelve her soul must have been steadily growing blacker and blacker. She must be very bad by now, she, nineteen-year-old Monica Temple, alias Monique de Courcy. Sometimes it was Monica Temple who was the ghost, sometimes the former Monique de Courcy. Sometimes she felt like no person at all, just a shadow who fetched and carried for mother, heated soup for father after night calls, went to the station in the snow to meet Gay.

"Monica!" That was mother calling now. "Isn't it time to go, dear?"

Monica closed the wardrobe door. Again her hand rested lingeringly on the knob. Whom had she shut within, the French Monique who loved pretty clothes or the English younger sister who hated to be grateful?

"Yes, Mother. I'm just coming," she called back.

In half an hour Gay would be in this room, the house would be full of her happy, careless, red-headed presence.

It was snowing fairly heavily by now. Monica backed out the shabby runabout that was exclusively her property when father had the big car out on calls. The wheels skidded a little on the snowy surface of the drive. In another hour it would not be safe to drive. Even now the outlines of the road were blurring, and one had to proceed with caution.

Half-way to the station Monica came upon a driver who had not proceeded with caution. His car had skidded into the ditch, and he himself, a young man with a hatless fair head flecked with snowflakes, was standing in the middle of the road signalling to her.

Monica pulled up. "Want a lift?" she asked. "You're going the wrong way for me," the young man answered. His eyes were

very blue, and his cheeks reddened with cold. His wet hair was the color of the sodden haystacks in the field. Blue eyes, straw-colored fair hair, bright skin. How English, Monica thought. How attractive, she thought to herself, and gave her quick, brilliant smile.

"Where are you going, then?" "To Greenfields. Doctor Temple's place."

Monica caught her breath. Then she said gaily, "Then I know who you are. You're Nigel Parker. Jump in. You can come with me to the station to meet Gay."

He stared at her. Then he laughed with friendliness and pleasure.

"You must be Gay's sister." "Yes, Monica. For goodness sake, get in out of the snow."

He climbed in, still staring at her.

"Well, isn't this providential? I thought I'd have to hike for a couple of miles. I say, you're not a bit like Gay, are you? You're dark. She's got that amazing red hair. I believe one could warm one's hands by it." He began to rub his chilly gloveless hands, and Monica could imagine him in reality moving them over Gay's hair, burying them deep in its abundance.

Her own hands clenched on the steering wheel. It wasn't fair how life was just too easy for some people. Gay, with her effervescent happiness, her success at her job, her generosity, her indolent refusal to worry about anything. And now this attractive young man who might otherwise have been an adventure for Monica.

"How can two sisters come to be so different?" Nigel was asking, pursuing the subject with interest, as if he might even like to know how she came to be so small and dark. It meant, of course, that Gay hadn't told him the story. One would know she wouldn't. Her generosity was too deep and genuine.

"Actually we're not sisters," she explained. "I'm adopted."

"Really?" He was looking at her again.

She was deeply aware of his eyes on her. "Gay never told me."

Monica made herself smile. "She wouldn't. I think she believes we really are sisters. But I, of course, can't forget. One doesn't — those sort of things."

"You must tell me about it," he said sympathetically.

"Yes. Some time." Monica's voice was aloof. They were approaching the station, and suddenly it was as if Gay were already with them, exclaiming in her warm, lazy voice, "Monica, how nice to see you! Nigel, darling!"

Gay, with her tall figure swathed in an enormous coat, her hair a flame above it, would make everyone else seem like little frozen sparrows.

But it wasn't that way, after all. To begin with, the train was late. The station-master said it would be at least half an hour before it arrived, and, of course, the only thing to do was to get hot coffee in the cafe. Eating on railway stations was usually the most depressing business, but today it was different.

Against the gloom outside, the lighted cafe gave a semblance of warmth and brightness. Nigel shook the snow out of his hair, curved his cold hands round the cup, looked at Monica, and said, "Now you have a whole half-hour to tell me who you really are."

Because of the genuine interest in his eyes Monica related the story that was so seldom mentioned at home because the Temples wanted her to completely belong to them. In short, unemotional sentences she told him about the bombed town of Caen and the death of her parents, her French father and her mother, who was English, and an old friend of Doctor Temple's.

"Doctor Temple found me among the refugees, or rather I found him. You've no idea what it was like to see a familiar face. It was one bit of sanity in a night-



"Going for a walk?" Dr. Temple asked Nigel and Monica, while Gay hovered a little miserably in the background.

mare. I remember I couldn't even cry. I just followed him about for two days. He said he was taking me home. And he did. Gay needed a sister, he said. And I—well, right then I needed a whole family."

She was so absorbed in that old feeling of desolation that she almost started when she heard Nigel's voice, "You poor little kid! How absolutely ghastly!"

Monica forced herself to smile brightly. "Not afterwards. Because they've all been so wonderful to me. I really do belong now."

As far as the Temples were concerned, there had never been any doubt about her belonging, from the first night when Gay had hugged her and cried, "Daddy, is she really going to live with us? How marvelous!" But she herself, how did she feel? Gratitude could wear out, it could turn into criticism, into bitterness, almost into dislike.

Monica thought of the house waiting for Gay, the fires burning, the late chrysanthemums making the rooms gay, Lulu with her eager nose under the door.

"Someone has to make all that up to you," Nigel was saying seriously.

"Oh, they have. They are," Monica answered. She looked at him again, and the thought flashed into her mind that if someone like Nigel Parker were to make things up to her she would feel no undercurrent of bitterness, it would be entirely pleasant.

But Nigel was Gay's. "I say, you know, you're awfully pretty," he said. "When your eyes sparkle and you smile like that—"

Monica laughed. "Beware! That's my French half." "I've always been a bit scared of Frenchwomen."

"What nonsense!" Monica laughed again. "Come, I think I can hear the train."

They were running down the platform hand in hand when Gay stepped off the train. Nigel had spotted her red head in the distance, and had dragged Monica after him, slipping on the wet asphalt, laughing, her cheeks bright.

Indeed, their meeting was the reverse of what Monica had imagined it would be. It was Gay who was quiet and pale, saying,

"I've got the most beastly cold," and Monica who exclaimed, "How nice to see you! I've met your Nigel, as you can see."

Gay smiled with only a semblance of her lazy warmth. She was bundled in a coat that was not as becoming as her clothes usually were, and she was shivering, her cheeks white, the end of her nose red.

"So you have. And how do you two like each other? I'm awfully sorry I'm such a sight. Have you got the car, Monica? Do let's get home quickly. Don't come near me, either of you. I might have flu."

In contrast to Gay's unusual misery, Monica felt gay, attractive, full of life. She led the way to the car, and insisted on Gay getting in the back and wrapping herself in rugs.

"We'll be home in a jiffy," she said. "Bed and aspirin for you, darling."

Gay smiled in weary gratitude. "I agree. I do hope I'm not stuck in bed for my birthday. I think there's a party. Well, Monica will have to look after you, Nigel."

As was to be expected, the house was thrown into a panic because of Gay's feverish cold. Father had just arrived home from his last round, and he immediately prescribed bed, with hot drinks and aspirin. Mother whisked Gay upstairs, and Annie fussed after them to see if the fire was burning brightly, if all the windows were shut. They had scarcely had time to notice Nigel.

"Take Nigel into the lounge and give him a drink," mother had said over her shoulder, and Gay's muffled voice had come down the stairs, half laughing, half disgusted. "I don't expect you to love me at all during this crisis, darling. I look at my absolute worst with a cold in the head."

For half an hour Monica and Nigel sat over the lounge fire sipping sherry and talking very little. Almost at once Monica had had the tremendously comfortable feeling that a lot of animated conversation was not necessary. She knew Nigel felt that way, too, because of the contented way in which his gaze wandered from her to the fire, then back to her again.

For a little while it seemed to her that they might have been anywhere in the world,

To page 34

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THE QUALITY FABRIC

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHAT has caused the general trend among people today of "I know everything about everything"? I think half of life's smaller worries and troubles could be overcome if people would only admit that there are others in the world who know more than they do.

If you are wondering what to do about a certain thing, make inquiries by telephone or letter from someone who can give helpful information on the subject; don't just go on wondering and worrying, thinking that because you don't know what to do, nobody else does.

In my experience, questions asked with a genuine "I want to find out from YOU" attitude always get the best service and advice available, and so lots of our everyday worries are ironed out before they can build up in our minds to major problems.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Higgs, Belmore, N.S.W.

DON'T let anyone ever tell you that Australian crowds are rude. On holiday in Sydney I took my three daughters, aged six, five, and two, and my four-year-old nephew to a circus matinee. A tired little group coming home, as we joined the queue for a bus, I was afraid we would never get on one. To my joy a burly workman called out, "Let the lady with the children get on first." The crowd parted, and we climbed gratefully aboard. It was one of the nicest things that has ever happened to me.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Anderson, Auckland, N.Z.

WE have a very old velvet rug at home. When I accidentally placed it wrong-side-up the other day, my mother said, "Velvet side up, dear. The other side is a bit rough, and might hurt someone's feet." This made me think that, although we are careful not to hurt others physically, we may not take the same care to spare their feelings. Could we not adopt the "velvet-side-up" attitude in all our dealings with others?

10/6 to F. Ashby, Toowoomba, Qld.

HAVE I any supporter for more recordings by our own Australian singers? Recently I inquired for a recording of a Sydney singer, but was met with a puzzled look by the assistant. This artist is only one of our many good singers. Why can't we hear more of them on record?

10/6 to Joy Brockman, Seven Mile Beach, via Hobart.

NOW that the swimming season is over in most districts, I think loud public applause should be given our lifesavers. This has been a particularly strenuous season for them on many beaches, with treacherous seas and sudden channels sweeping dozens of people into danger. But with excellent training and teamwork, the lifesavers have saved many who otherwise would have drowned. Yet because their courage is so familiar to us, we are apt to take it for granted.

10/6 to Mrs. I. Dalton, Mosman, N.S.W.

WHEN an unmarried woman reaches 30, or thereabouts she is classed as an "Old Maid," an object of derision featured in countless stories and comic strips and always to her detriment. This seems to be her penalty for not entering the married state, whether by choice or circumstance. In my opinion the single woman could be regarded as a minor heroine at least. She bears a loneliness peculiar to her state of life which even the bachelor does not experience and she helps other people so much, often unasked and sometimes unthanked.

10/6 to "Young Maid" (name supplied), Rockhampton.

Over the counter

IT'S all very well for shoppers to grumble because, when they wish to "just have a look round," they are approached by shop assistants (The Australian Women's Weekly 21/3/56). As staff tutor to one of Melbourne's largest stores for some years, I can assure them that for every customer who objects to this there are 10 who complain bitterly if they do not receive attention immediately they stop to look.

10/6 to G. Rippingale, Coniston, N.S.W.

I HAVE been a shop assistant for over 10 years and have enjoyed every minute of it, but may I say that one thing which is most annoying to us is to ask, "Can I help you?"—as we are instructed to—and have the customer walk away with a sneer, and not even the grace to reply.

10/6 to Miss N. F. (name supplied), Young, N.S.W.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

IT may seem extravagant for people like us, who have to manage on a small income, to give their children a regular amount of pocket money. But it has proved very worthwhile, solving the problem of having the children ask for things we could not afford.

The money they receive is what little they would be given day by day, but getting it in a lump sum seems so much better to them. They have so much cash for banking, Sunday school collection, amusements, and a little to save towards something such as buying a gift.

In this way they are learning the value of money. £1/1/- to Mrs. H. Seidel, East Brunswick, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

FEW women understand clothes as well as Eunice Grayson, a young English television actress.

She believes that her dresses have souls.

"The other night," she told an interviewer, "I wanted to wear a turquoise chiffon. It had been squashed in the wardrobe and was very depressed, poor thing. So I just hung it out in the air and gave it a good talking-to. In an hour it had crisped up and was looking beautiful again."

Eunice is quite right, in my opinion.

People should try more to see their clothes' point of view.

Do you ever stop to think how an overcoat feels, out in the cold and the rain?

Or a pair of slacks being continually sat on? Or a bit of underwear, thrashed about in a washing machine?

No, you probably don't. I didn't think about it myself until I read Eunice's views.

I can see now that a garment's

RAGS WITH SOULS

life must be miserable if it never gets a word of encouragement.

Just as an experiment, spend an evening sitting up with a sick pair of corsets. You may be surprised at the result.

When you are speaking to clothes



you should always adopt a friendly tone.

Never scold or bully them.

Perhaps you decide to have a few words with a strapless gown that has seen better days.

It's no good saying rudely: "What's the matter with you lately? You're slipping."

That will only wreck the gown's

morale, and it may collapse altogether.

When I first started talking to my clothes they were shy and did not answer. But since then I have got to know them better.

The other night I thought my grey flannel trousers looked depressed, so I took them out for a yarn.

"What's the matter?" I said. "More buttons smashed at the cleaners?"

"No," was the reply. "As a matter of fact, we're sore about the Waffles' party."

"Why? I didn't spill tomato soup on you this time."

"No, but you sat down smack on a cream puff."

I apologised, and we were soon good friends again.

"So long, smartypants," I said as I hung them up.

Unfortunately my wife is not sympathetic in this matter.

She came into the room when I was trying to cheer up an old felt hat by telling it funny stories.

"I think you're talking through your hat," she said.

I wonder if she could be right.



THIS IS AUSTRALIA

HARBOR TRAVELLERS. Since 1847 many of the people who live on Sydney's northern shores have made their way to the city by ferry. It is a placid way to travel . . . no strap-hanging, no hustling crowds. At a steady pace the ferries shuttle to and fro between Manly, Mosman, Cremorne, Neutral Bay, Taronga Park, Hunter's Hill, and the city. Each year they carry 15,000,000 passengers, most of whom watch the ever-changing harbor and find that no two trips are ever the same. Each trip is different, too, for the ferry's captain. He has to contend with the winds, tides, currents, and the harbor traffic. And there have been times of tragedy, as on November 3, 1927, when the Greycliffe and the liner Tahiti collided near Benelong Point and forty people were drowned. This picture by staff photographer Alan Pout was taken as a Mosman ferry passed Kirribilli on its way to the city.

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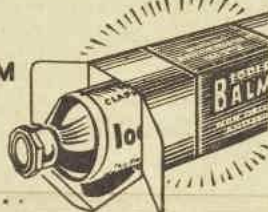
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The happy sequel to a tragic love story

● A tiny two-year-old girl has come to be the "happy-ever-after" part of romance to Jimmy Goldsmith, wealthy company director, whose runaway marriage in Scotland to Isobel Patino, daughter of the Bolivian tin multi-millionaire, two years ago enthralled the world.

BABY Isobel, Jimmy's daughter and now his whole life, belongs to one of the saddest love stories of all time.

She is a miniature of her mother, who died giving birth to her at 18, four months after her marriage to Jimmy.

Little Isobel was a challenge to her father, playboy Jimmy Goldsmith. She turned him into James Goldsmith, a responsible man who has succeeded in the greatest—and loneliest—challenge that surely can be offered to a man: the care and upbringing of a motherless baby.

The two years since her birth have wrought changes in Isobel, too. From a fragile premature infant, who weighed only five pounds at birth, she has grown into a sturdy, winsome girl.

The road from Paris to Chantilly is thirty miles of well-paved highway. There is no speed limit, which is lucky, for when Jimmy Goldsmith drives home from his Paris office, every minute counts. He races against the clock, for baby Isobel's bedtime is just after six p.m. and she waits each night for the sound of her father's footsteps in the hall.

Her dark eyes with their long lashes (the image of her mother's) watch the door-knob when it turns, the tiny face with the small even teeth begins to smile shyly, until she throws herself into her father's arms.

James Goldsmith is a simple young man. The combination of wealth, good looks, and wit could easily have spoilt



BEAUTIFUL Isobel Goldsmith, who died at 18 when her baby was born prematurely.

him and turned him into a playboy. A strong character and a sense of responsibility have, instead, been sharpened by the opportunities offered him.

At his wife's death he was determined to bring up the child himself as she would have wished. He listened to the well-intentioned advice of relatives and friends; but he refused to relinquish his responsibility. It was his baby, and he was going to hold it.

His wife's parents brought a court action in an effort to obtain guardianship over their grandchild. The judge

**By S. L. SOLON,
in Paris**

heard their claims, then went and examined James' home. His conclusion was that baby Isobel could not be in better hands.

Isobel is not yet two, but there is dignity about her acceptance of her father's kisses which only infants and Botticelli angels possess.

She has a thing or two to tell him speaking distinctly her several words of English and French. For baby Isobel (her full name is Maria Isobel Marcelle Cristina—after her mother and grandmothers) is already bilingual, picking up words from her father and English Nannie, Miss Deborah Cockbill, as well as from the French children who play in the beautiful park of Chantilly.

She points to a new toy and says "pretty"—her word for everything she likes, just as she says "dirty" for things that displease her.

Although not used to the presence of strangers, she was smilingly tolerant of our visit, and invited us to join in her games. I have often wondered how babies, like young puppies, can seem when a stranger has had experience of their kind. As the father of two daughters myself, one almost exactly Isobel's age, I feel that I have paid entrance dues into the magic circle of infant girlhood and am accepted as an honorary member.

The great moment in Isobel's day is the morning outing in the lovely grounds of Chantilly, where the Grand Condé built his fabulous chateau. All its grounds are now a public park. There Isobel meets her little French friends.

The progress of the premature infant of extreme fragility to the slender sturdy child who gaily entertained us is largely due to the care of Nannie Cockbill, who has been with the baby since her birth, not leaving her for a single day.

Miss Cockbill is a Londoner whose theory of child-rearing is sound and simple. "I don't believe in fussing and fretting," she told us. "A baby is a little human being, and more important than routine or nursery rules is love."

Away from the clatter and nerves of Paris, Jimmy Goldsmith placed his baby and her Nannie in a comfortable, unpretentious flat which he can reach quickly from the office in Paris, where he directs a drug-manufacturing company which he founded.

He works, as he drives, with a firm energy and there is little time for leisure. What he has he devotes to his daughter Isobel, who, like her mother, will probably have an international education.

When she is older she may accompany her father on his travels, which take him regularly to the United States and Middle East. Jimmy Goldsmith is older than his years. He is well read in practical psychology and knows the importance of a balanced education.

Because, at an early age, he has been successfully in large industrial enterprises and finance, he has no awe of great wealth. Money is to him a means and not an end.

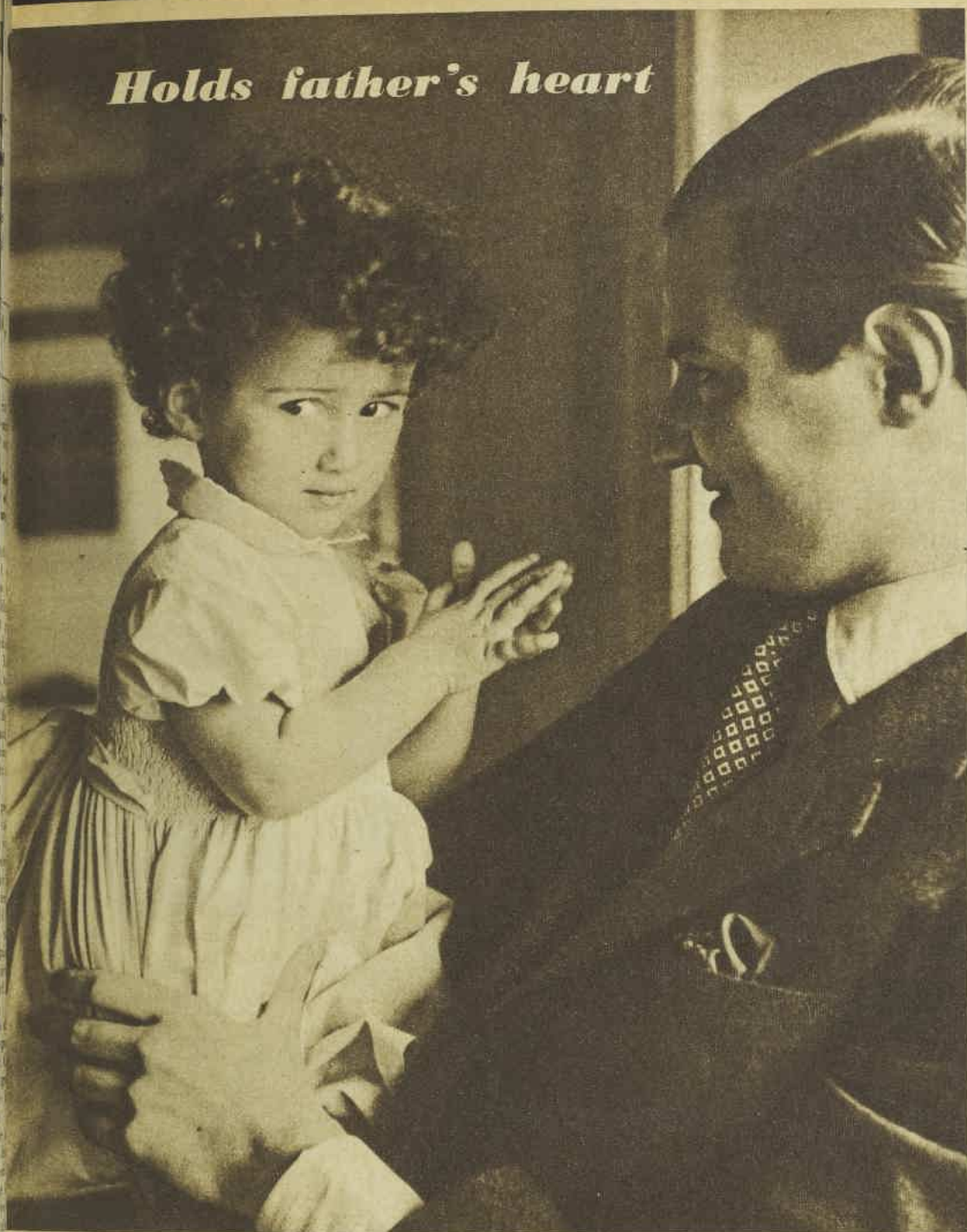
He knows that money cannot buy an understanding mind. Only a normal happy environment in childhood can do that. Jimmy Goldsmith is determined that little Isobel will have such a normal upbringing.

He will have to be steadfast and determined to do it, for, although little



NURSE DEBORAH COCKBILL, who looks after baby Isobel while her father is at work. "Love," says Nurse Cockbill, "is much more important than nursery routine."

Holds father's heart



PORTRAIT OF A FATHER. Jimmy Goldsmith has, in the face of lawsuits and opposition from grandparents, brought up his daughter in his own way. He adores his daughter, as this picture plainly shows.

Isobel has caused at least a temporary lull in the feuds that have raged since her parents married, no one knows when her grandfather, Don Antenor Patino, will start another.

The most violent and world-famous wrangle began when Jimmy asked Don Antenor for permission to marry his daughter Isobel. He refused it flatly.

He sent Isobel off to Casablanca to forget her lover, but Jimmy chartered a plane and flew to her, only to find she'd escaped and flown back to London. Jimmy joined her, and they fled to Scotland with Don Patino's private detectives on their heels.

Her father and also her mother followed them, but after a legal joust and much dirty-linen washing in public they withdrew their opposition.

The elopement of the century finished in death when four months after the marriage Isobel died from a brain tumor shortly after her daughter was born prematurely.

BABY ISOBEL doesn't live in a million-dollar atmosphere. She "helps" with the cleaning (notice the sweeper behind the door), but the highspot of her life is the game with Daddy at the end of the day.



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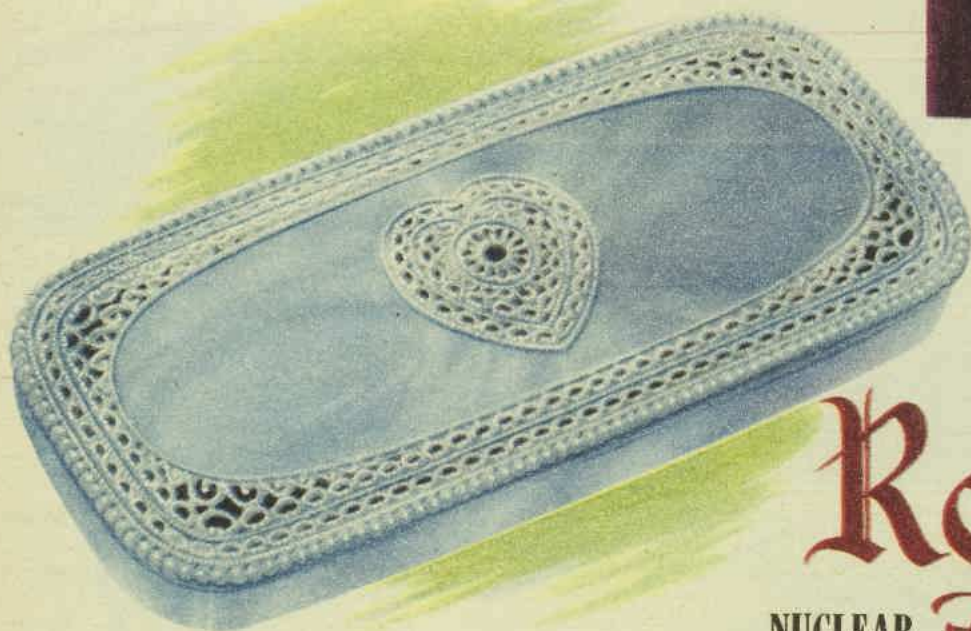
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Seams TWIST because of uneven seam tension. Visible "fashion" marks detract from smart appearance.

* Design Registration Pending.



THE NEW FLEXON* FIT

NEVER TWIST seams; balanced tension always keeps seams straight — "fashion" marks invisible — nothing to detract from full leg beauty.

TWIST AND TURN AS YOU PLEASE

knowing each *Flexon** move adds beauty to your legs.

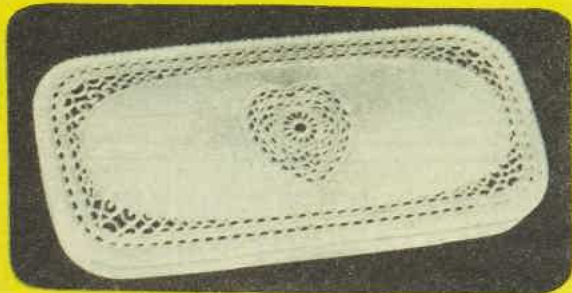
ROSSLYN *Flexons** cling closely; knee stretch and action strain cannot mar their beauty or long life.

ROSSLYN *Flexons** won't wrinkle as you twist your ankles — always firm, neat and beautiful.

Seams are always straight and heels always snug. ROSSLYN *Flexons** — best hosiery you can buy, anywhere.



Ivory White Case for MOTHER'S DAY



For Mother's Day what could be more appropriate than Rosslyn *Flexons* in the beautiful ivory-white case . . . a perfect setting in the traditional white which holds so many fond memories for Mothers, all the world over. Give this utterly charming, heart-fluttering gift THIS Mother's Day.

Our "Gay Look" Contest

Your color and fashion sense can win you a superb two-tone car

● How is your color I.Q.? A good sense of color can win you one of the new two-tone Hillman Minx cars in our novel new competition — the "Gay Look" Contest.

● Each of the cars, when registered and insured for 12 months, is valued at £1165/7/9.

OUR "Gay Look" Contest, which we launched in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, is not difficult.

As already explained, what you have to do is cut out and color the Hillman Minx car drawn below.

Choose any two colors for the bodywork, and, if desired, a third for the upholstery.

Any coloring medium may be used.

If preferred, the drawing may be traced on to other paper and then colored, but the original drawing must be attached to the entry form printed on this page.

Description

IN addition, competitors must describe briefly the complete outfits, including accessories, they would choose to wear on each of the following occasions:

- The races or a luncheon date in a smart restaurant;
- A picnic in the country;
- A day at the beach.

The outfits must be selected to harmonise with the color scheme chosen for the car.

Winners will be chosen for the best use of color co-ordination, as well as suitability of clothes for the occasion.

The judges will be The Australian Women's Weekly color and fashion experts.

Closing date for entries is May 25, 1956.

The drawing will be reproduced in the next three issues of The Australian Women's Weekly to give you added chances of winning one of the superb prizes.

Conditions

THERE is no limit to the number of entries that may be submitted, but each entry must be accompanied by the entry form printed below.

The completed entry should be addressed to the "Gay Look" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Competitors should also write their names and addresses clearly on pages giving descriptions of the outfits.

Our "Gay Look" Contest, which is both unusual and creative, should prove one of the most popular we have conducted.

People today are becoming increasingly influenced by color—in the clothes they wear and in the houses in which they live.

Young newly-weds spend hours deciding on the colors they will paint the walls of their dream cottage.

Here is a chance to show how good you can be when it comes to teaming colors for today's modern cars.

All members of the family will have their own ideas. Pool them, and you may come up with a winning entry and one of the prizes—a de-luxe saloon car.

HOW TO ENTER

● Cut out the drawing of the Hillman Minx car below and color it to give a two-tone effect.

A third color may be used, if desired, for the upholstery.

Also, describe briefly the three outfits, including accessories, you would choose to harmonise with your car color scheme for the following occasions: (a) The races or a luncheon date in a smart restaurant; (b) A picnic in the country; (c) A day at the beach.

Write on one side of the paper only and print your name and address clearly.

Send your completed car drawing and description of outfits, together with the entry form, to "Gay Look" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries close on May 25, 1956.

CONTEST RULES

THE prizes for the "Gay Look" Contest will be three of the new two-tone Hillman Minx saloon cars, registered and insured for 12 months and then valued at £1165/7/9 each.

There is no limit to the number of entries competitors may send in, but only one entry can be sent with each official entry form.

No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed, lost, or mislaid before or after delivery. Mutilated entries may be disqualified.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. or its associated companies and employees of Roosters Group or any of its agents are not eligible to enter the contest; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Any competitor not observing the rules may be disqualified. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision. The judges' decision as to the winning entries shall be final. The decision of The Australian Women's Weekly in all other matters shall be final and legally binding.

ENTRY FORM

"GAY LOOK" CONTEST

Name
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

State

FOR Mothers Day



GIVE AUSTRALIA'S MOST POPULAR CASUALS

Snoopers

Your Mother will appreciate the thoughtfulness of your gift — if it's a pair of gloriously comfortable Snoopers with their cushion-soft Cell-O-Crepe soles. She knows that whatever she's doing, day in, day out, "life is easier in Snoopers".

Illustrated are a few of the many popular styles, priced from



- A. FIESTA. F.850. Slip-on, casual in pigskin or coloured leathers.
- B. BUTTONS. F.250. Smart leather ornamented French tongue style in all colours.
- C. LEOPARD. F.769. Velvet boot with soft, cozy leopard lining and smart turned collar.

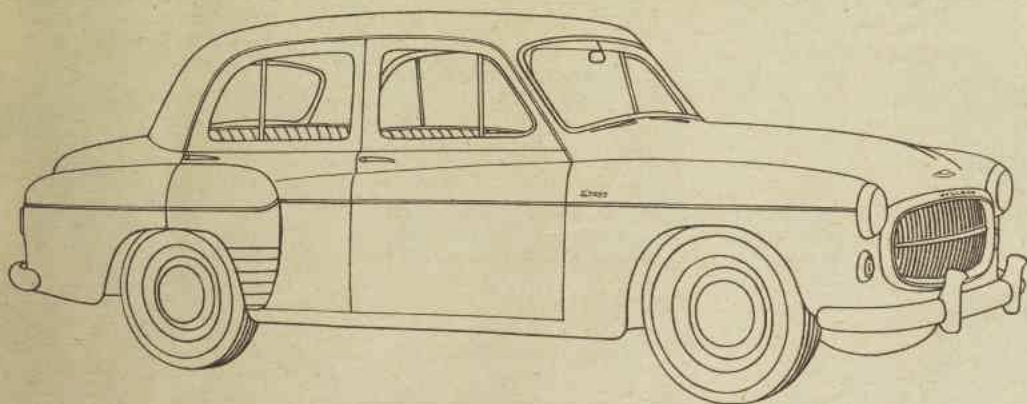
LIFE IS EASIER IN

Snoopers

It's comfort and economy when it's Snoopers. ASK for them at good shoe stores.

Manufactured solely by — R. JOHNSTON & CO. PTY. LTD., MELBOURNE

Page 15



CUT OUT AND COLOR THIS CAR

WEDDING BELLS AT MISSION STATION



FOUR weddings in one week — two of them performed at a double ceremony — have given the inhabitants of the Mitchell River Anglican Mission, 300 miles north of Normanton on the Gulf of Carpentaria in Northern Queensland, their most exciting reason for celebration in 16 years.

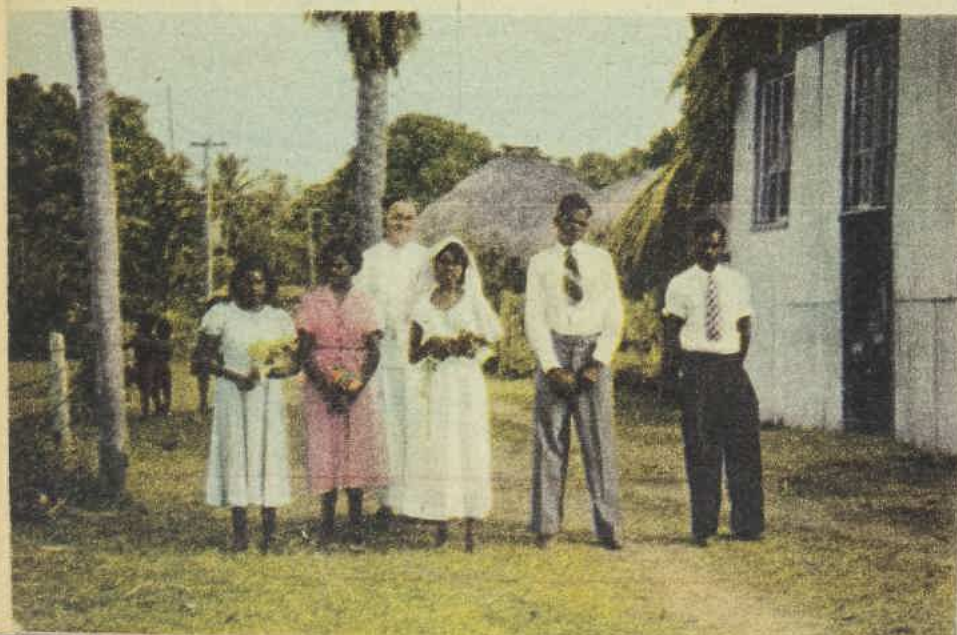
First couple to be married were Nancy Tommy and Franklin Dick. Four days later Mollie Highbury and Francis George were married, and two days after that came the double wedding, when Rita Greenwood married Peter Rutland and Suzanne Daniel married George Brumby.

The marriages were performed in the Mission's palm-thatched Church of the Ascension.



WEDDING GUESTS perform corroboree after the ceremony while Nancy (seated) cuts her white wedding cake. Each of the four brides at the Mitchell River Mission had the traditional wedding breakfast with all the trimmings.

FIRST BRIDE of the Mitchell River Mission's "marrying week" was 17-year-old Nancy Tommy. Nancy, a schoolteacher at the Mission, poses in her white wedding dress, which was made by the other Mission teachers. Her husband, 21-year-old Franklin Dick, works on the Mission's cattle station.



LEFT: Nancy, Franklin, the best man, and the bride's attendants stand outside the church with the officiating clergyman, Rev. D. M. Sutherland, formerly of Adelaide.

ABOVE: Friends of Nancy and Franklin dance outside their new home to bring good luck and happiness to the newlyweds. Three tribes took part in the week's celebrations.



NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rutland stand with their attendants outside the church after the wedding ceremony. The bride, formerly Rita Greenwool, a member of the Korkamunjan tribe, was married at a double ceremony on the sixth day of the nuptial celebrations. She wore white and carried a posy of poinciana and frangipani.



SECOND BRIDE. 16-year-old Mollie Highbury, and 23-year-old Francis George were married four days after the wedding of Nancy Tommy and Franklin Dick. Mollie is an assistant at the Mission hospital and Francis is a member of the crew of the Mission launch Stephen Davies. The bridegroom had to get special leave for the wedding.



ABOVE: Wedding dress worn by 17-year-old Suzanne Daniel at her double-ceremony marriage to 21-year-old George Brunby, cattle hand, was lent to her by the cattle manager's wife for the occasion. **RIGHT:** Suzanne cuts her wedding cake. At the double-wedding breakfast the guests sat under a long marquee, ate goanna, sweet lily roots, flying fox, and crocodile tail, and drank glasses of orange cordial.





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£29/10/- Complete oven (thermostatic control). Also available, standard oven Stovette, £27/10/-.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"There, the house is ready for company. Bill, you keep an eye on the kids now while I get dressed."

MOTHER



"The whole lot of you in bed with flu? Oh, you poor dear, how awful! Don't hesitate to ring me and let me know if there's anything I can do to help!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

ONE of the latest Paris fashion notions is a felt hat which can be used as a handbag.

It's simple enough, by the look of the picture. The hat is one of the current flower-pot shapes. You turn it upside down, pull out strings from inside, and there's the bag.

Presumably, when wearing it as a hat, you take some precaution against the strings escaping over one ear and catching in the tram-conductor's bag or the lift-door.

This is the sort of notion that has a delusive charm. Every woman interested in clothes—which means, with negligible exceptions, every woman—toys with the idea of garments or accessories which serve two purposes.

But the things are seldom satisfactory. There's the bathing suit which becomes an evening dress by the addition of a skirt. Fine, but who wants to go to a dance covered in sand? And, while you're removing the sand, why not a clean top for the skirt?

The handbag presents a similar problem. By the time you empty out the old tram tickets and dead matches you'll feel it's worth while to buy a separate hat.

Pity! The next step could be slippers that did double duty as champagne glasses.

★ ★ ★

ACTRESS Rita Moreno, complaining of censorship, says that American television is killing sex.

Television is a powerful force in modern life, but I think Miss Moreno overestimates it.

★ ★ ★

BITAIN'S "lottery budget" has been criticised as undignified, but it's bound to be popular among the rank and file of taxpayers.

Citizens will be able to buy Government bonds which do not bear interest, but which, every three months, offer the chance of winning up to £1000.

Objectors deplore the plan as a gamble, but, unlike other gambles, there's no risk of losing the original stake.

This is more than can be said for most other gambles, from horse racing to the Stock Exchange.

Holders of some Australian bonds, looking at the current market value of their investments, may be forgiven for feeling envious.

★ ★ ★

IN London there's a new nightclub with a waterfall as decoration. A waiter explained that the waterfall originally had real pebbles on the rocks, but the noise was so great that rubber pebbles were substituted.

And so handy for habitues of glass houses. They can use the pebbles to throw at each other.

NEWEST selling line for tape-recorders is an American travel firm's suggestion that visitors to Europe bring back a record on tape of their tour.

People not fond of travellers' tales may not like this development. But it will provide a weapon against the listener who interrupts every anecdote with "That reminds me . . ."

If you turn your tape-recorder on full belt he won't have a hope.

Much more alarming, of course, is the increasing use

of the tape-recorder as a party joke. Formerly it was possible to indulge in a little gossip secure in the knowledge that you could always assert, "I never said anything of the sort."

If absolutely cornered you could fall back on, "You've heard a garbled version. That wasn't what I meant at all."

That's going to sound pretty hollow when there's a tape as evidence.

★ ★ ★

WHICH reminds me, I overheard an entrancing little slice of life in a bus the other day.

Two middle-aged women were talking across an aisle.

"I lost track of Mabel last night," said one. "I think she went out with that truck-driver. I think he was a married man."

"No," said the other flatly.

"But he looked married," persisted the first.

"Couldn't have been," replied her friend. "Talked about his mother. Kept talking about his mother all the time."

"Oh," said the first, with an air of dropping an uninteresting subject. "Know any winners for today?"

★ ★ ★

AMONG the wedding presents received by Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly were diamonds, lion cubs, and—the strangest—a hatchet, presented by a society of cave explorers.

*In every batch of wedding gifts
A few at least are funny,
And brides must look at some and wish
They had instead the money.*

"A vase!" the anguished lady cries,
"What have we got to match it?"
Be thankful that you're commoners
Who seldom cop a hatchet.

But if you live in palaces,
Why, then, it's fine and dandy.
You've lots and lots of cupboard space
For what might come in handy.

The diamonds are nice to have,
The lion cubs are merry,
And should they quarrel later on
The hatchet's there to bury.

whether you're . . .
tiny TYPICAL
TALL
...these
Ship'n Shore
fit you to a 'T



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Getting Married

The collection of a treasure is a matter of great importance for every girl. If you're bride-to-be—or merely happy—you'll be interested in this seven-page section on the same in next week's issue. The Australian Women's Weekly. It's filled with helpful advice and suggestions.

Lournay

RED HOT RED



... sets hearts afire

**LOURNAY
LIPSTICK & ROUGE**

LIPSTICK . . . 9/3
REFILL . . . 4/6
ROUGE . . . 5/3



Match the glowing magic of Autumn with Lournay's new lipstick . . . Red Hot Red . . . a berry-bright beguiling colour that will give your lips the blazing brilliance . . . the sparkling provocative beauty that sets hearts afire.



Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of Leading Department Stores.

Goddard's Silver Dip

for
SAFE, EASY
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of silver

Now . . . you can restore your silver to its original brightness in a matter of seconds. Simply dip forks and spoons in Goddard's SILVER DIP, rinse and dry—and watch stains and tarnish vanish in a flash. Use cotton wool for larger pieces. Get a bottle of Goddard's SILVER DIP to-day . . . it makes your silver instantly bright and keeps it shining longer.



***** 7/9

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ROYAL WEDDING



AFTER THE CIVIL WEDDING CEREMONY in the Palace of Monaco, Grace and Prince Rainier wave from a balcony to the cheering crowds. The civil ceremony was conducted the day before the religious ceremony in the Cathedral.

Sunshine, bells, doves, and cheers for Prince Rainier's radiant bride

By SIMON RAMSAY
and ART BUCH-
WALD, our special
representatives in
Monaco

When Grace Kelly walked down the steps of the Cathedral of Monaco as Her Most Serene Highness Grace Patricia, Princess of Monaco, her hand lightly on her husband's arm, she smiled, looking at him shyly from time to time and then at the crowd which faced her across the narrow roadway which separates the church from a drop into the Mediterranean.

THE wedding which many people said would never come off was over.

To millions of American people a dream had come true—an American girl, born of simple parents and brought up in the American home tradition, had married a Prince.

Grace is now a Princess and four times a duchess—Duchess of Valentinois, Mazarin, Estoneville, and Mazenne.

As a Princess she goes on Monaco's civil list, pays no income tax, has free passes on Monaco's railways, is chateleine of a palace with 120 rooms, and joint owner of a villa, a Paris flat, a yacht, and several fast cars.

She gets a civil list allowance of £20,000 sterling a year.

Fascinating

THE wedding was as rich an event as any of this century.

The 500 wedding guests were a varied and fascinating assortment.

Their names all reflected the strange nuances of this international marriage with its flavor of riches, of filmdom, of royalty, of the somewhat decadent gambling world of Monte Carlo.

There was ex-King Farouk (accompanied, as a special favor from Prince Rainier, by one of his Albanian bodyguards), Frank Sinatra, L. a d y

Docker, Porfirio Rubirosa, Conrad Hilton.

Somerset Maugham, Andre Maurois, and Ava Gardner mingled with titled members of the great families of France and with the military and diplomatic representatives of

more than 50 nations who had come to wish the Prince and Princess good luck, God speed, and bon voyage.

For her wedding day the bride had sunshine, with the waters of the Mediterranean sparkling and the red-and-

white flags of Monaco waving from every flagpole and every window in the principality.

Grace was a figure of honey-cream loveliness in a satin-rose lace dress that belled out in 18th-century extravagance and a chaplet of lace on her head.

A pearl was sewn in the centre of every rose of the rose-point Brussels lace that formed her bodice.

Her Prince wore a battery of medals, gold cords, epaulettes, orders, and a pale blue sash of an honorable order. His tunic was navy, his trousers pale blue, and he carried a pale blue helmet surmounted by red-and-white coque feathers.

Long train

GRACE'S wedding gown, with its full, bell-shaped skirt, was held out over delicate hoops. A trailing ten-foot train swept after the bride. The dress was mounted on three petticoats, each one so beautiful it would have made the skirt to the wedding dress.

The first petticoat of ivory silk taffeta swept back to carry the ten-foot train. The second petticoat, in ivory silk taffeta, was ruffled with lace-trimmed tulle, and the under-petticoat of silk lace bordered by Alencon lace was a froth of airy webby lightness.

This wedding dress took six weeks to make, and 35 people worked on it solidly.

Her veil glittered with thousands of pinhead pearls and was draped from a crown of rose-point lace circled with orange blossoms.

The veil was of silk illusion

... but what should a man wear

● One of the most earnest controversies surrounding the wedding was: Should the men wear white ties and black tailcoats to a wedding at 10.30 in the morning?

The British view along the Riviera was that only waiters wear such garb.

British dinner guests of Lord Beaverbrook at his villa outside Monaco expressed their shock.

Sir Chester Beatty, who wasn't invited, said the men guests should wear striped pants and cutaway coats. Beaverbrook himself said if he'd been going to the wedding—he wasn't asked, either—he would wear the Court dress of a Privy Councillor.

The general British edict was that striped pants and morning coat should be worn.

The Americans appealed for a ruling to a French count, a distant relative of Prince Rainier.

"A Royal wedding demands a white tie," he said scornfully, citing as precedent the wedding of the Count de Paris, in 1931.

An Italian journalist accredited to the Vatican supported this view, but added that the Americans were making a big mistake by wearing a white waistcoat.

"By doing this they are wearing evening clothes in the daytime—an appalling thing," he said.

As for striped pants and morning coat. "The British are completely wrong. A morning coat is for going to the bank or the post office. It should not be worn at a wedding."



'Buy only the best'
VENCATACHELLUM
CURRY
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Monaco's new Princess



WEDDING CEREMONY in the Cathedral of Monaco. Prince Rainier puts the wedding ring on the bride's finger. With her beautiful cream-gold wedding gown the bride wore only a pair of drop pearl earrings. She was grave but composed, and needed no help from her attendants to manage her long train.

net, and embroidered on it were two lovebirds.

She wore no gloves, but in her left hand carried a small white prayer-book and spray of lily of the valley.

Prince Rainier was attended by Colonel Rene Severac, his first A.D.C., Count Charles de Polignac, Lieut.-Colonel Adrent, and Mr. John Kelly, Grace's brother.

Grace's bridesmaids wore dresses of pale yellow mouseline de soie, with wide skirts that arched gently in front and flared into wide fullness at the back. The dresses were made with high, round collars and pleated cummerbunds that finished at the back with a row of small bows. Drooped shoulders and full three-quarter sleeves gave them a quaint old-world look.

Their hats were of matching sheer braided organzie. They sat straight over the forehead and had short brims dipping on either side.

Grace's grave demeanor of the civil ceremony had quite changed on her "real" wedding day. She was gay and her eyes sparkled.

The guests crammed Monaco's little cathedral.

Special chairs had been installed, but even so the air soon became hot, and many guests fanned themselves while waiting for the bride.

Adding to the heat were the bare lights set up for the TV and film cameras.

The church was decorated with hydrangeas and huge baskets of November lilies suspended from the serried candelabras.

The colors of the women's gowns and their huge cart-wheel hats looked glamorous, but the men in their uniforms and decorations, the great army of diplomats, their chests criss-crossed with the colored bands of their Orders, stole the show.

In the triple light of floodlights, the glare of the great electric candelabra, and the sunshine which penetrated brilliantly the deep, stained-glass windows, the sheen of satin and the glitter of medals were dazzling.

The women guests threw back their furs in the heat, and it seemed that the back of every row of pews was covered with ermine, silver fox, and mink.

One hardly noticed Ava Gardner, who was in a neat grey outfit.

Easily identifiable were Mr. and Mrs. Aristotle Onassis.

Mrs. Onassis was dressed in pale blue and white with a white hat and looked very youthful.

Like the majority of men guests, Farouk was in white tie and tails, carrying gloves and black topper, and when he walked into the church every eye turned to look at him.

Bald and fat, he nevertheless looked a dignified figure

in his full evening dress with an 'Egyptian Order' slung across his boiled shirt. When he sat down in a special chair on a dais, he glanced rather balefully round the church.

His family

AMONG the Prince's family were his mother, Princess Charlotte, very regal in a full-length dark blue gown, blue hat, and blue sash with a row of five miniature decorations; his father, Prince Pierre, in Court attire, and Princess Ghislaine, who stole sartorial honors with an immense round hat, almost flat, made of pale grey ospreys.

Mrs. John Kelly, Grace's mother, showed no sign of nervousness, and looked dignified and charming.

As Grace and the Prince left the church after the hour-long service cannon boomed and a thousand pigeons—the gift of the Alpes Maritimes Pigeon Fanciers' Club—were released and went swirling up in the sky.

Bells started ringing, guns firing, and aeroplanes dipped in salute. A helicopter hovered over the Cathedral, and the clatter of its engine almost drowned the cheers.

It took the couple about 15 minutes to drive through the streets of Monte Carlo, which were lined with hundreds of thousands of people pressing against the light bamboo barricades which had been erected only the day before.

Grace was now smiling happily. She continued smiling and gay when, with her husband's arm around her, she embarked with him on the yacht Deo Juvante for their honeymoon.

The Prince looked like the cat that has swallowed the canary.

He was happy and the crowds no longer worried him. When he kissed his bride's hand the thousands of watchers roared as though at a football match.

Standing on the quayside, the bride's father, John B. Kelly, said, "Grace won't be ill on her wedding night. That girl's a great sailor."



FILM STAR Rita Gam (Mrs. Thomas Guinsburg), who was Grace's chief matron-of-honor. Journalists voted her the glamor girl among the wedding guests at Monaco.

Many Monegasques sighed with relief when the yacht set sail. They had watched their bachelor Prince nervously for seven years as he raced innumerable sports cars, hunted wild game in Africa, and took dangerous undersea movies.

They felt now that half the battle was won. The only thing needed was an heir.

They would prefer a prince, they said, but would settle for a little princess.

RIGHT: The newlyweds aboard the honeymoon yacht. Grace wore grey silk and a white hat. They landed later because of bad weather.



GRACE AND HER PRINCE at the garden-party that followed their civil wedding ceremony, which took place in the Throne Room at the Palace. Grace wore rose-tan lace.



THE PRINCE with his American mother-in-law, Mrs. John Kelly, at a wedding rehearsal. Mrs. Kelly was much admired in Monaco for her dignity and good looks.



RADIANT Princess Grace, holding her poodle, Oliver, waves with Prince Rainier when leaving for their honeymoon. Oliver had a blue velvet collar and a grey leash.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 2, 1956



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REV. R. RICHARDS, record-breaking pole-vaulter, with his wife, Mary, admires a new trophy he was awarded.



RIGHT: The camera catches this unusual picture as Bob Richards vaults up to 15ft. above the ground.

A RUGGED REVEREND

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

One of the most colorful members of the U.S. Olympics team is the Reverend Robert Richards, "the Vaulting Vicar."

THE 30-year-old minister in the Church of the Brethren, a Germanic sect known rather irreverently as "the Dunkers" because of their baptismal practice of triple immersion, describes himself as "the only preacher trying to get to Heaven on his own strength."

Mr. Richards was born on the "wrong side of the tracks" in Champaign, Illinois. He was a wild teenager, and travelled with a gang of hoodlums, five of whom later went to gaol for robbing a petrol station.

He was "converted" to Christianity by his girl-friend, Mary, now his wife and mother of three young children.

Now a graduate of the University of Illinois with a Master of Arts degree in philosophy, Mr. Richards teaches philosophy at La Verne College, in California, a Church of the Brethren seminary, when he is not travelling about the world with his vaulting-pole.

Melbourne will be the third

Olympics for the "rugged reverend." He finished third in the 1948 Games in the pole-vault, but in 1952 at Helsinki he established the current Olympic record, 14ft. 11in.

Mr. Richards has been unbeaten anywhere in a vaulting competition since 1949. He has soared above 15ft.—the vaulting equivalent of the four-minute mile—nearly 90 times in the past seven years.

His great ambition is to better the world record of 15ft. 8in. indoors, and 15ft. 7in. outdoors, established during World War II by the phenomenal Cornelius Warmerdam.

Mr. Richards, who has a flair for the dramatic, may well achieve his outdoor goal in Melbourne. His best vault to date is 15ft. 5in., established indoors, where conditions are better for pole-vaulting.

The minister is short for a pole-vaulter—only 5ft. 10in. compared with the ideal stature of 6ft. 2in.—but he makes up for lack of height by great speed and tremendous muscular power.

He is a fine all-round athlete, as well as a pole-vaulter,



AMERICAN POLE-VAULTER Bob Richards lands from one of his atmospheric leaps into a pile of wood shavings. He has been unbeaten anywhere in a vaulting competition since 1949.

and at present is the American decathlon champion.

Mr. Richards is an emotional competitor, given to whoops of joy in victory and pole-tossing when he misses a try. Fellow competitors are inclined to resent his extreme self-confidence, but crowds love him.

He prays before every competition, but "never for victory," he says, "only for strength."

He has a lively sense of humor, particularly about the cumbersome 16ft. tubular steel vaulting-pole he must carry with him everywhere.

The minister estimates he has carried it, against the protests of taxi-drivers, airline and railway personnel, more than 350,000 miles, not counting the trip to Australia coming up.

He thinks his greatest feat in logistics was spiriting the 192in. pole aboard a crowded New York subway carriage. As he emerged from the subway depths bearing the pole aloft an attendant spotted him.

"I don't know how you done it," cried the outraged individual, "but don't you ever do it again."

Care for an egg-leaf cooked in oil?

COME November 22 this year, Australia's most highly organised, efficient kitchen will swing into action to satisfy the most studied stomachs in Australia—those of the athletes competing at the Olympic Games.

Two years' research has gone into the athletes' eating needs and resulted in multiple menus for the Olympic Village dining-rooms—

menus that cater for the eating habits of 70 to 73 nationalities divided into 11 different dietetic groups.

The Israeli menu will include Tsimmes, Chalent, and egg-leaves.

National dishes will be properly cooked with the correct oils—ghee for Indians, olive oil for southern Europeans, and peanut oil for Chinese.

Supplies are based on athletes eating 9lb. 5oz. of food and drink each day.

Amounts ordered include: 10 tons of butter, 54 tons of cheese, 45,000 dozen eggs, 76 tons of fresh vegetables, 50 tons of salad ingredients, 16,000 bread rolls, 60 tons of fresh fruit, 9000 pints of milk and 450 pints of cream a day, 45,000 quarts of ice-cream, 20 tons of fish, 100 tons of meat—including 14 tons of turkey, 6 tons of chicken, 12 tons of lamb, and 20 tons of ham and bacon—28 tons of rice.

SLASH

HOT WATER COSTS
WHEREVER
YOU LIVE!

MALLEYS NON-PRESSURE
KEROSENE APPLIANCES ARE

SO ECONOMICAL
SO EASY TO
USE!
SO FAST TO
WORK!



IN THE LAUNDRY

MALLEYS KEROSENE WASH BOILER. With a Malley's Kerosene Wash Boiler you can forget about those big gas and electricity bills—with a Malley's you pay out a few pence for kerosene as you need it. Only 14 pints of kerosene is needed to boil a big, full copper load of clothes in the Malley's Kerosene Wash Boiler. Look at these other big features, too. No installation costs! Easy to start! Nothing to wear out! No pressure! No pumping! Quick draw-off tap! Flush-fitting sides! Easy to clean inside and out because it's finished in gleaming cream porcelain enamel outside, and the inside is made of stain-free plated copper.

IN THE BATHROOM

MALLEYS KEROSENE BATH HEATER WITH SHOWER. It's hot water in a minute when you instal the famous Malley's Kerosene Bath Heater—supplied with or without shower. A shower or a bath costs only pennies from this compact, efficient, easy-to-operate heater . . . and installation costs are practically nil—there's only one pipe to connect. Here's special news for country users—the Malley's Kerosene Heater operates just as quickly, just as easily from high or low pressure water supply systems. Models available in gleaming chrome-plate or cream and bronze baked enamel.

See both of these Malley's kerosene appliances at your favourite hardware or department store.



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BRISBANE • ADELAIDE

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Please send me more details on how Malley's Kerosene Appliances can slash my hot water bill.

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ADDRESS

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*Flatter her on
May 13th*

Applauding warmly! Father in his Crystal Super Suede pyjamas; Carol Ann in Crystal's new floral design; and Billy in warm, fleecy twill.

AT ALL GOOD STORES . . .

What prettier way to mark Mother's Day! Wonderful winter pyjamas by Crystal to flatter her sense of Fashion! Expert styling, fleecy warmth and tailored comfort all combine to say "You're the most!" . . . in the most sophisticated way.

Choose from a dozen fresh new patterns and lively colours. There are gay stripes, smart checks and cheeky polka dots, in all sizes . . . and at such astonishingly low prices that you could give her two-sets and never feel the strain. You'll be very, very popular.

Crystal **WINTERWEIGHT** pyjamas

FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS

CRYSTAL CLOTHING INDUSTRIES LTD. — 677-681 Canterbury Road, Belmore, Sydney. Also at Melbourne, Brisbane, Hobart, Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

An engagement that is disapproved of by parents causes unhappiness in day-to-day living and robs parents and child of pleasure. Sometimes it causes bitterness that is never forgotten and alters the whole way of the family life.

IT is hard to listen to parents when you are young and in love, but even if you don't agree with them, try to remember what they said for calmer moments. Generally, there is wisdom in what they say.

Here is a letter from a girl asking for advice about her engagement.

"IS it necessary to have your parents' permission to become engaged when under the age of 21? I am just 19 and have been going steady with my boy-friend, who is also 19, for over two years. We want to become engaged now and plan to marry in about three years' time. My mother, although she likes my friend, will not agree to our becoming engaged, as she says I am too young. I think I have had enough time to know my own mind after two years, and it is not as if we intend to marry immediately. My boy-friend's parents are quite happy for us to become engaged. What do you think?"

"Too Young?" Newcastle.

You do not need your parents' permission to become engaged to marry. You cannot marry without their permission until you are 21, unless you seek and gain permission of a magistrate at a court. I appreciate your mother's "too young" viewpoint. It is rare to find a teenager of 19 sufficiently mature to be able to recognise whether an attachment—even one that has already lasted for two years—is one that will last through marriage or is the type that could not survive the end of courtship. You may be the type that can do so.

A girl of 19 is years older than a boy of the same age. I have no doubt our parents are worried about the two of you being so young, not just you. And you



A word from Debbie . . .

• Take care of your fingernails. Set aside an hour a week for a full manicure, but do a daily routine as well if you want to be known as a girl with elegant nails. Here's your daily routine: Scrub with a good nailbrush in the shower. Before you go to work, clean your nails with an orange stick and some cuticle-remover, check polish for chips. Last thing at night rub lanolin into the cuticles. Every time you dry your hands press the cuticles back gently as you use the towel. Special Note: Boys, too, have fingernails. Skipping all references to nail polish, this advice applies to them, too.

• Make a barbecue sauce out of the left-over gravy. Simply add fruit chutney, curry powder, tomato sauce, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a dash of Worcestershire sauce, serve with sausages or frankfurts.

• If you've got to do a last-minute ironing job on your starched petticoats, damp them with warm water. It penetrates material much quicker and more evenly.

• Another special note for boys. Have you ever used a deodorant? You should.

are lucky that they like your boy-friend. Some parents never get past the "no-one-is-good-enough-for-our-daughter" attitude. I am not only thinking of your parents, though. An engagement in defiance of their wishes is not a good foundation for your own married happiness. Could you bear to compromise and tell your parents that you'll wait a year to announce your engagement if at the end of that time they will give their approval?

"WOULD you please tell me what a boy of 17 should do about eyebrows that meet?" S.J., Melbourne.

Are you sure you want to do something about your eyebrows? Meeting eyebrows are considered to be a sign of great strength in a male, and girls find them attractive.

There are two ways you can get rid of them if you decide to—have them plucked or the centre hairs removed with depilatory wax. Both would entail professional attention at a good beauty salon.

"I WANT to be a policeman. What are the necessary qualifications?" — N.R., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Girls must be at least 21 and not more than 30 years of age when they make application for a job in the Women's Police Force. They must hold the Intermediate Certificate or pass an examination of an equivalent standard set by the Police Department. As well they must be a minimum of 5ft. 5in. and pass a stringent medical examination. At present there are no vacancies.

DISC DIGEST

REALISM is making its appearance in modern music. "The Pyjama Game," a smash musical in which Joy Nichols is starring in London, takes place in a factory, and Chatchaturian's ballet suite "Gayaneh," due for an early release on 330C.1041, is set on a collective farm in Russia. His four-act ballet has 37 numbers in the score, but for recording purposes eight numbers have been arranged as an orchestral suite.

Wisely, they have kept the popular "Sabre Dance" for the finale, because it is the last thing on the record. The other dances, though full of riling rhythms and rich in oriental coloring, are not nearly as fascinating at first hearing, although I think I am getting familiar with the

music would change one's opinion. The music is based on Russian, Ukrainian, Georgian, and Armenian folk tunes. A point of interest is that the Philharmonia Orchestra is conducted by the composer himself.

"MUSIC FOR ROMANCE"

is one of those titles which once heard is immediately forgotten, but it's worth noting the number of this LP (LKA.4114) if you have a taste for attractive background music. Bandleader Stanley Black certainly knows his business—he's been at it since 1928—and leads his orchestra through a dozen beguiling tunes. Among them I favored "You and the Night and the Music," "Dearly Beloved," "Too Marvellous for Words,"

"Moonlight Becomes You," and that favorite of many years ago, "A Little White Gardenia." There's some enjoyable piano here and there and it turns out that Stanley Black is at the keyboard.

CALLING Sinatra fans!

Four of Frank's oldies, and I think they're among the best he has ever waxed, have been transferred on to one 45 r.p.m. disc (SEGO.7582). They are "Birth of the Blues," "These Foolish Things," "Begin the Beguine," and "If I Loved You." The last mentioned is due for a revival when it is heard in the forthcoming film "Carousel." Sinatra unwisely walked out of the film and Gordon MacRae got the plum role.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



Don't wash woollens in hot soapy water



Wash them with Trix

UNDERWEAR JUMPERS, CARDIGANS

Trix gives them a brand new brightness . . . keeps them "in good shape" . . . does not shrink.

BABY WEAR

Trix keeps woollies soft and fluffy . . . leaves no harsh suds deposit to irritate baby's sensitive skin.

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Trix makes blankets softer, fleecier than ever . . . does not harden or "mat" the fibre.

ALL WASHABLE WOOLLENS WASH BETTER WITH TRIX.

Want to know how to wash woollens easily and safely? How to do the job quickly and simply? How to prevent shrinkage? And how to get those jumpers and other woollies softer and fleecier than ever before? THE ANSWER IS TRIX—the modern "miracle" detergent. Trix coaxes out grease and dirt as if by magic . . . it is safe, soft and gentle in action . . . it does not harden or shrink the fibre. Trix does not form thick, heavy suds, so everything you wash will have a brand new brightness and freshness.

HOW, WHY AND WHEREFORE

Washing with Trix is as simple as A, B, C. You add one tablespoonful of Trix to every two gallons of lukewarm water. Just soak the woollens for a few minutes, then squeeze gently to release the dirt. Trix virtually "works by itself!"

It's important to use Trix when you wash by hand and it's twice as important if you use a washing machine! The machine is designed to swish and swirl clothes around freely. This action is what helps to slough out stubborn dirt. When you use soaps or powders, you load up the machine with thick suds—you smother its washing action. But Trix, because of its "controlled" suds, keeps the washing action free. You get the very best out of your machine. Trix does not waste its washing energy by lathering into useless suds that "joy ride on top of the water." Every drop of Trix stays down in the water where it gets right after the dirt. Your woollens come out really clean . . . not half clean.

Incidentally, Trix-washed woollens need much less rinsing than if you use soaps and powders. Heavy soap suds glue themselves to the fabric and refuse to budge no matter how often the rinse water is changed. Trix makes rinsing easy, because there's no blockade of bubbles to get in the way. Neither do you get that harsh suds deposit that's so irritating to sensitive skin.

NOTHING CONVINCES LIKE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

You won't really believe what a difference Trix makes until you prove it for yourself. So, no matter what you've used for washing woollens in the past, why not try Trix right now? Thousands of housewives like yourself have bought Trix more or less as an "experiment" . . . and to-day they vow they'd "never go back to old-fashioned soaps and powders!"

TRIX is thick
it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents

TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.—makers of famous MORTEIN.



NO DRYING-UP when you use Trix! Just stack the dishes and they dry sparkling clean . . . no smears . . . no smudges . . . and far, far cleaner than if you washed them in suds. TRIX is economical, too . . . one teaspoonful is plenty!

*A pearl glow finish that gives your skin a flawless sheer look . . .



*A fragrance that lingers on—subtly alluring . . .



... that's Gemey's

* Double Enchantment

Silk-sifted for super-fineness, Gemey Face Powder's velvet-soft texture is balanced to give just the right effect to every type of skin. It's light as air, yet gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking.

Dry, rough patches freshen in a moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. This is the perfect powder to keep your skin looking its youngest and freshest—fragrant with the subtle magic of Gemey Perfume—the loveliest of all.

Be lovelier . . . be doubly enchanting . . . from your very first make-up with glorious Gemey Face Powder. Seven fashion-perfect shades.

At chemists and stores everywhere.

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FACE POWDER
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You can feel them doing you good!

For coughs, colds and sore throats



NOW 8d. PACKET

Worth Reporting

OUR slimming diet went to pieces the other day owing to the Country Women's Association of N.S.W.

With mouths watering we watched champion cooks from all over New South Wales compete, four at a time, for the title of the State's best sponge-maker.

There wasn't a competition atmosphere, no sharp glances or feeling of tense rivalry in the Sydney County Council showroom in Sydney, where the kitchen for four women was set up.

Competitors talked with one another, and the onlookers, although critical, were all friendly.

Complete strangers turned to one another to exchange remarks like: "My hubby thinks my sponges are the best he's ever tasted." Or, enviously, "Mine never rise as high as that."

The sponge-making contest was held in conjunction with the C.W.A.'s sixth annual cookery contest, and the State's best cooks, representing more than 350 branches of the association, converged on Sydney to see the results.

We stifled our calorie-conscious consciences, and bought the largest sponge on display.

It tasted even better than it looked.

A remedy for boredom

WHEN a migrant child comes home from school to an empty hostel home—mother and father are still at work—what can he (or she) do to fill in time?

Commonwealth Hostels Ltd., who run hostels for British and European migrants in five Australian States and the A.C.T., believe they are on the track to providing an answer to this after-school and evening boredom.

They have appointed 10 youth leaders and given them special training during a 10-day course in Sydney.

Topics in the course included planning of programmes for adolescent clubs, organisation of playgrounds, youth group work, and the assimilation of young migrants into the community.

The youth leaders are largely migrants themselves. Two of them, Miss G. Martineau and Mr. J. B. Revalk, have had experience in youth training work in Holland. They came from Adelaide to do the course, and will return to work in South Australian hostels.



"... swallowed his bus fare again today!"

Australian men "like pretty clothes"

THE Australian woman may be well dressed and fashion-conscious, but the reason for this is her ultra clothes-conscious husband.

This is the view of Mrs. Joy Small, representative of the French cotton industry, who recently staged fashion parades of French cottons in Sydney and Melbourne.

"After running a fashion show out here, and, more important, tidying up the premises afterwards, I can say without hesitation that the average Australian man really likes to see pretty clothes and to picture them on his women-folk," says Mrs. Small.

"His appreciation of fashion is almost as keen as that of any Frenchman who enjoys a world-wide reputation for liking to see a woman well turned out."

"Most of the questions about the dresses at my parades came from big, strong men. I'd have thought just wouldn't be interested in such things."

"Is there anything there that might fit the wife?" a carpenter would say as he began to tear down the dress racks after a parade.

"My daughter is going to a party next week. Do you think there's anything in this lot that would suit her?" asked the man who was carrying out the packing-cases.

"If the keen appreciation of what his wife is wearing can be listed as one of the qualities of the 'ideal husband,' then Australian women are luckier than they know," added Mrs. Small.

WE had a letter recently from a friend of ours who is at present living in a crumbling palace in Singapore.

The palace was once the home of a millionaire, but has now been converted into a boarding-house.

A sign in the bathroom reads: "Washing of clothes and birdcages in the bath is forbidden."

He's a man of many words

A YOUNG man who arrived in Sydney broke three years ago now has 170 radio plays, about 20 short stories, and half a dozen detective novelettes to his credit.

The man of so many words is 21-year-old Neville Dasey, who was born in Inverell, N.S.W., began a career as a bank clerk in Brisbane when he was 16, and is now a radio copywriter in Sydney.

Now he is one young man who knows where he's going.

He turns out five new plot ideas each week, and never writes fewer than 15,000 words per week. Most of his writing is satire or comedy, for he says: "On Australian radio I think drama is funny, but comedy I can take seriously."

His future plans include a trip to England and the Continent, Canada, and the United States to study television techniques of acting, production, and, especially, writing.

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

DON'T be alarmed by the white-masked surgeons and their "Forceps . . . scalpel . . . more oxygen" conversations in the gleaming operating theatres of Carola Haas' book "Live Till Tomorrow."

Miss Haas is able to deal as intimately with human emotions as her surgeons deal with human ills.

Her operating theatre has a cast led by fiery surgeon Taikkes, understudy Dr. Stull, anaesthetist Nicholas Stirbu, and Dr. Theodore Petrie, all of whom are trying to save the life of heart patient Mitsuo Watanabe.

They also have heart troubles of their own—Dr. Stull with his show-girl wife, Dido, surgeon Taikkes with his problems over his brilliant son Garth.

At the end of the book Carola Haas has tidied up most of the heart problems, some happily, some tragically. An extremely realistic writer, she spares neither emotion nor the more clinical side of hospital existence.

Published by Shakespeare Head. (Our copy from the publishers.)

FIGHTING FIT NOW



He's regular the natural way—without purgatives

"Harsh laxatives made me constipated worse," writes Mr. E. Stacey, of Berber, N.S.W. My doctor recommended All-Bran. Now I'm regular, really fighting fit."

The common cause of constipation is lack of bulk in today's refined foods. All-Bran, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, supplies bulk in a delicious natural form. All-Bran is not a medicine but a food, rich in the B Vitamins, phosphorus, niacin and iron. It builds you up instead of pulling you down, as harsh laxatives do.

Accept this friendly offer. Be regular the natural way—without medicines.

Enjoy All-Bran for ten days, with milk and sugar or sprinkled over other cereals. Drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty carton to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Botany, N.S.W., and get double your money back.

All-Bran is a trade-mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. AB55-16

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Hardy's

INDIGESTION POWDER

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Proved over years in thousands of cases. NO DIETING NECESSARY

soothes itching HAEMORRHOIDS quickly!

Are you suffering the tortures of haemorrhoids? Then DON'T lose hope for you! DOAN'S OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY—soothe and soothe the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. DOAN'S OINTMENT has been used successfully for over 50 years—and it's oh, so gentle. Don't put up with distressing haemorrhoids any longer. Ask for DOAN'S OINTMENT at any chemist or store today.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

Softer, smarter.....fashion's newest word
in comfy, cosy styling...

by
Trilby



THE IDEAL GIFT
FOR MOTHER!



"SANDRA"

An Australian exclusive by Trilby
—lining of all-wool jersey stripes.
Available in all shades.



"DIANE"

Beautiful suede in all shades
—zippered and with genuine
all-wool lining.

You'll get so much more styling
... comfort ... value, when you ask
for Trilby slippers, snowshoes or casuals.

Superbly finished and lined in
pure lambswool, Trilby put your feet
at ease ... add smartness to every
step of your busy life.

LOOK LOVELY IN

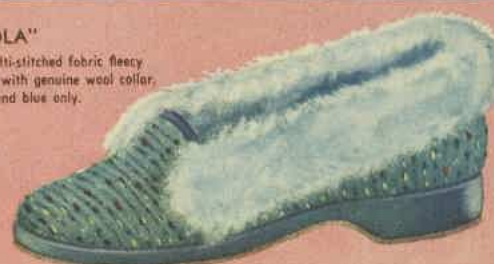
Trilby



Manufactured by Trilby Footwear Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

"LOLA"

A multi-stitched fabric fleecy
lined with genuine wool collar.
Red and blue only.



"MATADOR"

A dramatic and lovely 'teen
casual. Black only with gold
broid, pink lining.



"SNOWLINE"

Attractively finished, smooth leather
snowshoe. Genuine lambswool
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"COLLARETTE"

The softest slipper ever! In genuine
lambskin with self-rolled collar.
Royal blue, wine or brown.



Off duty in Honolulu:



Whether you're working, surfing or dancing under the stars

YOUR CREST WAVE WILL ALWAYS LOOK WONDERFUL

Now! Special Conditioner in Crest gives your hair a new kind of sheen and softness. Honestly . . . wouldn't you like your hair to look as permanently pretty as this Crest girl's in Honolulu? It takes only 15 minutes to wave your hair with the latest Crest kit . . . to give yourself the kind of hairdo men admire and other women envy. See how soft and silken-smooth your curls are. Find out how much longer a Crest wave will last. For there's a new hair conditioner in the Crest waving lotion now that leaves every type of hair beautifully glossy and manageable. You'll be able to comb your Crest wave into the very latest hair styles so easily.



and guess who joined the plane at Auckland? Guy Austin remembers him! -also staying here those days
Soon as we put down he raced me off to Waikiki. Spent the afternoon surfing and laying in the sun. And later had a really wonderful time at the Royal Hawaiian over cocktails and dinner. Wore my white strapples which Guy said looked tremendous with my new hair-do. That new Crest has certainly proved marvellous. My wave is so soft and adaptable. Even looks shiny and pretty after a days surfing. Tomorrow we

The makers of Crest are so confident you will be satisfied, that if Crest doesn't give you the best results you've ever had from a home perm, when used according to instructions they will refund double your money.

FULL KIT . . . 24/-
REFILL . . . 12/6; JUNIOR . . . 8/6

Crest—the choice of Canadian Pacific Air Hostesses

C.43.WW143g



SITTING OUT BETWEEN DANCES are (from left) Tony Reading, Sonia Storck, Terry Clune, Margaret Henderson, and David Allsopp. They were guests at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cullen, of Point Piper, for their son Chris at the Elanora Country Club. Chris will sail on board Orontes on May 2 for England and Europe.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



EX-STUDENTS' BALL. Barbara Still wore a dress of ink-blue organza to the Scots College Ball.

FAREWELL parties will soon be under way for Captain and Mrs. Freddie Cook, who leave in July for Darwin. Captain Cook has been appointed Naval Officer in Charge North-West Australian Area.

The Cooks will give up their Macleay Street pent-house and move into Admiralty House, Darwin. Their son and daughter, David and Venetia, will probably spend their holidays in Darwin, but will complete their schooling here.

Another member of the family to make the move will be Rang, the Cooks' Siamese cat.

SAILING on board Orontes on May 2 are Jocelyn Kimber and her mother, Mrs. L. Lyall. "We want to see everything," says Jocelyn, who will spend 15 months sight-seeing overseas. She has recently announced her engagement to Keith Evans, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Evans, of Lindfield, and they plan to marry when Jocelyn returns home.

LOTS of Australians will make a special trip to Sweden for the Olympic equestrian events to be held there in June. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Field, of Wahroona, will leave by air on May 11, accompanied by their brother, Ross Field, and they will return through America in September. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern, of Belconnen Hill, and their son, Sam, will travel through America to Europe for the Olympic events. Sam, jun., hopes to enrol at Cambridge for an agricultural course, while his parents fly home in August.

RECENTLY married Mr. and Mrs. Baillieu May (she was formerly Sam Hordern) passed through Sydney on their return from a four months' honeymoon overseas. Sarah and Bill have found a house in Tarak, Melbourne, and will settle there in a few weeks.

FIRST-YEAR cadets will form a guard of honour for the young guests arriving at the St. Aloysius' Cadet Dance. The dance will be held at the Mossman Town Hall this Friday, April 27. The senior cadet, David Strong, and his mother, Mrs. George Strong, of Seaford, will receive the guests.

PRETTY Margaret Bull Longueville, will wear a heirloom diamond brooch, "something old" when she marries Ray Stubble at St. Thomas', North Sydney, on April 27. Among guests at the wedding will be Jennifer McCreadie and Pat Lennon, who travelled to England with Margaret about twelve months ago. . . . Margaret returned a few months ago, but Jennifer are just back. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bull, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stubble of Epping.



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Archia Osborne, younger daughter of Major-General the Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Osborne, of Vacluse, and Geoff Henderson, of "Trentham," Goulburn, who have recently announced their engagement.



QUARTET OF GUESTS (from left) Lionel Sandy, Beverley Coles, Mrs. John Street, and Mr. Street at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cullen at Elanora. Beverley wore a dress of embroidered cotton and Mrs. Street chose turquoise wool.



AT ELANORA PARTY. Anne Odillo Maher and John Vyden at the party given for Chris Cullen by his parents. Anne's dress of white organdie was embroidered with pink flowers and had a pink sash tying in a bustle bow at the back.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson with Mr. Randolph Sevier (right) at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson at Glen Ascham for more than 150 guests.

BRIEFLY . . . Pamela Ellis, of "Oak Park," Forbes, has announced her engagement to Laurence Henry, of Wellington . . . recently married Walter and Thea Stapleton are holidaying on a motor tour of New South Wales and Queensland.

RECENTLY married Graham and Dian Chisholm will spend a few days in Sydney when they return from their honeymoon in Queensland . . . Dian is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Rudd, of "Coppabella," Dural.

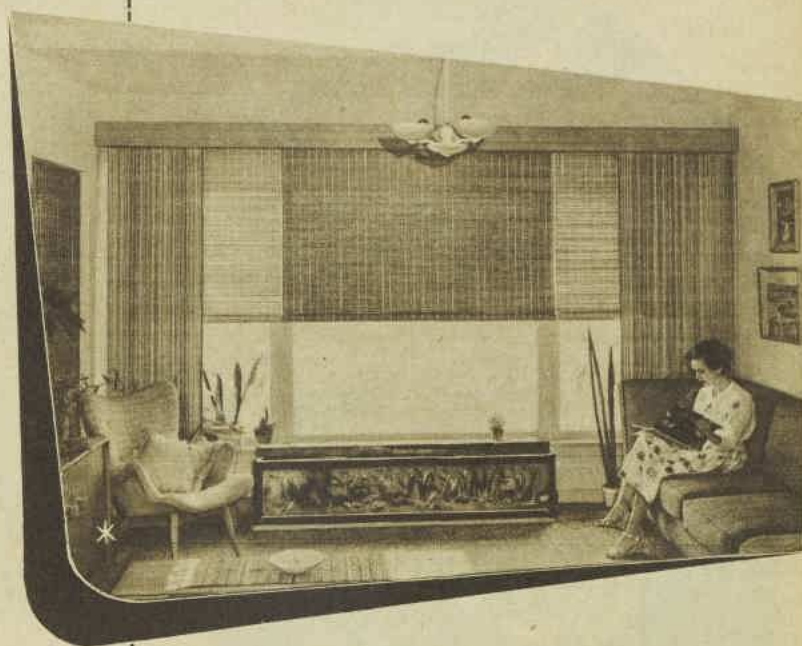
FROM Canada comes the news that Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Lang's baby daughter has been christened Nicola Alexandra. With their two older children — four-year-old Rosamond and Christopher, who is three — the Langs hope to visit his parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Lang, of Willoughby, in about twelve months' time.

Anne



LEAVING THE CHURCH. Duncan Mitchell and his bride leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Alison Mackay, youngest daughter of Sir Iven and Lady Mackay, of Turrumurra.

- tailored for your home
- tailored to your budget

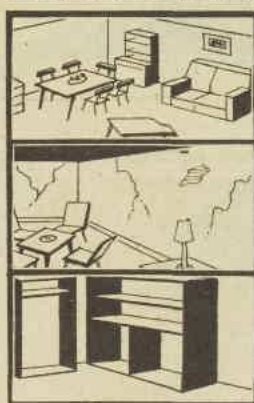


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(above) Swedish artist Mrs. Solveig Douglas in the sitting room of her Sydney home for which she has chosen a charming combination of **woodweev** blinds, draw curtains and area divider in natural Honey Pine and Red Cedar.

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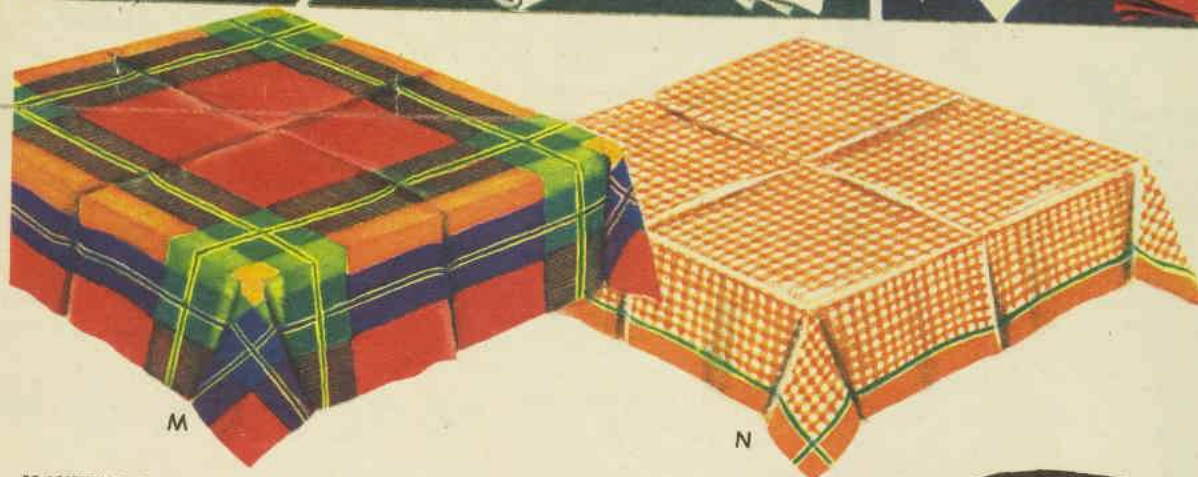
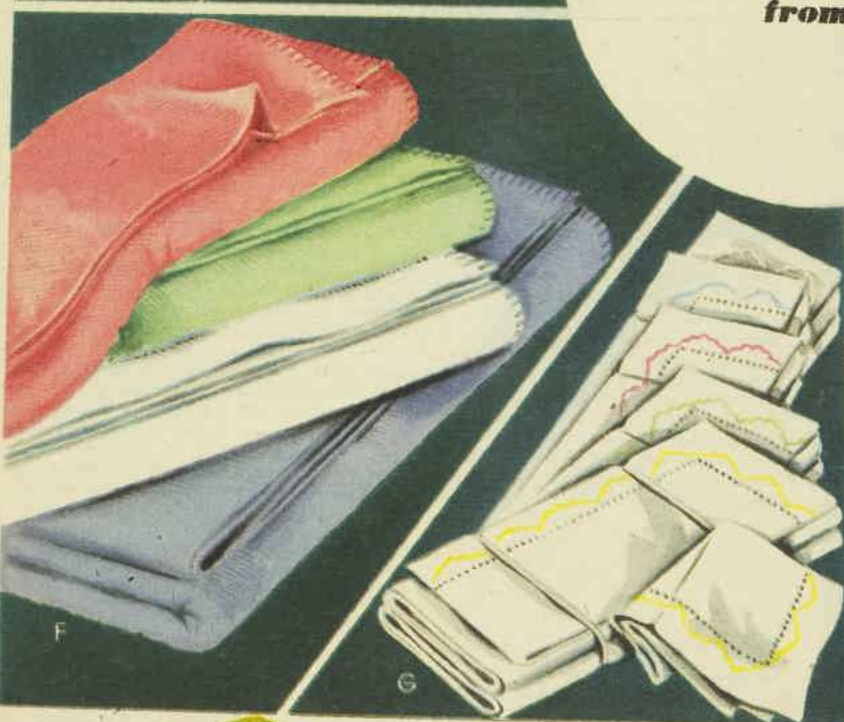
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TRUTH IN ADVERTISING
Anthony Horder's

SYDNEY
CENTRAL

Australian actor wins fame on TV

He prefers suitable roles to wealth

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Australian actor Keith Michell has emerged with sudden brilliance as one of the top stars on British television.

IT is only a short while since Michell made his debut before Britain's television cameras, but already he has monopolised the acting honors this year.

Critics throughout Britain are showering praise on Michell, who is a graduate of the famous Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, England.

Apart from his vigorous acting talent, a quality which cleared his way to the top with an Elizabethan flourish, Michell is a strapping, vital, jutting-jawed man, aged 29 years, whose tough male appearance has already been known to give feminine interviewers the dithers and to bring him a large daily batch of fan mail.

For, at 29 years of age, Michell, who is just growing out of the Brando-type haircut he had to affect for a recent part, is still a bachelor in no great hurry to change his mode of life.

He shares his flat in Hampstead, London, with a yellow Labrador called Duff, which follows him everywhere.

It's his enthusiasm for work, together with a comparative indifference to public fame or the money it brings, that sets Michell apart as a more serious-minded, young actor who clings tenaciously to high standards.

His new fame started when he was chosen for the classic part — immortalised by the great Leslie Howard on the screen — of Professor Higgins in a televised version of the Bernard Shaw play "Pygmalion."

His performance in the role was a triumph.

His new leads

IMMEDIATELY the B.B.C. cast Michell in another big lead — in "Act of Violence," the latest television play to be written by their ace script-writer, Iain McCormick, who is also an Australian.

And after that Michell was listed to star with film actress Mai Zetterling in "The Mervyn Miller Affair," one of the most lavishly produced dramas yet to be televised.

In addition, Keith Michell has been placed under contract to make films for British Lion, and should be stepping into his first starring screen role this summer.

He is a sun-worshipper, and lives a healthy life. Around his neck Michell carries a good-luck symbol in the form of an ancient statue of the God of Health.

When I interviewed him he

was planning his first holiday from acting in a long while — in the sun.

"Where's a good place for a holiday? I was thinking of North Africa—say Casablanca or Marrakesh.

"I'm afraid the South of France will still be too cold for me. I hear they had snow there quite recently." He shivered and frowned.

He has to take an out-of-season holiday because there's a "new, exciting play idea coming up.

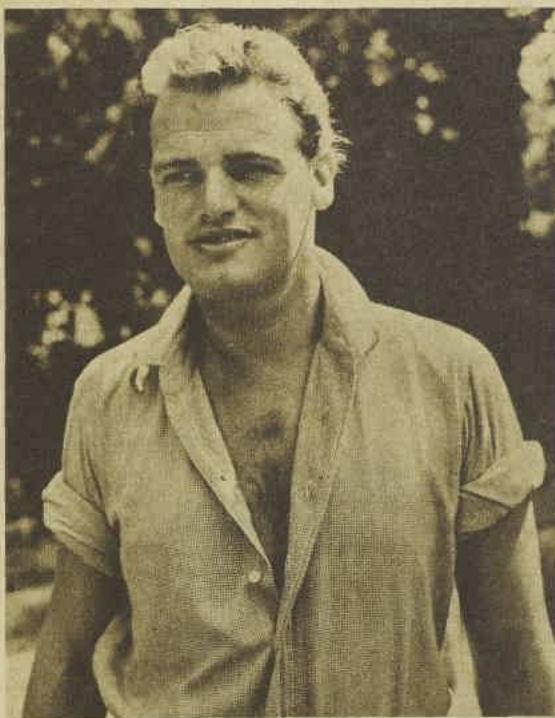
"It's at the Royal Court Theatre in Chelsea, and it's to play Don Juan in two different plays — 'Don Juan' and 'The Death of Satan' — on the same night.

"Both were written by the same author, Ronald Duncan. And Don Juan's a part I've always wanted to play."

Refused offer

TO play these parts in the tiny but enterprising Chelsea theatre, Michell turned down his first starring screen role — and thus incurred a suspension from his contract within a few months of signing it.

"It doesn't matter," he said with a smile that was mild and mocking, "it's only a very



KEITH MICHELL, young South Australian actor, wears a Marlon Brando haircut for one of his film roles. His TV performance as Professor Higgins in "Pygmalion" brought high praise from British critics.

gentle, polite little suspension."

He has also turned down a Hollywood film offer and the chance of riches from a big United States television series. Michell shrugged. "I'd sooner live in England."

He turned and stared out at the cold landscape of London.

Remembering he is a sun-worshipper, it's plain that he is obeying powerful artistic compulsions to stay in England.

A South Australian, he began his career as a teacher of art.

Then he took up radio acting and, fired by Olivier's Richard III, which he saw

when the touring Old Vic Company played in Adelaide, he applied for an audition.

He won one of the two admissions from Australia to the Old Vic school and sailed for England in 1948.

A year later he was touring Britain and the Continent with the Young Vic Company.

Two seasons later he was returning in triumph to tour Australia with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre company, and was winning much applause for his performances as Hotspur in "Henry IV" and Orlando in "As You Like It."

"Last year was perhaps the most powerful for me — with the Oliviers at Stratford-upon-Avon. I don't think I've ever enjoyed my work more than with them."

He played Macduff to Olivier's Macbeth, Orsino to Vivien Leigh's Viola in "Twelfth Night." And he played two other big lead roles in addition.

Zest for work

MY own unforgettable memory of Michell as a Shakesperian actor dates back two years to the time he played the cat-like Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet," at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Michell's success has come through a zest for hard work and his ambition for the right parts rather than the right money.

Now he has a week or so to sit back and enjoy it, and is heading for the North African sunshine, he is perplexed to find that the public is curious about his private life.

To the accompaniment of nervous demurring and much embarrassment, he delivered himself painfully to the probing of a relentless lady columnist who asked him his idea of the girl he might one day marry.

"She must enjoy golf, tennis, good health . . . ah, Labrador dogs, of course, and . . . let's see . . . oh, yes—she must like the sun!"



AT HOME at his flat in Hampstead, London, Keith Michell relaxes with his yellow Labrador, Duff. Twenty-nine-year-old Michell first made his name as a member of the famous Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon.

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FURNITURE FROM GUILD'S DISPLAY

● The rooms and furniture shown on these pages are part of the exhibition which will be presented by the N.S.W. Guild of Furniture Manufacturers at the Sydney Showground from May 1 to May 5.

THE Governor of N.S.W., Sir John Northcott, will officially open the exhibition to the trade. The general public will be admitted on May 3, 4, and 5.

A co-operative effort by members of the Guild, the exhibition attracts retailers from all over Australia and New Zealand.

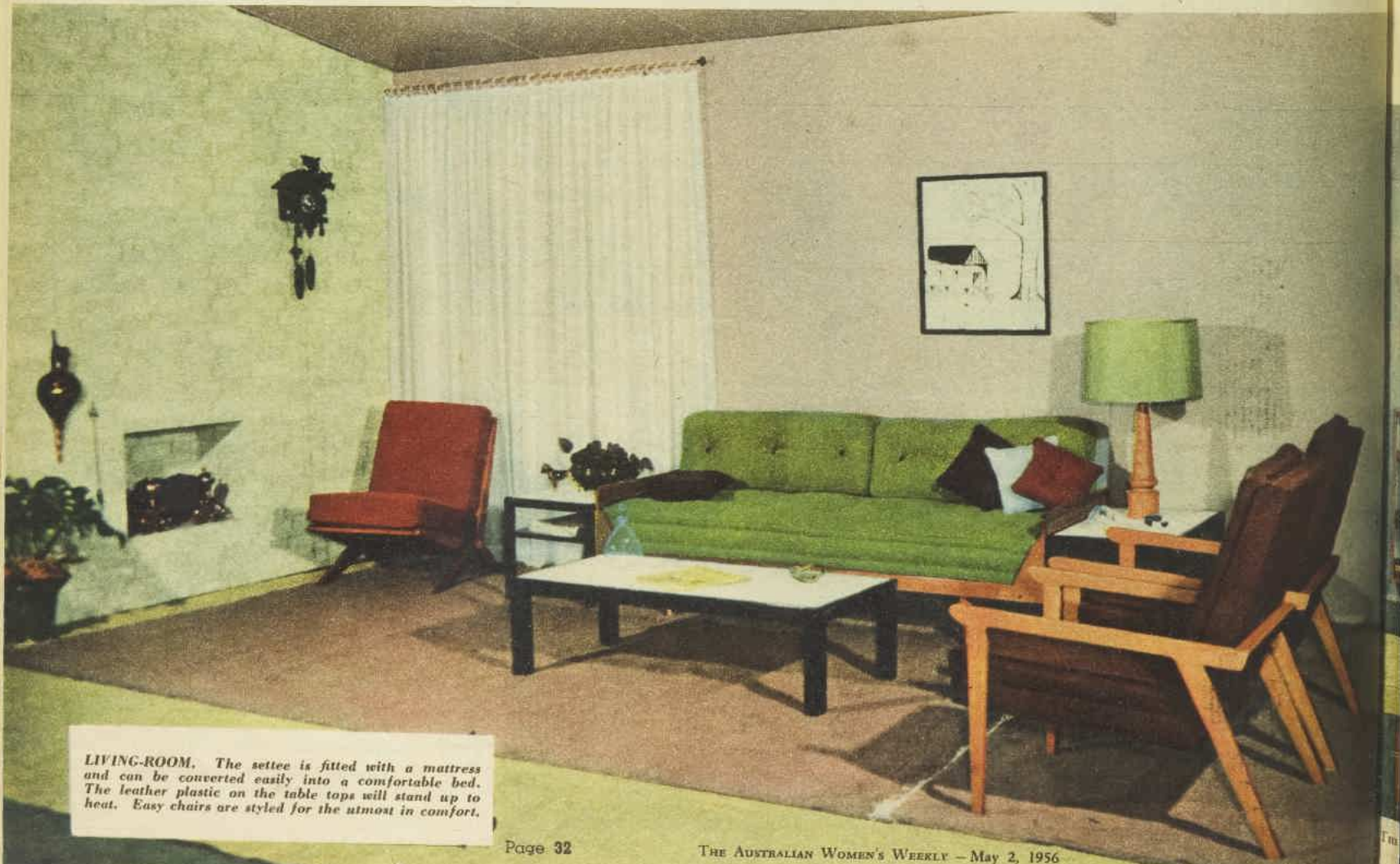
Although primarily for the trade, it gives the public an interesting preview of new trends. Last year the attendance was 100,000.

Members of the public cannot buy or order pieces, but exhibitors or their representatives are available to answer questions, and each piece carries a retail price ticket.

Points of interest this year include new developments in plastic materials and in labor-saving mobile furniture.



DINING-ROOM SUITE made of specially veneered Queensland maple. The chairs, with upholstered seats and curved back rests, are exceptionally comfortable, and the table can be extended to seat eight. Note the copper tips on the legs. The 6ft.-long buffet has drawers and cupboard space for table silver, linen, china, and glass. The drawers are padded with leather plastic which can be cleaned with a damp cloth. Table wines can be stored in the lacquered chest.



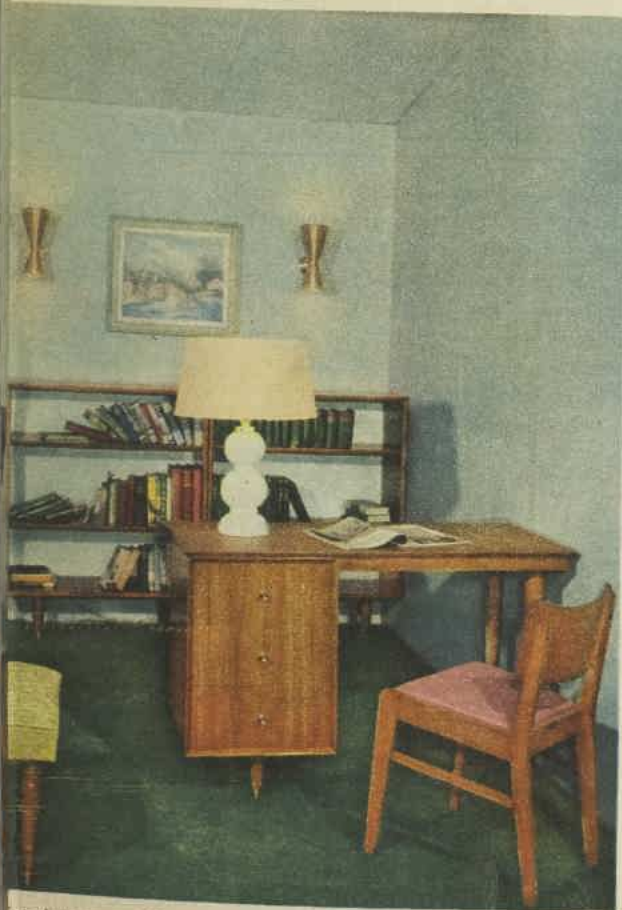
LIVING-ROOM. The settee is fitted with a mattress and can be converted easily into a comfortable bed. The leather plastic on the table tops will stand up to heat. Easy chairs are styled for the utmost in comfort.



ABOVE: A room specially arranged for television viewing, with the TV screen as the focal point. The comfortable chairs have convenient small tables beside them, and the buffet can be used for serving drinks without interrupting the viewing. The unusual color scheme is strawberry, citron, and grey against blue walls. The carpets are natural over charcoal. Small cushions are freely used.

RIGHT: Bedroom for a teenage girl. Note the bedside table, which is part of the headboard of the bed. The old-fashioned screen, which backs the spacious chest, has come back into its own, and this modern version looks attractive. The feminine color scheme is pink and grey.

BELOW: Compact study comprises two 3ft. bookshelves, a comfortable chair, a stool, and desk. Wall fittings and a lamp provide good lights. The color scheme is blue, grey, and charcoal, with accents of strawberry and citron.



BEDROOM featuring a mahogany-veneered suite. One wardrobe is fitted with drawers and the other provides hanging space. The wide dressing-table, with attractive "porthole" handles, is fitted with nine drawers. No bedside tables are necessary with this type of bedhead; sliding panels cover a small cupboard, the open ends hold books and magazines. Recessed bases are a feature of this new furniture.



two people sitting companionably over a fire on a snowy day sipping their drinks, feeling that instant instinctive liking for each other — for a little while one didn't have to remember that one sat in the house of one's benefactors entertaining the man whom one's adopted sister loved.

"You make me think of a little pointed fir tree," Nigel said dreamily. "Your chin is pointed and your hair is dark, and you're so small and neat."

"My figure, too?" said Monica humorously, standing up and holding out her skirt to imitate the triangular shape of a fir tree.

Nigel laughed. "My imagination seems to have gone crazy. I don't know what makes me think that about you."

Then the door opened and Mother came in.

"Ah, there you are, my dears. Nigel, I can't say how sorry I am this has happened on your very first visit. But my husband says Gay will be all right in a day or two. It's just a feverish cold, and then travelling on this awful day. But she was quite determined to get home for her birthday, she told me. And we were having a small party, too. I do hope she will be well enough. Monica, darling, I wonder if you'd like to run up to her for a little while. I know she's longing to talk to you."

Monica got up to go. The little dream was over; she was not Monique de Courcy with the handsome Englishman she had just met in a mountain chalet in Switzerland, or over drinks in a Parisian bar. She was Monica Temple, and Nigel belonged to Gay.

Only the top of Gay's head was visible above the blankets. "Hullo, sweetie," she said to Monica in a muffled voice. "Isn't this absolutely foul? You will look after Nigel, won't you? How do you like him?"

"He's all right," said Monica guardedly.

Gay's head lifted up in indignation.

"Is that all? And I think

Continuing . . . Sister to Gay

[from page 9]

the sun rises and sets on him. I've never felt like this about a man before. And, of course, I'm simpleton enough to show it. He's going to get terribly bored with me." She sighed, with humorous resignation, but Monica had detected the anxiety in her voice. For once Gay, who got things so easily, was going to have to fight for something. And if she failed she was going to suffer a great deal.

Well, why shouldn't she? Other people suffered. Suffering was one's inheritance, as well as happiness. One couldn't expect one's hands always to be full.

Monica looked down at Gay and opened and closed her own hands, thinking that perhaps some day they would no longer be empty. Then she, too, could face the world with Gay's lazy, unconcerned happiness.

"He likes you, though," Gay went on. "I could see that at once. Nigel's awfully careless about showing how he feels. If he hadn't liked you he would have closed up like an oyster." She sneezed violently, burying her face in her handkerchief. "Oh, heavens! Be a pet and look after him until I'm presentable again. Oh, and by the way, Monica, would you mind unpacking my things? You know what Mother is when she starts prying. Where did you get this? What made you buy that? I want you to see my new dress for the party. It's a dream."

Gay's perfume, a light flower scent, was all through her things. Monica surveyed the carelessly jumbled clothing, dresses, stockings, and underwear all mused together, and exclaimed: "Really, you don't deserve nice things! Look at this! A box of powder spilt all over your good suit. And, honestly, Gay, you should pack your shoes separately."

Gay sneezed again.

"You know me, darling. I haven't your French neatness."

Monica began unfolding the

tissue-paper package that was crushed at the bottom of the case. She smiled as she was doing it.

Gay, raised on her elbow, her glorious hair ruffled all over her head like a sunset, said, "What are you smiling about?"

"Oh, nothing. Nigel said the most ridiculous thing. That I was like a fir tree. A fir tree!"

"How extraordinary! But I think I see what he means. You're so small and dark and aloof. Like those dear little trees that stand in the snow, and no wind ever bends them. What are you thinking some times? Oh, there's my dress."

Monica shook out the sophisticated black taffeta that was going to make Gay's white shoulders and flaming head look sheerly beautiful. What was she thinking? That she hated everything in the world, everything, including this pampered girl who lay in bed and lazily, effortlessly, wrapped her in an aura of kindness and love.

"Do you like it?" Gay asked. "It's terribly simple for what it cost. For heavens sake, Mother must never know. But I've had a lot of luck lately. That apartment I decorated for the American woman was a plum. And she's sending me to all her friends. Have you got everything out? You can't have, because there's another dress somewhere. Green. It's for you."

Monica's hands, independent of her will, found the dress and shook it out. It was dark green brocade with a shining gold thread. It was beautiful. Instantly she could see herself in it and Nigel's eyes on her, Nigel's eyes going from Gay's stateliness to her small, radiant figure in the shining dress. It was the loveliest thing she had ever had.

"I don't want it," she muttered. "Really—I can't take it."

"Good gracious, why ever not?"

"Because—" Clutching the dress, she looked down at Gay's surprised face. It was true, that for all her intelligence Gay hadn't the faintest conception of how she felt, not the faintest. Surely anyone would know that this constant patronage was unbearable, that it made one want to take this lovely dress and rip it from top to bottom, and to watch the astonished hurt come into Gay's face. For her very lack of understanding Monica hated Gay, hated her until it was pain even to try to speak.

"I have plenty of things—father gives me my allowance. Besides, I have no right—"

"No right! How utterly absurd! What a silly little creature you are sometimes. You stay here with mother and father and I know your allowance doesn't cover things like this. Don't be difficult."



"I'll say she'll be surprised when she gets them—she's expecting a mink coat."

Monica. Take the dress and have fun in it."

That, as far as Gay was concerned, settled the matter. She buried herself in the blankets again and said she was going to sleep. Monica's problems, which to Gay were simply not problems at all, were dismissed. Monica, looking at the top of her confident head, suddenly felt a deep, dark excitement rising in her.

Very well, she would have fun, she would have a lot of fun, with and without this per-

fectly gorgeous dress. Gay had always encouraged her to take things. It would be Gay's fault entirely that the habit persisted.

The next day the snow had stopped. The weather was calm and brilliant, the snow-tipped trees and hedges dazzling. Gay came downstairs in her dressing-gown. She gaily waved Nigel away.

"Keep at arm's length, darling. I'm simply scattering germs. Why don't you and Monica go out for a walk? It's a gorgeous day. Because I'm a prisoner everyone else doesn't need to be."

The tip of Gay's nose was red and her eyes were blurred and heavy. Her hair was brushed, but curling up in the wrong directions. She was completely undisturbed and amiable about her appearance, but in contrast Monica knew that she herself looked well groomed and glowing.

"Come along, lazy," she said to Nigel gaily. "I'll walk you to Farley's wood and back."

Mother smiled in her gentle, placid way and said, "That's a good idea, Monica. Gay and I can finish the party arrangements while you're gone."

As they were going out, wrapped in warm winter clothes and heavy shoes. Father came in, rubbing his chilled hands and saying, "You two getting some fresh air? Good! I can promise you, Nigel, Monica will walk you off your legs, for all her small size."

So there they all were, making the thing ridiculously simple. A girl and a man alone in a wood bewitched into a shining white stillness. Of course they would kiss. Their lips and cheeks were cold, in spite of their bright color. Then warm . . .

Nigel muttered, "You're damned attractive, little Monique."

He was intrigued by her quickness, her vivacity, her Frenchness. She was different from the English girls he knew. He would have wanted to kiss her almost from the moment they had met. Monica knew that. When she had

tripped over a snow-covered log and he had caught her and drawn her upright it had been the most natural thing to complete the movement of that impulsive kiss.

Held for that moment in his arms, Monica had a vision of Gay sprawled face down by the fire, her blurred eyes cheerful, even a heavy cold doing nothing to her optimism. Then she felt Nigel's lips growing warm against her, and dreamily she thought, "I could fall in love with you. Just as you could with me. After all, some time Gay has to suffer. And you're not engaged yet."

Then she sprang away from him, laughing, not quite self-possessed.

"That's crazy. We're in love."

His eyes were too bright, too intense.

"I'm not sure at all."

"Don't be an idiot. Come on; let's go back."

It was only an incident. It could be dismissed now, or it could be the beginning of something much more serious. After all, Monica reasoned, everyone loved Gay. If Nigel failed her she would get another young man within a few weeks. She would get that warm, radiant look in her eyes for someone else. Of course she would. Gay would always have everything.

That evening Monica sang French songs. She had a small voice, but an amazingly dramatic manner, and everyone applauded vigorously.

"A clever child, eh?" said Father proudly. Monica had adored her adopted father ever since that dreadful day when she had never let herself lose sight of his grinning head, his kindly, twinkling eyes, his big, competent hand bending over the injured and the dying. He had been the one thing in the world left to her—but, of course, she had found that he belonged to Gay, too. That he belonged mostly to Gay . . .

"I think she's a small miracle," said Nigel. He is

To page 36



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He can learn that in a petrol two things are better than one. High octane is good, but high octane with I.C.A. is far better! And the petrol that gives him both is Supershell. It's because of I.C.A. that Supershell gives you all the extra pull, all the extra miles per gallon, all the improved performance that high octane makes possible. For I.C.A. saves the power normally lost through pre-ignition and spark plug fouling. It stops these troubles at the source. Thanks to I.C.A. you get, and keep, the full power of your engine. Just two tankfuls of Supershell with I.C.A. will prove it. Fill up once and you'll say "That's better" — fill up twice and you'll say "That's terrific!"



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Ask for Design No. 658



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 2, 1956

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—small, medium, large
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32", **59/6**

Continuing . . . **Sister to Gay**

from page 34

cigarette, and his blue eyes shone through the smoke at her.

"Of course she is," said Gay in her slightly hoarse voice. "I'm so glad you think that, too, darling. Well, I'm going to bed. Come up with me, will you, Monica? I want to talk about the party."

In her bedroom Gay switched on the electric heater and sprawled across her bed, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes narrowed and affectionate.

"Thank goodness I'm going to be all right for the party. Father says one more day indoors. So if you can bear to look after Nigel again tomorrow, darling."

"Of course," Monica murmured.

It seemed to her that Gay's eyes had become quizzical.

"You get on quite well together, don't you?"

"Nigel's very easy to get on with."

"Yes, isn't he?" Gay's voice took on warmth and pleasure.

"And, of course, he adores pretty girls. You're really getting exceptionally pretty, Monica. And you're so petite. I'm clumsy and awkward. Heaven knows what Nigel sees in me—if anything."

She gave her good-natured grin. "Monica, be a darling and try on that dress I gave you."

"All right," she said.

She went to her own room and slowly changed into the green and gold dress. It was the first time she had tried it on. It looked exactly as she had known it would, the subdued richness of the material making her look fragile and exquisite.

Against her will the deep excitement began to burn in her again. She closed her lips tight, and tried to keep the light out of her eyes. When she went back to Gay, Gay said with satisfaction:

"Yes, I knew. It's exactly your dress. You look lovely, Monica. Any man—"

She hesitated a moment, her eyes on Monica's radiant figure. Then she said in her careless way, as if it were a casual remark, "Monica, Nigel likes you a lot. That's easy to see. But if he should like you better than me, well, that's the way things happen in life. You understand what I mean."

"No," said Monica tightly.

"Oh, don't be dumb!" For the first time there was impatience in Gay's lazy voice.

"Of course you understand. Personally, I don't see how a man couldn't help liking you in preference to a great clumsy creature like me."

It was the last straw, Monica thought fiercely. This ultimate generosity of Gay's just wasn't human. It made one feel so small, so beneath contempt. It gave one this awful bitter desire to hurt, to show that one really was the sort of person who could take and take and take . . . Very well, thought Monica, the excitement coming into her eyes, very well . . .

Nigel accompanied her when she went shopping the next day for Gay's birthday present. She had thought of the usual things, gloves, perfume, a book Gay wanted. But when she saw the white figure in the wind-blown dress she gazed at it, fascinated.

It was Limoges china, the shop assistant said. Its price was twelve guineas, but it was an exquisite thing, wasn't it?

Nigel said, "Can you afford that much?"

"Actually I can't. But Gay would adore it." (She had to show them that she wasn't entirely bad. Tomorrow night, sparkling in the green and gold dress, she was going to take Nigel from Gay. She knew she could because they were both more than half in love

already and she had all a woman's intuition about the outcome of it. But this lovely figure as a gift to Gay would be a sop to her conscience.

"Let's go home," she said excitedly. "I'll ask Father to give me an advance on my allowance."

"You funny, generous little creature," said Nigel.

But Father didn't say anything like that. He looked at Monica with his shrewd, kind eyes and said, "Why such an expensive present, Monica? Gay wouldn't want you to do that."

"Well, I want to do it," Monica said stubbornly.

"Gay would be just as happy with a small gift, my dear."

Monica suddenly stamped her foot childishly. "I want to do it," she said stormily. "I always give her small things, and she—well, you know what she gives me."

"Do you know," said Father slowly, "that Gay has always had a peculiar idea that you don't like her?"

"Why, how—how silly," said Monica, with startled guilt.

"I agree. One would have to be a very extraordinary person not to like Gay. So I'll give you the money for this figure. Because I think, perhaps, it will prove to Gay how wrong she is. And that would make her very happy."

Monica nodded silently. In that moment she couldn't have spoken. How could Gay have

The way to love anything is to realise that it might be lost.

— G. K. Chesterton

known how she felt? She had always thought that Gay, for all her kindness, was lacking in perception, that her gifts had been made blunderingly, patronisingly. But she had suspected the reason for Monica's reserve all the time. She had tried to make it up with expensive presents. She was stupid, stupid.

And now Monica was being as stupid herself. She was thinking a lovely wind-blown lady in Limoges china would compensate Gay for the loss of the man she loved. Just as Gay had thought frocks and books and trinkets would compensate the lonely little Monique de Courcy for her empty-handedness.

One could be selfish and ruthless, but one couldn't be just simply stupid. Or perhaps an Englishwoman could be, but no Frenchwoman could. In that moment Monica was all French. She knew what had to be done and it had to be done thoroughly.

She let Nigel kiss her again that night. It was a hurried kiss in the darkness of the stairway. She pushed him away from her, laughing breathlessly, saying, "This is a habit you will have to get out of when you are married, my lad."

She sensed his disappointment. "I mean it," she said lightly. "That was a farewell kiss."

At twelve o'clock that night she crept down to the larder. A great deal of the food for the party tomorrow night had been prepared, and there it was in the ice-box, chicken, ham, lobster. Monica took two fat legs of lobster, picked out the white flesh and ate it. Although she did not feel hungry she helped herself to more pieces, chewing them thoroughly and precisely. Then she went back to bed.

In the morning, to her very satisfaction, she had a temperature and a very sick stomach.

"Oh, poor darling, what can it be?" Mother said distractedly. "And Gay's party tonight?"

"What have you been eating?" Father asked, feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue.

"Just the usual things," Monica lied.

"It's some sort of upset," Father said. "Nothing serious, but I'm afraid you won't be feeling like a party tonight. Isn't that too bad?"

"Oh, Daddy!" Monica caught his hand. "Don't tell Gay about that figure. I've decided to give her something else."

"That's very sensible of you. And do you know, that's the first time you've ever called me Daddy?"

"Is it?" Monica was confused. "But I've really meant it."

"I know, I know." Father patted her head affectionately. "You go to sleep and get rid of this bug."

Then Gay, in her dressing-gown, her glorious hair flying untidily about her concerned face, burst in.

"Monica, darling! Mum says you're sick. How could you be on my party day?"

Monica moved her head on the pillow. It was funny how beautiful Gay looked. She had on no make-up, she was still peaked from her cold, her hair was like a burning bush, yet she was quite incredibly beautiful. Monica wanted to put her arms round her and hold her warmly and lovingly, as one sister would another. It was an impulse so sudden and sweet that it brought tears to her eyes.

"I never hated you," she whispered. "It was only that I never had anything to give you. And now I have. And I don't even want you to thank you, but just to be happy."

Gay bent over her anxiously. "What are you muttering about? You're not delirious, are you?"

"No, I'm not delirious. I was just saying I hope you have a lovely time tonight. You see, Nigel."

Gay's face became wary. "Nigel will be awfully disappointed about you."

"No, he won't. Not when he has you again. Don't be so blind, I'm telling you the truth."

It was the truth, too. Nigel could be tempted by a provocative face, but if he didn't love her again he would quickly forget her. The funny thing was that in her effort not to be stupid, but to behave like an adult and intelligent person, she had got this other feeling of love and tenderness for every one. It was as if she had begun to feel again for the first time since that terrible day in Caen.

She watched Gay's puzzled face and she said earnestly, "It's a funny birthday present, but it's everything I have. I thought I had nothing, but now I have something. Isn't it wonderful? No one has ever given me anything."

She heard Gay call at the door, "Daddy! Monica's talking so queerly. I think she's delirious."

Perhaps she was, Monica thought. That lobster was making her feel terrible. Ever since she was a child she had known she couldn't eat lobster without being ill for two or three days afterwards. She closed her eyes and thought that was holding out her hand to Gay, giving her the thing that was the most precious and intangible thing they seemed to hold, and, in the midst of her distress, she smiled.

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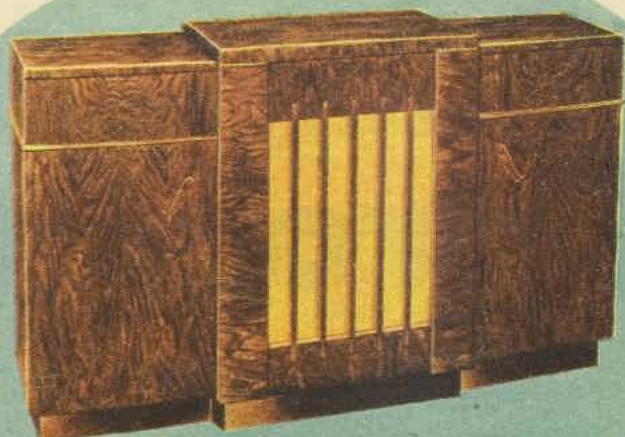
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Continuing . . . Marriage Anyone?

from page 3

upon her. But instead of speaking, he sat down in the deck chair and bawled over his shoulder, "Clara! Clara!"

Katy's face stung. Fate, then, had been planning nothing more or less than a practical joke. It had never occurred to her that he might be married—and she had signed a one-year lease! Katy fled into her apartment and had her solitary lamb chop, liberally salted with tears. Then she went to bed to dream, with that man perversely still playing the leading role.

She was sure her disillusionment had turned her pale, wan, and white-haired overnight, but the next morning the mirror reflected a healthy-looking girl with a sparkle in her eyes. In fact, she looked so pretty that James Conroy, a young department head at the office, stopped by her desk and asked her to dinner. James was neat and scholarly looking, with a blond crew-cut and a small moustache. He was invariably described around the office as "up and coming."

Katy was aware that it was considered a feat to get a date with James, but she declined his invitation. She wanted to be alone with her sorrow and, besides, she wanted to see this Clara. Would she be tall and stately and sophisticated, or would she be little and cute and wear ruffled aprons?

That night the man was alone on his balcony, intently puffing on his pipe. He made such a picture of masculine attraction that Katy, as she stole a glance at him, sighed.

The manly pipe suddenly emitted an enormous pink bubble. The bubble rose high above his head and floated south-south-east. Bobbing gently, it blew into Katy's face and exploded there, leaving her nose wet.

Then a series of bubbles, all colors and sizes, went up into the air. Katy watched, mouth ajar, as they floated airily over Royal Street.

The man looked at her and grinned. "There's nothing more relaxing after a day over a hot advertising desk than a soap-bubble pipe."

Katy managed a stunned smile.

"Things are certainly looking up around here," he went on. "Welcome to the neighborhood and all that. You moved in yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes," Katy said.

"I certainly hope we're going to be friends—good friends, I mean," he said cheerfully. "You're a distinct improvement over the former resident of that apartment. She had orange hair and played the piano twenty-four hours a day. Clara got along with her, but I didn't."

He was grinning at her again. As a married man he shouldn't be so friendly with strange women, Katy thought. She didn't smile back.

"I'm Bill Stoddard," he said. "And I know you're Katy Bard—I looked at your nameplate downstairs. Do you think it would be a neighborly gesture if I took you over to hear a really great pianist who just opened on Bourbon Street?"

"I'm afraid not," Katy said stiffly.

"Too bad. I thought we might get better acquainted."

Katy gave him a look. "What about Clara?"

"Clara?" he said. "Oh, she won't care. She always prowls the streets herself at night."

Katy glared at him. Well! If all the —! But something soft and dark was brushing against her shoulder. She reamed.

"Hey, don't yell like that,"

Bill Stoddard said. "You'll scare Clara."

Katy screamed again. A dark object jumped off her chair, and she saw that it was a black cat, who seemed to be regarding her with distaste.

"It's all right, Clara. I guess she's the excitable type," Bill Stoddard said. He turned to Katy: "Clara's used to having the run of both these apartments, and she just forgot there was a new tenant at your place."

"How dreadful!" Katy had leaped up and was brushing her arm as if removing all traces of contact with Clara.

"What do you mean?" Bill Stoddard said.

"Cats!" Katy said. "I hate cats!"

Bill Stoddard stared. "Really? I hate people who hate cats."

"Well, that makes us even," Katy said. "I hate people who love cats. A cat scratched me when I was little."

"And what had you done to the cat?" Bill Stoddard asked.

Katy, who remembered perfectly well that she had pulled the cat's tail, said nothing.

He stood up. "Cats are the most civilised, the most graceful, and certainly the most comical of animals," Bill Stoddard said. "I pity anyone so shallow as to be unable to appreciate them." He left, presumably to enjoy alone the pianist on Bourbon Street . . .

Well, that was that! Katy thought. If Bill Stoddard

he explained, were invited to dance.

Katy said it all sounded simply thrilling, in a voice loud enough to be heard on the next balcony, where, it happened, Bill Stoddard was entertaining some friends. They were playing poker and, if noise was any gauge, were enjoying themselves.

James shuddered. "How long does your lease last?" he asked sympathetically.

"A year," Katy told him.

"Ah, well," James said. "One can always break a lease if one—if one moves out," he finished enigmatically and patted her hand . . .

Katy and Bill Stoddard had remarkably little to say to each other, aside from a perfunctory "Good afternoon" if they met accidentally in the hall. Katy ignored both Bill and Clara as much as possible, and that was easy, because she was usually out with James Conroy these days. She had even met James' mother, having been invited for tea one afternoon.

It wasn't hard to tell that Mrs. Conroy was alarmed at her son's interest in a foreigner. As she told Katy, she did hope James would marry a New Orleans girl. Meanwhile, of course, it was all right for him to amuse himself dating other girls, but naturally nothing would come of it.

She had two prospects, Katy told herself gloomily. One of them wouldn't be allowed by his mother to propose, and the other was totally uninterested in her because she didn't like cats. The future looked pretty dark.

One night Bill Stoddard was blowing soap bubbles which

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liked cats he was out on Strike One. That left her playing solitaire in the evenings or dating James Conroy. And she was twenty-six.

The next time James Conroy asked her to dinner she accepted.

"Lucky you," one of the secretaries in the office whispered. "He's from a very old family."

"Aren't we all," Katy said. "You don't understand," the girl said. "He's from one of New Orleans' first families. The Conroys have a beautiful old home in the garden district. James Conroy belongs to the Crewe of Thebes—they have the most elaborate Mardi Gras balls. And he can take you to all the private clubs."

James Conroy didn't waste much time in demonstrating this fact to Katy. He took her to dinner at the Marlborough Club, to a dinner party at the Excelsior Club, and tea-dancing at the Yacht Club.

He also intimated that when Mardi Gras came around she would attend all the most exclusive balls and sit in the Call-out section. Only the ladies who sat in the Call-out section,

Clara was trying to puncture with a quick paw before they escaped. Clara appeared on her balcony, wearing a new dress and smelling of her best perfume.

"Well, well!" Bill Stoddard said admiringly. "You look as if you were moving in for the kill tonight."

Katy ignored him.

"I have something to tell you," Bill said. "If Indians can communicate with smoke, I don't see why I can't with bubbles . . . Watch this!"

He puffed on his pipe and a number of large pink and green bubbles rose majestically into the air around his head. Then some small bubbles floated up. He took the pipe out of his mouth. "Get it?" he said.

"No, I didn't get it," Katy said.

"All right, then here it is in English," Bill said. "I could fall for you if you could bring yourself to accept Clara. How about it?"

"I'm not concerned with learning to love Clara," Katy said. "And, incidentally, company is coming for dinner tonight. If you could prevent

Clara from running back and forth across the balcony putting her paw in the soup—"

"Clara doesn't like soup," Bill Stoddard said. "And before you start on her again, has it ever occurred to you that if it weren't for her your apartment and all the others in these old buildings would be overrun with mice?"

"I don't want to debate the question," Katy said. "I only want Clara confined to her quarters tonight."

"Clara is reaching adolescence and is interested in boys," Bill Stoddard said. "I'm not her chaperon. She's free to come and go as she pleases. However, I'll speak to her."

"Oh, really!" Katy said irritably. "It's ridiculous to speak as if that cat had brains and personality."

"In both respects she compares quite favorably with your boy-friend," Bill Stoddard said.

Katy pretended she hadn't heard. She moved a small table on to the balcony and set it with silver and a chafing-dish. The blossoming vine and the twilit patios below made a pretty setting. There was, however, one nagging doubt in the back of Katy's mind.

"Are you going out?" she asked.

"I'd planned to take in a movie," he said. "But if you want to include me in the invitation to dinner I might consider it."

"That wasn't the idea," Katy said. "I just wanted to make sure you and That Cat weren't going to be home."

James arrived bearing a beautiful bouquet of flowers from his own garden. In a little while he and Katy were having a pleasant pre-dinner conversation. James' eyes kept sliding over to watch Bill and Clara next door. Finally, he said, "Is that fellow blowing soap bubbles?"

"A case of arrested development," Katy said. "It's very sad."

Katy was glad to see Bill Stoddard put away his soap-bubble pipe and leave. But in a few minutes he was back, carrying an enormous sandwich and a bottle of milk. He took something out of the sandwich and held it out to Clara. "Here, old girl, have a sardine." Clara accepted the sardine and ate it daintily.

Bill took a big bite of his sandwich. He looked over at Katy and James. "Would you mind passing your salt-cellar over here? I hate to go all the way back to the kitchen for mine."

Silently Katy got up and handed the salt-cellar across the railing. "I thought you were going to the movies tonight," she murmured under her breath.

"Patience, woman," Bill said. "I always take in the late show."

Katy resumed conversation with James when Bill said loudly, "You haven't introduced me to your friend. This seems like a very awkward situation, since we live next door to each other."

Katy mumbled "Mr. Conroy, Mr. Stoddard."

"How do you do, Mr. Stoddard?" Bill said. He laughed. "I mean, Mr. Conroy. I'm Mr. Stoddard, aren't I?"

He stepped nimbly over the railing and shook hands with James, who had managed to get halfway up from his chair. A moment later James was holding a limp sardine in his hand.

"I'm terribly sorry," Bill said, removing it from James' hand. "I had just plucked

To page 42

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Continuing . . . Marriage Anyone?

from page 39

that from the sandwich for Clara. She's crazy about sardines."

"How interesting," James said in a dead voice, wiping his hand with his napkin.

"We won't keep you, Bill," Katy said meaningfully. "I know you don't want to be late for your movie."

When Bill finally left, Katy gave a sigh of relief.

She and James drank their coffee. Later, she allowed him to help her do the dishes. Katy washed and James dried. It was a domestic little scene. James was very particular about her having the water hot enough, and afterwards he explained how much more efficiently she could have arranged the kitchen.

When they went back out on the balcony it was dark. Katy was a little sleepy and inadvertently dozed a bit as James talked. For a while she lost track of the conversation, and when she came to it was with the startling realisation that James was proposing.

"Naturally, it will be a great shock to Mother," James was saying. "But in time I think I can bring her round."

Katy, who was too amazed to say anything, was aware of a muffled sound from the adjoining balcony. But it was only Clara, silhouetted against the sky.

"I don't think it would be wise to move in with Mother at first," James went on. "We can take an apartment near her for a while, since she will need a long period of adjustment."

Again, the strange, muffled sound next door.

James continued not only to offer Katy his worldly goods but to list them. "As a student of the stock market," he said, "I have made a few sound investments and have been fortunate enough to profit. I have holdings in American Boa Constrictor, U.S. Feathers, and other reliable concerns. I own a hundred acres of land and, in insurance, I have invested fifteen thousand."

"Exactly how much in small change do you have on you at the moment, Conroy?" a voice rang out from the shadows of the adjoining balcony.

"Ten dollars and fifty-five cents," said James before he caught himself. "Who's that?"

"I now pronounce you solvent," the deep voice declared.

Katy burst into laughter.

James turned to her furiously. "Are you amused?"

"No, no, of course not," Katy said, trying to control herself. But it was hopeless. She broke into a paroxysm of giggles, and by the time she had managed to stop James Conroy had vanished. What was worse, she found she didn't care.

Bill Stoddard was over the railing and by her side.

"You really are a monster," she said. "You promised me you were going to the movies!"

"I did," Bill Stoddard said. "I sat all the way through the newsreel, and then I got to worrying about you and that guy. I was saying 'I love you' with the soap bubbles. Maybe it wasn't very clear with bubbles, but I do."

"If I mattered at all you would give Clara away," Katy said.

"I can't do that," Bill said. "We could be married tomorrow and go to Florida on our honeymoon. I have to make a business trip there this week."

"No!" Katy cried. "You can choose between me and Clara, and obviously you choose to keep her!"

They were both silent. Then

Bill put his arms around Katy and kissed her. "There," he said. "That's for what might have been, as they say in the romances."

Katy rested her head against his shoulder for a split second. Then she pulled away. "Oh," she said, "I could kill that cat!" and flounced into her apartment.

Two days later she was having breakfast when there was a knock on her door. Bill Stoddard was standing there, a suitcase beside him. He was leaving for Florida and he looked sad.

"What have you done with Clara?" he said.

Katy stared. "I don't know what you mean."

"You deny it, eh?" he said. "Yet, the last time I saw you you threatened her life. You distinctly said, 'I could kill that cat!'"

"Certainly I said it, but I didn't mean I would actually do it!" Katy cried.

"Clara didn't show for dinner yesterday and she isn't home for her bowl of milk this morning. Something has happened to her," he added darkly.

"Well, it's not me!" Katy said, and slammed the door.

It was very peaceful with

among the vegetable stalls when she saw the miserable-looking cat.

It was limping from the direction of the waterfront, which was nearby. One ear was bent and an eye was closed.

Katy stooped over. "Is that you, Clara?" she asked.

"Meow," Clara acknowledged pitifully.

Gone was the arrogance, the pride, and the look of well-being. "Meow?" Clara said questioningly.

Katy hesitated only a moment. "Of course," she said. "Of course I'll take you home. What a wreck you are."

She put down the basket of vegetables and Clara climbed in gratefully. "I think we'd better have someone look at that ear," Katy said.

There was a veterinarian's office down one of the narrow side streets, and Katy soon found it. The doctor shook his head when he saw Clara nestled among the vegetables in the basket. He lifted her out.

"You old tomcat," he said. "You ought to know better than to tangle with those tough boys on the waterfront."

"What did you say about Clara, Doctor?" Katy asked him.

"He's been fighting the big

judged her. Meanwhile, Clarence seemed to understand that it was a practical business arrangement. Katy fed him and he saw to it that the mice stayed away.

Katy had to admit that he had some pretty amusing habits. Whenever she unpacked groceries from a box, Clarence loved to leap into the empty box and pretend it was a cave from which he looked out at her with almost satisfaction.

He was also inclined to make a fool of himself over a dangled piece of string, and he enjoyed nothing better than a fast game of polo with a spool of thread. And it was rather nice to have him waiting for her when she came home at night.

One evening as they sat on the balcony there was a sound of someone crashing around in the apartment next door. Windows and doors were thrown open, and Bill Stoddard walked on to his balcony. "Hello," he said.

"Did you have a nice trip?" Katy asked.

"It was all right, but there's no place like home, as the man said." He looked around. "Have you seen anything of —?" His gaze fell on the black cat. "Clara!" he cried.

The black cat yawned. "Clara!" Bill said. "Don't you know me?"

There was no response. Clarence was rolled up in a ball on Katy's chair and there, apparently, he intended to remain.

Katy hadn't expected this. She looked at Clarence contentedly asleep on her chair, and she felt an odd affection for him. "Please do not bother my cat," she said to Bill.

"Your cat!" Bill said, turning a dull red. "That's my cat! . . . Clara!" he commanded.

"A fat lot you know about cats," Katy said. "It's a man — a veterinarian said so — his name is Clarence. Now I really must ask you to stop annoying him."

"You — you cat thief!" Bill accused.

"I don't see how you can say that," Katy said reasonably. "Clarence was in trouble and I helped him out. I touched to see that his loyalty remains with me."

"Just wait until he realises his master is back," Bill said. He brought out a can of sardines. "Here, Clara!" he called confidently.

But the black cat only opened one eye.

This seemed to knock the wind out of Bill and he sat down suddenly. "Well, I'll be —" he said. "Clara, old girl — I mean, Clarence, old boy — He stopped and laughed. "You've broken up my home," he said to Katy. "What do I do now?"

"Well," Katy said thoughtfully, "where I go, Clarence goes. If you want one of us you have to take the other too."

"Oh," Bill said. "I see. And when can I open negotiations for this package deal?"

"It's six-thirty now," Katy said, looking at her watch. "You can join us for dinner at seven."

"All right," Bill said. "I'll be there. I just have to stop up the street to buy a box of candy and a bouquet of catnip."

When he had gone, Katy leaned towards Clarence and whispered into his soft, furry ear. "You conspirator," she said.

Clarence opened both eyes and looked straight at her. But before Katy could decide whether he was laughing or not, he closed them and pretended he was sound asleep.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 2, 1934

INTO A NEW WORLD

Special Debutante Feature

● In the exciting business of growing up there is nothing more important to a young girl than "coming-out."

IN frothy white dresses the debutantes appear, their heads groomed and shining, their eyes bright with excitement, with an eager smile on fresh young lips.

Slowly, gracefully, before a crowd of proud parents and beaming friends, they make their way down the ballroom floor to the dais where the matron of honor waits to present them to the guest of honor.

They are debutantes and, traditionally, this is their first introduction to society.

With that curtsy, the climax to weeks of work and practice, they leave behind them the years of girlhood and take on the new dignity of young women.

Whether it's an informal party at home or the full regalia of a Vice-Regal or civic ball, a girl's coming-out party is the 20th-century relic of a custom practised way down the ages from the world's earliest peoples.

Today, in town and country, more Australian girls than ever are "coming out" in one way or another — formally at official balls or informally at a private party held during a State Race Week or at some other festive time.

A debutante does not have to be of wealthy parents or from a socially prominent family.

The cost of making a debut varies a great deal, naturally, depending upon how elaborate the clothes are and whether the dress is bought ready-made, is made by a dress-maker, or by the girl herself.

One large store, which stocks dresses specially for debutantes at the start of each season, has them this year, of white embroidered organdie or silk organza for £18/18/-.

Nylon tulle is a favorite now, from about 12/11 a yard, or there's dainty flock nylon at 16/11 to 22/11, organzas from 11/6 or, for those who can run to it, guipure lace from 42/11 a yard upwards.

Shoes worn are usually fine-strap evening sandals, and a simple pair can be bought for about 75/6.

Long suede or kid gloves cost anything from 49/6, but she can have the same thing in nylon for 15/6.

Fees for the instruction at most dance establishments are 7/- per couple for an hour's lesson if taken in a group, and 15/- for a half-hour's private tuition.

Add about £2/2/- for a florist's bouquet to carry, and on these figures a fair average for the major costs of making a debut is £30.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 2, 1956



A CLUSTER OF DEBS. These pretty girls made their curtsy to the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim in Canberra. They are (at back, from left) Dawn Crossley, Sandra Taylor, Judy Perry; (in front, from left) Cherie Hingee, Patricia Gee, and Kere Glover.

The modern trend, for those who can afford it, is for several girls to be launched at the one private party for which each one's parents share the cost.

For some the occasion is not so marked. They just naturally graduate from schoolgirl activities and short dresses to more grown-up parties and longer skirts until one day someone suddenly says, "Quite young ladies now, aren't they?" And from there on, they're "out."

Many others prefer to make their bow to society at a ball. To do this a girl simply contacts the organisers or the matron of honor and asks to be included.

The guest of honor, to whom the debutantes are presented, can be the Governor-General, the State Governor, the Lord Mayor or Mayor, the patron or patroness of a charity organisation, or perhaps a high-ranking officer from one of the Services.

Many girls who come from well-to-do families never get presented but "come out" at a dance held in

their honor at their parents' house or at a club or public hall.

Most of them have attended private schools and colleges and in their last two years at school have been joint hostesses at "class" dances at the end of each school year.

However, many big parties in Australia are held at clubs which do not permit girls under the age of 18 to attend any functions.

So, when a girl turns 18 her parents usually hold a party for her with champagne, programmes, and white ties so that everybody knows that their daughter is available for invitations to the more formal functions.

If the girls do not know many of the guests personally a programme dance is usually held. This means that all guests are given a programme card with the dances numbered on them.

They are then introduced to the boys or girls in whose honor the dance is being held, and the boys attending the ball reserve dances with them by pencilling their names on their programmes.

The important thing for any girl invited to a programme dance is to remember to get there early before the boys have booked all their dances.

After many years of experience in presenting debs, Mrs. Tom Bateman, of Sydney, says: "The number of girls making a formal debut is definitely increasing. At the Sydney University Settlements Ball about 20 years ago there would be, say, six. Now there are 90 at this one ball."

"I've presented girls from all walks of life at various functions every season, and though there may be an informality about some private party debuts, for a full-scale 'coming out' the formality is as strict as ever, but costs are less."

"Dresses do not have to be expensive. They can be of any material, made by the girls or their mothers if they wish, but, of course, they must be white, simply styled, and unsophisticated."

"By this I mean the girl should be fairly well covered by her dress. I

would never approve of a strapless or off-the-shoulder style."

"As for jewellery, a simple necklace is in order, but that is all, and, except at such a time as Coronation year, I stipulate no headdress of any kind."

"The choice of gloves is quite open. Once the only gloves allowed were full-length white kid. These are far too expensive for most girls now, so as far as I am concerned their gloves can be of any white material, long or short, or they may wear mittens if they prefer."

"The important thing to remember is that the whole charm of a debutante is her simplicity."

Some girls do not realise just how much work is involved. Apart from clothes and general grooming there is the routine of presentation.

This means hours of practice, as a group, with full instruction from a teacher, often a teacher of dancing.

Seventeen-year-old Pam Spozetta, of Oatley, an outer Sydney suburb, for instance, had no idea of the

amount she had to learn. Pam will make her debut at a ball organised by H.M.A.S. Hobart Old Comrades' Association, to be held this month during Sydney's Battle of the Coral Sea Week.

"Six of us are taking lessons," Pam says. "I thought this would be simply to learn the correct steps and routine of parading."

"But we are also being taught to walk correctly, with grace and poise, holding the head straight, breathing properly, as well as how to curtsy and dance with our partners in a group."

In Sydney, tall, stately Miss Tess Scully, sister of the founder of the Frances Scully School of Dancing, is a recognised authority on the training of debutantes. During the past ten years she has put thousands of them through their paces, with strict attention to every finer point.

"But they are really no trouble to teach, and it's very rarely I have a girl who cannot learn it all and the grace to go with it in six or seven lessons. And on the night they always look wonderful."

"I remember a complete stranger commenting on them to me one night last year when I was supervising a group of debutantes at one of our large restaurants."

"A few tables had been left for regular patrons, and this man—a hard-headed interstate businessman—was dining there with his wife."

"When the debs appeared he came up to me and said, 'Forgive me, but I cannot help telling you what a beautiful picture those girls make.'"

"They're so fresh and youthful in those lovely white dresses, so simple and charming, they bring a lump to my throat, and I can't tell you the last time anything did that to me."

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It's not what it used to be in New York

● The people who care about it are dreadfully afraid that New York society simply is not what it used to be in the good old days.

THE change—or, as those-who-care put it, the deterioration—in The Quality is seen most clearly in that fretful strata known as "The Debs."

Thanks to that broadening of society's base which the Old Guard deploras, more girls "come out" nowadays than in the old days.

But they don't come out the way their mothers did (if, in fact, their mothers came out at all).

Since World War I, coming-out has gone through three distinct periods, which society calls "before the crash," "the 'thirties," and "since the war."

Before the crash, coming-out was extravagant; in the 'thirties it was a frantic affair, the plaything of drumbeaters and promoters; today it is many things: big business for many people, a rung in the ladder for ambitious fathers, a golden opportunity for scheming mothers, a dubious pleasure for some girls—and a source of heartbreak to others.

Doting fathers, making more money than they knew what to do with, spared no expense in the 'twenties.

These parties cost up to £A25,000.

The deb of the 'thirties led quite a different life.

She was not presented only to her parents' friends and their friends' friends, like her predecessors. Instead, she was presented also to New York's plutocracy and to the public at large, thanks to the untiring efforts of charity organisers, department-store executives, and promoters of all kinds, who stood to gain handsomely by associating themselves, their goods, or their good works with "The Deb of the Year."

Today's deb is different.

True, the publicity-hungry type still pops up, usually with a public-relations man or publicitywise social secretary in the background, determined to be seen in the best places, to be mentioned in the nationally syndicated gossip columns (Walter Winchell, Cholly Knickerbocker, Dorothy Kilgallen, and Co.) along with the current celebrities.

She is the "cafe-society" type of debutante; her activities win her only cold disapproving stares from the professional ladies who usher the bulk of the debs into society and who hold that no lady, if she is a lady, gets her name in the tabloids.

It is usually a cafe-society deb who is proclaimed "Deb of the Year" in the Press—but true society (or what passes for it these days) rarely recognises her claim to such distinction.

For she has flouted what

is accepted as the pattern for today's debs.

In order to fit that pattern on reaching the coming-out age of 18, the run-of-the-mill deb starts getting her rough edges smoothed off as early as 13 or 14.

The adolescents, lipsticked and in their first grown-up party dresses, go to affairs called "subscription dances," which are organised on a non-profit basis by ladies' committees.

Invitations go only to girls whom the committee considers "all right."

If the girl is unknown (meaning that none of the ladies on the committee knows her parents, or knows anyone else who knows the parents) then all is not lost.

If her parents can write letters to ten couples whose daughters are "all right," and those ten are prepared to assure the committee that the girl in question is all right then she gets an invitation.

Failing the letters, Mother may bring the daughter to meet the committee for a personal inspection. By what intangible signs the ladies can tell whether or not a girl is all right perhaps not even they can (or would dare) put into words.

The "men" at these dances are made up of boys of fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen.

The committee keeps lists, carefully kept up to date, of eligible boys for these dances. Boys wear dinner jackets as a rule, although a lad may get by with a blue suit.

The pre-deb, as the girl is now called, will attend a number of subscription dances and if she has an older sister, or is on good terms

with the older sisters of her best friends, she may attend some coming-out affairs before at last reaching the big-time, her own coming-out year.

Now, to her surprise, many a girl, even a pretty one, finds that she hasn't nearly enough boy-friends.

What do her parents do? Easy—they call on the services of one of the half-dozen New York firms which cater especially for people in just that fix.

These firms are run by one or two ladies with a staff of four or five assistants. "We are all social registers," one of these professional socialites told me.

"In this business, of course, we have to be."

They keep files for several years ahead of growing girls who are likely to have a proper coming-out.

For a fee, the firm will provide a list of persons with eligible sons. The list will be suited to the scale of the affair—i.e., to the amount of money Daddy is prepared to spend.

For a further fee the firm will handle everything: issue the invitations, arrange for the decorations, the bands (between them, two large dance band organisations, handle all the music for these social functions), the catering, and the hiring of the place.

The firm's fee for this service is proportionate to the scale of the affair, starting at around 500 dollars for a 100-guest tea dance.

A girl who is really in the social swim will make her debut at one of the swank balls of the year: the Cotillions of Stamford, Greenwich, Morris-town, or Westchester, or, in the city itself, at the big

Christmas charity ball for the New York Infirmary.

"The Infirmary Ball is not terribly social, but everyone goes," I was told.

At this ball 100 girls make their debut.

Then there is the Grosvenor House Ball ("more chic," for which only ten debs are chosen.

Twice yearly there is the Junior Assembly Ball, at which 80 or 90 girls are presented; all must be daughters or sisters of members of the Junior Assembly who also made their debut at an Assembly Ball, which dates back fifty years.

The most coveted honor for a deb is to make her debut at the Junior League Ball the night before Thanksgiving—"the one really social thing left," I was told.

Sometimes dates clash—and that can be terrible.

Then the family's social status counts enormously.

In one case the daughter of a successful but still ambitious Park Avenue doctor had arranged, with the aid of the oldest-established firm in the line, for his daughter to come out on a certain date.

But it turned out that the firm was also arranging a coming-out for one of the Rockefeller girls, and they wanted the same date as the doctor.

There was no question of holding both functions on the same night, for both daughters were friends and wanted much the same guest list.

Noblesse oblige? Not at all. It was the doctor, not the old-established Rockefeller who had to yield.

In a huff, he cancelled the whole thing. His daughter didn't come out.

But it was no great loss to her. Only a few months earlier in London she had been presented to the Queen.



DEBUTANTE COTILLION at New York's Waldorf Astoria, where 112 girls made their debut last Christmas. Some parents give as many as seven parties for their daughters for the different social sets.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 2, 1938



MISS JULIA STONOR is the daughter of the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor, of Stonor Park, and a granddaughter of Lord Camoys. Her mother, as Jeanne Stourton, was an outstanding debutante.



MISS WENDY RAPHAEL, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, of Sussex Gardens, London. She hopes to visit her uncle, Sir Dallas Brooks, Governor of Victoria, for the Olympic Games.



MISS CATHERINE BUCKLEY is a daughter of the Hon. Denys and Mrs. Buckley and a granddaughter of the first Lord Wrenbury. She will study at Cambridge at the end of the season.

The London season is still gay... but so different

The traditional launching of this year's crop of debutantes is as gay and sparkling as in any previous season.

THERE are two and three big coming-out dances every night with the glitter of chandeliers and the sparkle of champagne.

There are cosy country-house parties over long weekends, and all the fun of fittings and hairdos, lunches, and flirtations.

There is the round of races at Royal Ascot and Goodwood and sailing at Cowes.

There are first nights and plenty of late nights, and the

Special Debutante Feature

crowning moment of the season when the deb makes her curtsy to the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

Making your debut into society today follows the same social pattern as in Mother's and Grandmother's day.

But it's a pattern that has been cut to fit the times.

For the socially elite, coming out is no longer the elaborate affair it was two generations ago.

Crammed into the season are not only the deb's first dances and parties but her first steps in a career.

No longer is the deb season only the road to the aisle.

There are socially acceptable occupations for today's deb.

The deb who marries at the end of her first season is a notable exception.

High up on the list of careers for deb is modelling.

It was unheard of in Grandmother's day for a young lady of good social position to be a mannequin.

It was daring enough in her mother's day, but today the "deb of the year" is chosen from those who take part in

the "Debutantes' Dress Show," run for charity at the Berkeley Hotel.

Grandma would have been horrified had she been asked to fill up a form with her measurements, mother would have been slightly bewildered, but today a deb is flattered, and gladly sets down her waist, bust, and height if she is lucky enough to receive a form.

Lady Cadogan, who ran this year's deb's dress show, chose 12 girls to show the clothes.

Some mothers thought things were getting a bit too commercial and sighed for the good old days when the girls who sold most tickets for the charity balls were in the running for "deb of the year."

Lady Cadogan, who as the Honorable Primrose Yard-Buller, one of Lord Churston's four pretty daughters made a lovely bride at 17, has a daughter, Lady Sarah, who came out last year and is studying and taking music lessons from Billy Mayer.

Lady Cadogan, who chooses the model deb, says: "Fashions in deb change."

"The girl who can stand straight enough to balance a bottle of champagne on her head is more likely to be in the deb show than the one who copies last year's deb who invented a new posture."

"The debutante slouch is right out this year."

Careers the deb follow vary from secretarial jobs to dress designing, or from being waitresses in chic coffee shops to the stage.

But every girl has some interest outside the social round.

Deb of the year for 1953, Frances Sweeny, studied languages in Germany, and visited America at the end of her season.

Others went to Oxford; Carina Boyle, friend of the young Kents, learned dress-making.

Launching a girl socially still sets her father back a

packet, but it's nothing to what it used to cost.

To begin with, the deb is more likely to find herself a bed-sitter for a modest rent — provided the address is right — than for her parents to take a town house.

A deb dance runs into four figures if it's at one of the big hotels and the guest list is round the usual 800.

But today many mothers join forces and launch their daughters at the same dance.

Chaperons today are much more likely to be blue-haired grandmothers than mothers, who probably have too many family responsibilities to spare the time.

A heavily chaperoned girl is such an oddity as to be called "Mum's Delight."

Clothes are nothing like the problem they were.

With no evening Courts, the afternoon frock in which the deb drops her curtsy to the Queen probably sees her to Ascot and on the social round.

There are deb departments in the big stores and even deb shops.

In fact the deb is well catered for.

Hairdressers no longer drive around in taxis coiffing the deb's hair at her home before she steps out to a ball.

But the hairdressers are kept busy the whole season keeping the deb's heads well groomed.

There is the usual scramble for eligible young men and a deb's escort is as much publicised today as the deb herself, with rating "No. 1 deb escort" or "No. 2" and so on.

For the parents the new way is a happy compromise with the deb daughter taking much of the responsibility of launching herself in a world she takes more seriously than her mother or her grandmother did.



SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER A. V. Swaebe on the wrong side of the lens for once. He is with Mrs. John Greenish. The photograph was taken by Lord Selsdon.

He photographs all the English deb

Out and about London with his camera is a puckish little man whose candid shots bring the moment and the mood of the social whirl to the pages of the glossy magazines.

HE is A. V. Swaebe, veteran society photographer who has lived most years by the social calendar.

Deb dances, first nights, Ascot, Goodwood, exclusive night-clubs, weddings, and christenings — he covers them all with zest.

This year "A.V." and his camera are as ubiquitous as ever, even though he has reached the age when most people think of retiring.

Now 79, he is only just recovering from the kick of a horse at a point-to-point, that broke his ribs.

"It's a 'vintage year' for deb," he said.

And the man who has photographed debutantes for the last 40 years knows what he is talking about.

The three pictures on the top of this page are some of the many he has taken of deb.

Mr. Swaebe is a great ad-

mirer of the deb of today. And he is easily their favorite photographer.

He thinks the deb of the '50's are far more interesting than the deb of the '30's.

"They have minds of their own and they plan careers. They spend less on clothes and achieve good results."

"They no longer decorate the social scene until they get married, but have jobs in which they are happy," he said.

"They are good managers and many have a very gay season with nothing more than the right introductions and the personality."

But Mr. Swaebe sighs nostalgically for the last "vintage year." That was 1930 when Margaret Whigham (now the Duchess of Argyll), Rose Bingham, who was at one time the Countess of Warwick, and Jeanne Stourton, who married Lord Camoys' heir, came out.

When "A.V." looks over the field of likely aspirants to the title, everyone waits. His photographs in the society

magazines, his judgment, and his "sponsoring" of the likely deb go a long way to placing that deb above all others.

Hot favorite as 1956 Deb-of-the-Year is Julia Stonor, Jeanne Stourton's daughter.

Others in the running are Catherine Buckley, granddaughter of the first Lord Wrenbury, and Lady Davina Darcy de Knayth, whose father, Viscount Clive, was killed in the R.A.F.

Swaebe sees as one of the popular deb this year Wendy Raphael, a niece of Sir Dallas Brooks, Governor of Victoria.

The Queen Mother's goddaughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, comes out this season and Swaebe will most certainly be at the magnificent house in Hertfordshire for her coming-out dance.

In years of being the only photographer with entree to exclusive restaurants and night-clubs, A. V. Swaebe has become not only the deb's photographer but the photographer of Royalty.

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A woman's legs, though beautiful, are rarely flawless. Holeproof nylons now have a subtle new high fidelity finish that does more to highlight the lovely, natural lines and curves of the legs. It brings to this new colour (Hi-Fi) a 'touch of life' that makes the skin tone come vibrantly alive.

hi-fi

FLATTERS YOUR LEGS
UNDER ALL LIGHTS - -
DAY AND NIGHT

lovely lovely lovely

HOLEPROOF

Hi-Fi is available in these Holeproof favourites: — the beautiful new PARIS sheers . . . ultra sheer AMERICAN BEAUTY . . . WIZARD stretch sheers . . . LOCKLACE mesh nylons . . . and the 2-life A'RESTA SNAG styles.

It's a milestone in a mother's life, too

By JANE FOWLER

"Mummy, I love you . . . !" These four little words come rushing back at you as this lovely debutante daughter of yours dresses for her very first ball.

IT does not seem all those years ago when, in this very room, she copied her mother's actions in smoothing a bed. And with her great joy and importance in being permitted to help in this everyday task, casually remarked as the last fold was patted into place, "Mummy, I love you."

It was the first realisation you had that it was not you as a mother she loved, but you, the person who gave her the opportunity to do the little jobs that are there for a little girl to do.

Such direct outbursts stick through the years.

Every mother will remember some such endearment when the rubs and the clashes are forgotten.

And now she's a deb. She's dressing carefully for this first ball. If you sit quietly on the end of the bed she won't spin round with a . . . "Mummy, you make me nervous!"

You are quite a foot away from the last fold of the oamy white frock, spread off to across the bed.

It is not the time now to mention that the bodice had seemed a trifle tight. Flashing eyes and firm fingers would lead you out of the room with the door shut behind, and you would miss those radiant last touches — the perfuming, and the carrying of the lips.

You think that the lipstick she's using is a bit too violent, and perhaps your new one could be softer. But you keep this to yourself. The eyes could roll skywards, and the shoulders would shrug . . . Mummy, perhaps in your day!

Your day?

YOUR day. You smile. Some day she'll know that every day of every day is your day, mother's day.

But just now it is her debut. Your debut, to her, was eternity ago.

She must have been eight when she asked you, out of the blue, "What was it like the olden days, Mummy, when you were a girl?"

And you'd explain that you had gone to your first ball in a car, not a carriage. You did recall one delicious

le in the last hansom cab, that you are careful to keep it to yourself. It would only

ake, "Hansom cabs! Mummy, how incredible!" Her long, ringless fingers

checking the stocking. She has beautiful hands for a ring.



FOR A MOTHER her daughter's debut is a milestone. The night of the ball means fixing the dress, the hair, the pearls — then stepping out of the picture and letting the young escort take over.

The thought of a ring brings you back to the escort on his way even now to collect her.

Although she appears not to see you, she can read your thoughts.

"Did you leave the front door open for him, Mummy?" You nod and smile.

You have, of course, thought of everything, but then daughters must check, must be sure. Mothers can act strangely if they don't like a young man.

She gives you a quick, speculative look, but you are admiring her frock. "You don't approve of him, do you, Mummy?"

You purse your lips and stare into space, but you are spared a reply as she whirls round with, "You don't have to worry, I don't intend to marry him. But he is tall. And he'll look beaut at the ball."

She throws back her head and laughs, then swoops with her breath on your ear.

"Mummy, I love you . . . but don't sit on my frock . . ." she ends with a scream.

You sigh. Now that you know he's just another escort, you think more kindly of him.

Some day, of course, there will be a serious young man at your door, and it won't really matter if you approve of him or not.

You would like the man to have a profession.

It would make life easier for her.

You've trained and educated her to cope with any man "from a dustman to a diplomat," as someone once remarked.

And, be honest, you'd fancied the diplomat.

She was only two when you followed your clinic books with lectures on the child mind. You bought special toys to cultivate the habits of concentration, co-ordination, and selection.

Those long years of your training are showing results not always appreciated.

You find she has developed reserves of concentration that rise in an emergency to blot out all other things — those domestic and family tasks that appear to her irrelevant and useless.

You find she can nervelessly co-ordinate her many activities — her sport, her social life, and her studies. She will listen patiently to your plans

for charity or what you heard about the price of lamb. But her mind is back co-ordinating.

And you brought it all on yourself with those toys, those lectures. You can't train your child to be self-sufficient and an individualist, and then try to squeeze her back into another mould of your making.

You smile. She may appear selfish sometimes, but she's not doubling back on her tracks. She's heading in the one direction.

And you find she has selection. She can recognise a diplomat even in a dustman's jacket.

The foaming white frock is slipping over her head. You will now see the result of those weeks of stitching.

She laughs at your look of pleasure.

"Just a dress"

"MOTHERS! You think your own daughters are angels . . . it will be just another gown when we get to the ball!"

You frown at this. You do go looking for a lot of praise when you make her a frock.

But she is right. At the ball she will be among many beautiful model gowns, but her realism makes her happy in the simple frock you have stitched for her.

She laughs again.

"Don't be cross. Lend me your pearls!" Why hadn't you thought of the pearls before? The pearls you wore to your own first ball.

She preens at her mirror with confidence and assurance that put you back in your own generation.

"Pearls are the only things that don't date," she remarks.

Those slighting quips you made affectionately to your own mother are hitting around you. Your mind keeps comparing. It seems to have all happened before.

This radiant creature unfurling her wings is your daughter.

The future

HER future suddenly confronts you with its responsibilities, the complexities of living.

She brings you back. She's reading your thoughts again.

"Stop thinking such nonsense and pass me my gloves. And thanks for everything."

There's the car pulling up at the gate.

"Quick, Mummy, we must be going. Look at this mess, help me smooth this bed . . ."

Your thoughts are swimming. For all her assurance, her independence, she's that little two-year-old who started your reminiscing with her . . . "Mummy, I love you!"

Put your skin on this Health-and-Beauty diet

Where she moves the sun seems to shine more brightly. For the skin of 18-year-old Patricia Owens, of Earlwood, N.S.W., glows with good health and freshness. She guards her natural loveliness, always, with Rexona Soap.



REXONA SOAP helps skin blemishes disappear

No need for a lot of complicated beauty routines: with just one soap, Rexona, and two minutes night and morning, you can cleanse, smooth and help heal your precious skin. You'll be thrilled to see how Rexona gives your complexion a radiant loveliness . . . leaves your skin feeling cool, refreshed, too.

RARE BEAUTY OILS. Rexona Soap is medicated with Cadyol, an exclusive blend of oils of cade, cassia, cloves, terebinth and bornyl acetate. These rare beauty aids sink deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



Bath Size 1/5
Regular Size 1/1

GUARD YOUR NATURAL LOVELINESS ALL OVER

X-136, WW122g

THE BEST COOKS

FAULDING ESSENCES

ASTHMA COUGHS Go First Day

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendoce, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendoce from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

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Every girl looks pretty in...



● A pink flower print (above) is chosen for the ankle-length party dress and matching shawl-shaped stole. The skirt is made in tiers and the sleeveless bodice is finished with a black velvet bow at the centre front.



● Bright rose-pink short-skirted dress and matching bolero jacket (above) worn with silver jewellery.

● Ankle-length ball-gown (right) made in cyclamen-pink chiffon and strips of flower-printed silk ribbon.



After a girl has made her debut in traditional white, the next shade is pink. The pink can be as pale as the palest rose, or as deep as the palest red, to suit every coloring; one for the ash-blond, one for the dark-haired beauty. The silhouette change for party frocks hovers about ankle-length, but also, for less formal occasions, from the floor. For a gala night try wearing a fur bolero, a delicious piece of winter fashion allure to frame a young girl's face.

Pink

adit...er prettiest passport to romance
pall...ight—really bright. There is a
as... mid-brown, the redhead, and
name...ing dresses is the hemline. It
less...sions, whips up to 15 inches
rim...nted pink—it is quite the most
o...me face.

—Betty Keep



● Party dress (above) made in diaphanous marshmallow-pink sheer has a high square-cut bodice-top and a gathered skirt finished with two pockets.



*Special
Debutante
Feature*



● Glamor after dark—a velvet evening cape finished with a pale pink fur hood. The hood can also be worn as a collar.

● One-piece dress in palest rose-pink cotton printed with a pink satin stripe. The dress has a high-across-the-throat neckline and a short bouffant skirtline.

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck lies in a crowded building.</p>	<p>★ Attention is focused on your job, whatever it may be. Quicker methods of accomplishing it, a better layout of equipment are well worth trying out.</p>	<p>★ Discarding sentiment in favor of practical considerations, you turn over a new leaf, scrapping objects that have outworn their usefulness.</p>	<p>★ Fights over money are fatal to romance. If you and the beloved have differing ideas about finances, at least avoid bickering. Try to compromise.</p>	<p>★ Pleasant companionship may result with a person you meet while you are both working for some community effort. Through this new acquaintance you meet friends.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck lies in a crowded building.</p>	<p>★ The personal angle will dominate your work this week. Take advantage of every opportunity to obtain help, advice, and harmonious relationships with workmates.</p>	<p>★ Experiment with new ideas. You can introduce a brighter note in home attitudes by planning more varied meals, different ways of flower arrangements.</p>	<p>★ So you were in the wrong and now ashamed to admit it. Your beloved will admire you all the more if you come out and honestly say you were mistaken.</p>	<p>★ If you go gaily stepping out in places of amusement you may be invited to act in a play, sing at a concert, or otherwise perform before the public.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in finding a lost article.</p>	<p>★ Leave the door open for retreat from any difficult situation. Use tact, listen patiently, and say as little as possible. Be willing to adjust your ideas.</p>	<p>★ Home is, or should be, a place of refuge for the family. An atmosphere of serenity can be a fine achievement on the part of the homemaker who is calm herself.</p>	<p>★ Uncertainty, hesitation, or an inability to be sure about your own hopes and wishes is bound to communicate itself to the one you love most. Postpone decisions.</p>	<p>★ Pressing personal affairs may limit your social appearances, or you may be too busy with a project to waste time on ordinary small talk over the teacups.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, three combined. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in an unexpected encounter.</p>	<p>★ Tasks which appeal to you more than those you have been doing recently may not bring increased income, but they are likely to give far more interest and satisfaction.</p>	<p>★ You might receive an offer to share a home with a friend. Much depends on how well you get on together and whether you can both remain businesslike.</p>	<p>★ This is a wonderful friendship and you enjoy each other's company, but you are not yet ready to settle down. So long as both understand, no harm will result.</p>	<p>★ You might hesitate to accept an invitation because you would be among strangers or because you wonder what to wear. Wear simple things rather than be overdone.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck comes through older people.</p>	<p>★ Get busy and tell the world how good you are and how versatile. A little publicity in the right quarter could, at present, have considerable influence on your future.</p>	<p>★ A tug-of-war could develop over a domestic issue involving a social occasion. There may be a difference of opinion between old and young.</p>	<p>★ Leading the best-beloved by a sliver thread, you can carry out any scheme you have in view, but do try to convey the idea that the loved one originated the plan.</p>	<p>★ You may run around with a crowd that prides itself on being smart and up to date, and it sets out to impress you. The chances are you will impress them.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in strange company.</p>	<p>★ If you are among those ambitious folk trying to qualify for responsibility, gain knowledge systematically both on the job and during your leisure hours.</p>	<p>★ If there are students in the household it is most desirable that there should be a quiet corner in which they can work without upsetting the rest of the family.</p>	<p>★ If you are parted from your dear one, you can look forward to being reunited, and, in the meanwhile, prepare for greater glamor, new hairdos or clothes.</p>	<p>★ Much of your social life may be on the road. Either you must cross distance to reach the scene of your activities or get out to explore a new district.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in change of plans.</p>	<p>★ Your budget is your friend, not your enemy. Keeping personal and housekeeping accounts can be a wonderful eye-opener. Find where you're wasting money.</p>	<p>★ It is essential this week that marriage partners be in agreement over matters pertaining to household problems. Be reasonable over the question of mealtimes.</p>	<p>★ Romance may be starting a new chapter, or it may be a very old, old story with a slightly faded background. There will be dramatic moments before long.</p>	<p>★ You may be working in order to enable others to enjoy themselves. You may also find out who are the workers and the dreamers in some club to which you belong.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rainbow shades. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck lies in a happy love affair.</p>	<p>★ Friction with associates should be ruled out. If you are annoyed over details and allow them to grow into a first-class grievance, you are looking for trouble.</p>	<p>★ Home acts as a magnet for many of you, for there is sure to be gaiety, people coming and going, and perhaps new interests and activities around the house.</p>	<p>★ Beware of walking a tightrope just because you won't face facts. To avoid hurting somebody's feelings, you are in danger of placing yourself at a disadvantage.</p>	<p>★ Such diversions as dancing, games, or the theatre can be counted on to provide a more varied social existence and links with all sorts of exciting people.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, purple. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck lies in playing safe.</p>	<p>★ If a homemaker you'll turn everything inside out in a real upheaval, you are determined to bring the place to order. Others go for their lives.</p>	<p>★ Health matters may need looking into. There may be minor illness or a visit to doctor or dentist. Go on a diet or taking exercise could change the scene.</p>	<p>★ You may join in a cheerful little plot to give pleasure to your nearest and dearest, bringing in a number of people who share the secret.</p>	<p>★ There is real danger of nervous strain through attempting too much. You may be obliged to send apologies for your absence or delegate authority to those less busy.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck is sudden and dramatic.</p>	<p>★ You can make a game of your work and find fresh, interesting, and even amusing possibilities. If you have anything to do with entertainment, luck is with you.</p>	<p>★ A stroke of luck to a member of the household could produce new conditions and quite possibly more money, along with a higher standard of living.</p>	<p>★ An offer of marriage which could bring you wild happiness may be spoiled by the casual manner and unsuitable time or place in which it is made, due to shyness.</p>	<p>★ There is a romantic slant to your activities. Either you attend a function to please one dear to you or you meet a certain person that you admire.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, royal-blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck lies close to home.</p>	<p>★ Quite a few of you manage a bit of part-time work which you can do at home. This may be paid or voluntary. Others will be about to launch a new venture.</p>	<p>★ You'll grit your teeth and finish one home task in spite of interruptions, lack of suitable material, or some other hurdle. Congratulations will follow.</p>	<p>★ You may be off with the old and on with the new. Every boy or girl wants to meet different types of people before taking on a companion for life.</p>	<p>★ Hospitality extended, because friends have taken you on the hop, you can turn into a happy occasion enjoyed equally with guests who pitch in and help.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in an official communication.</p>	<p>★ Any matter to do with communications is under kindly stars. Office workers, postal and telegraph workers, broadcasting and advertising folk should prosper.</p>	<p>★ If you are shifting, you'll have fun and excitement. There may be minor breakages, but no serious damage. Others go in search of ways to refurbish the wardrobe.</p>	<p>★ Conversation is a dialogue, not a solo. If you wonder why he didn't ask you out again, it may be that you talked non-stop about yourself and your own interests.</p>	<p>★ All-day expeditions may set in relief new acquaintances against a new background. You are likely, all of you, to wish to renew the experience at an early date.</p>

A MAN CAN'T CALL HIS LIFEBOUY HIS OWN ANY MORE!

Now...the nicest people use Lifebuoy

Remember when Lifebuoy was a soap mainly for men? Not any more! With its refreshing new perfume and wonder deodorising ingredient called Puralin, it's the choice of the nicest, most considerate people—women as well as men. Why, so many people want Lifebuoy that it had to be made in the big Family Size!



Lifebuoy stops perspiration odour completely because it cleans away skin bacteria that are the chief cause of odour.

These bacteria are present on everyone's skin and ordinary washing won't remove them. Lifebuoy removes up to 95% of odour-causing bacteria because it contains Puralin, a new deodorising ingredient.

The deodorant soap with Puralin to stop B.O. before it starts!



BUY THE FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE!

The entirely different "hairdo" idea
that has taken America by storm . . .

GOSSAMER

Invisible Net

Hair style by Mr. Charles of Sydney.

"Pressure ★ Pak"

With **LANOLIN ESTERS** to keep hair
silky-soft . . . no heavy "lacquer
look" . . . no stiffness . . . no dryness

In recent months this new kind of hair-setting
magic has created a sensation with beauty-
conscious women all over America. When you
try it, you'll see why.

To-day, or to-morrow for sure . . . call at your
favourite beauty counter for Gossamer. Then see
how fascinating it is to use . . . how perfectly
it grooms your hair . . . how it keeps waves and
swirls smooth and sculptured . . . makes your curls
"springier" and as lasting as can be. And all the
time, Gossamer keeps your hair soft, sheeny,
lustrous . . . thanks to **LANOLIN ESTERS**.

Gossamer is *entirely different* from anything
you've yet come across. It's something that,
after you've used it once, you'll make a part of
your regular beauty routine.



At the touch
of your fingertip,
a fine spray of GOSSAMER
sets your hairdo
with a sweet-scented
"invisible net."

At cosmetic counters everywhere

In America, Gossamer would cost round
about \$1.50, plus purchase tax. In Australia
it costs a little less - 13/6

GOSSAMER

is made in Australia by the
PRESSURE ★ PAK Company

A division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Limited

Immaculately groomed always!
No more straggly wisps, frizziness
or droopy curls. Gossamer
gives your hair that "exclusive
salon" look.

Spray it on after a shampoo-and-
set. Set a new hairstyle in
minutes before a special "date."
Gossamer is quicker than setting
with water or ordinary lotions.

Gossamer is invisible—and per-
fectly safe for any type of
hair (wonderful for tinted and
bleached hair!). Lanolin Esters
in Gossamer keep hair soft and
sheeny.





Say 'GOOD MORNING' to GOOD HEALTH

For the general health and well-being of your family, give them **OVALTINE** every day. Made from Nature's best foods and fortified with health-making vitamins, Ovaltine nourishes and sustains physical energy and mental effort—puts your family on top of the world!

ONLY OVALTINE GIVES YOU...

CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT

OVALTINE, a concentrated extract of Malt, Milk and Eggs, is fortified with additional Vitamins. It also contains valuable minerals such as Calcium for bone and teeth development; Magnesium to aid digestion; Iron for the blood; Niacin and Phosphorus for the nerves. A cup of OVALTINE with all its goodness sustains physical energy and mental effort and makes you feel on top of the world.

MORE VITAMINS TO THE CUP

In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMIN A, B₁, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.

TWO DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

OVALTINE offers two delicious flavours: MALT, a combination of malt, milk and eggs with a rich, satisfying flavour that everyone loves; and CHOCOLATE, with all the OVALTINE goodness plus real chocolate flavour. It's a special treat the children will love!

OVALTINE —
the delicious health drink
that's **FORTIFIED**
WITH ADDITIONAL
VITAMINS

NOW AT NEW REDUCED PRICES



1/2 lb: 3'3
FAMILY SIZE... 5'3

OVALTINE

BUY THE BEST—IT COSTS NO MORE

for I am accustomed to keep a horse when I am up, and I shall know he will be well cared for at the livery-stables there."

"A farm?" said Amanda, reviving as though by magic. "With cows and hens and pigs? Oh, I should like that of all things! Yes, yes, do hold us up tomorrow!"

"Well, I will," he said gratingly. "Then, when I have escorted you to Nurse, I think I should post off to Scarborough to ask Father just what ought to be done in such a case. Depend upon it he will know exactly."

This part of the scheme held no appeal to Amanda, but she did not say so. There would be time enough at her disposal to dissuade Hildebrand; the immediate need was to escape from Sir Gareth. It seemed to her very unlikely that he would run her to earth at Newmarket, while a farm, as she had already decided, would be an ideal refuge in which to await the capitulation of her grandfather.

Her weariness forgotten with the revival of her hopes, she discussed with Hildebrand the various ramifications of his plot; and parted from him finally with only one flaw spoiling her satisfaction. Hildebrand, although willing to engage in any dangerous enterprise for her sake, drew the line at Joseph. A kitten, he said would place the whole enterprise in jeopardy. Moreover he doubted very much whether Joseph would enjoy riding on a horse. He rather thought he would not.

Amanda was obliged to give way on this point and could only hope that Sir Gareth would be kind to Joseph when he found himself Joseph's sole supporter.

Mr. Ross, by his own overnight request, was roused by the "boots," though not without difficulty, at an unseasonably early hour on the following morning. Having consulted his watch, he was just about to turn over in bed, and sink back into slumber, when the events of the previous evening came rushing back to him.

He gave a gasp and sat up, all desire to sleep being effectually banished by a recollection which, it had to be admitted, was extremely unwelcome.

It was extraordinary what a difference daylight made. A plan which had seemed, in the moonlight, to have everything to recommend it was no sooner inspected in the clear light of the morning than it was found to bear the hallmarks of not of madness at least of alarming foolhardiness.

Mr. Ross, thinking it over, was inclined to think he had been bewitched. It was not that he disliked the plan: given the right setting, there was nothing he had rather do than ride off with Amanda on his saddle-bow. The mischief was that the right setting was lacking. The adventure demanded an odd dragon or two in the background and a few false knights in full armor.

One could make do, at a pinch, with love-locks and a leather coat, exchanging the dragons and the knights for a contingent of Roundheads; but a nineteenth century scene was hopelessly anachronous. It was not an encounter with a dragon which one would have to avoid, but one with a stage coach or a carrier's van; and instead of winning great worship by the deed one was much more likely to be sent to prison, or, at the very least, severely reprimanded for having done something that one's elders would say was not the thing.

Sitting up in bed, hugging his knees, and staring out of the window at the promise of another hot day, Mr. Ross seriously considered crying off from the engagement. But the more he thought about it, the more impossible did it appear that he could do so.

For one thing, he could scarcely climb a ladder to Amanda's window in broad daylight; for another, his last words to her had been an assurance that she might trust him; and to fail her at the eleventh hour would be conduct of un-

Continuing . . . Sprig Muslin

from page 5

forgivable baseness. She had already doubted his mettle, too. There was nothing for it but to do his best to carry the adventure through to a triumphant conclusion.

Instead of wishing that he had not been quite so impulsive, he forced his mind to dwell on the wrongs Amanda had suffered at the perfidious Sir Gareth's hands; and in this way he managed to keep up his resolution.

By sacrificing one of a pair of black silk evening stockings, he contrived to fashion a very

Mr. Ross, desirous of covering as much ground as possible before the heat of the day made travel disagreeable, had set forward on his way to Wales an hour earlier.

But Sir Gareth made no inquiries. In his experience, very young gentlemen found it much harder to wake up in the morning than did their seniors. He was frequently obliged, when he invited Mr. Leigh Wetherby to visit him in the country, to employ the most ruthless methods of getting his nephew out of bed; and he had not expected to see Hildebrand at the breakfast table.

He was glad to find that his



"He has looks, brains, money . . . EVERYTHING but my telephone number."

tolerable mask, and when he tried it on in front of the mirror, with his frieze riding cloak wrapped around him, and his hat pulled low on his brow, the effect was so awe-inspiring that his spirits rose considerably.

But he had little appetite for his breakfast. However, he drank some coffee, and ate a slice of ham, taking care, in case Sir Gareth should later inquire for him, to talk at great length to a bored and sleepy waiter about his plans for his supposed journey into Wales.

He asked searching questions about the road, and the towns he would reach, and rose at last from the table with the comfortable conviction that if Sir Gareth asked any questions he would certainly be told that

captive was apparently resigned to her fate. She attempted no further argument, and if her expression was discontented, and the glances she cast at him repulsive, at least she was able to enjoy a pretty substantial breakfast. He refrained tactfully from addressing anything but commonplace remarks to her: and to these he received cold and generally monosyllabic answers.

The start to the journey was slightly delayed by the tardiness of the post boy in presenting himself at the White Lion for duty. He had been granted a holiday on the previous day, and pleaded that he had not known that his services had been commanded for such an early hour.

There was no post-master at

the inn, since only two boys were employed there, and the landlord told Sir Gareth that all postilions were the same: dratted nuisances, always taking twice as long as they ought to lead their horses home, quarrelling among themselves, and forever sneaking off into the village when they should have been at hand, ready to put off their white overalls, and jump into the saddle.

He was incensed with this one for having stayed away all night; but there was one person who would be a good deal relieved had he known of the defection. Mr. Ross, trotting along the Bedford road, on the look-out for a suitable ambush, had suddenly realised that a post boy from the White Lion could scarcely fail to recognise the handsome chestnut which had been stabled in one of the loose-boxes there.

The chaise which Sir Gareth had been forced to hire was not one of the light, modern vehicles, nor was it very well hung. Sir Gareth, observing the scornful and slightly affronted glance which Amanda pointedly cast at its worn squabs, gravely apologised for conveying her to Bedford in a carriage wholly unworthy of her dignity, and promised to transfer her there into the smartest and fastest chaise the best posting-house could produce. She sniffed.

She was plainly determined not to unbend; and since Sir Gareth had not the smallest wish to make civil conversation at an early hour, he did not attempt to charm her out of her sulks, but leaned back in his own corner of the chaise, idly looking out of the window at as much of the countryside as he could see.

This was not very much, for the lane, which was narrow, and appeared to be little used, was bordered by uneven and straggling hedges. It passed through no town, and the few villages it served were none of them more than hamlets. Here and there a cluster of farm buildings was to be seen, and several narrow lanes, no better than car tracks, debouched on to it.

After a time, wearying of a singularly uninteresting prospect, Sir Gareth turned his head and surveyed Amanda. It struck him immediately that her expression of sullen resignation had vanished, and, an instant later that there was an air of suppressed excitement about her. There was a pretty color in her cheeks, her eyes were very bright, and she was sitting bolt upright, her hands clasped tightly in her lap.

"Amanda," said Sir Gareth, with mock severity, "what mischief are you brewing?"

She jumped guiltily. "I shan't tell you! But I said I should make you sorry, and I shall!"

He laughed, but forbore to tease her. He wondered what fantastic plot she was hatching, but not with any feeling of unweariness. He would certainly have to keep an eye on her when they broke the journey for rest and refreshment, but he rather suspected that she would not attempt to escape again until they reached London. Well between them Beatrix and Miss Felbridge ought to be able to keep her under guard until he could hand her over to her grandfather.

He was lying back, with his eyes half closed, hoping that he would not find, upon inquiry at the Horse Guards, that the brigade-major had left town, when a loud shout smote his ears, and the chaise drew up with a jarring lurch.

"What the devil—?" he exclaimed, and sat up, looking out of the window to see what had caused the abrupt halt.

The chaise had stopped just short of a small crossroad, and the cause was instantly apparent. A sinister figure, with a mask over his face, and a voluminous cloak enveloping his frame, was covering the astonished post boy with a silver-mounted pistol, and threatening, in alarmingly gruff accents, to blow his head off if he moved an eyelid.

The apparition was bestriding a good-looking hack, and finding it a little difficult at one and the same time to keep this

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animal still and the pistol correctly levelled.

One comprehensive glance told Sir Gareth all he wished to know. His lips twitched, he looked round at Amanda, saying: "You little fiend!" and then opened the door of the chaise, and sprang lightly down on to the road.

Mr. Ross became flustered. Events were not turning out quite as he had expected. He had certainly found an excellent ambush in the little cross-road, and the post boy had not hesitated to obey the first part of his command to stand and deliver.

Unfortunately, Prince, also bidden savagely to stand, was not as docile. He was unaccustomed to shouts being uttered just above his head for one thing, and for another he could tell that his master was strangely nervous. He began to fidget, backing, sidling, trying to get his head.

The harassed Mr. Ross knew that Amanda would find it very hard to mount him, and became more flustered. A quick look showed him that Amanda, instead of nipping out of the chaise by the offside door, was having difficulty in opening it. And he had not bargained for Sir Gareth's jumping down in such a reckless fashion.

Everything, in fact, was going wrong. He dismounted swiftly, and ordered Sir Gareth to stand where he was, but as he dared not release Prince's bridle, and had not had the forethought to dismount on the right instead of the left, he found himself in a most awkward fix, trying to keep Sir Gareth covered by the pistol gripped in his right hand while his left was being dragged across his chest by Prince's efforts to back away.

"Don't brandish that pistol about you, young fool!" Sir Gareth said.

"Put up your hands!" retorted Hildebrand. "If you move another step I shall fire!"

"Nonsense! Come, now, enough of this folly. Give me that pistol at once!"

Hildebrand, seeing Sir Gareth advancing in the coolest fashion, took an involuntary step backwards. Out of the

corner of his eye he saw that the post boy had slid out of his saddle, and was preparing to attack him from the rear; he tried to shift his position so that he could keep both men covered; Prince, now thoroughly alarmed, cannoned into him; and in the unexpected jolt caused his finger to tighten round the trigger of his pistol.

There was a loud report. Amanda screamed; the post boy made a dive for his startled horse's head; Prince reared up, snorting with fright; and Sir Gareth reeled back against the wheel of the chaise, a hand clapped to his left shoulder.

"How could you? Oh, how could you?" Amanda cried, almost tumbling out of the chaise. "You promised me you would not. Now see what you've done! Are you badly hurt, sir? Oh, I am so very sorry!"

Sir Gareth could not see her very clearly. The world was spinning before his eyes, and his limbs were turning to water. His senses were slipping away, too, but he knew what had happened, and he managed, before he lost consciousness, to speak one word: "Accident . . .!"

Amanda was on her knees beside him. He had fallen on his left side, and she had seen that his hand had been pressed to that shoulder, and, exerting all her strength, she managed to pull him over on to his back. She then saw the charred rent in his coat, and, far more terrifying, the ominous stain that was rapidly spreading. She tried to pull the coat away from that shoulder, but Sir Gareth's coats were all too well cut.

She cried out: "Help me, one of you! Help me!" and began with feverish haste to rip off Sir Gareth's neckcloth. The post boy hesitated. His horses, no fiery steeds, had quietened, but his eyes were fixed wrathfully on the supposed highwayman, and he seemed more than half inclined to go to him rather than to Amanda. She looked around, while her hands folded and refolded Sir Gar-

Continuing . . .

Sprig Muslin

(from page 53)

eth's neckcloth into a pad, and said furiously: "Help me, I said!"

"Yes, miss, but—is he to be let make off?" the post boy said, taking a reluctant step towards her, but keeping his glowering eyes on Hildebrand.

"No, no!" Hildebrand uttered hoarsely. "I won't—I wouldn't—!"

"Never mind, never mind, come here!" Amanda commanded, thrusting her hand, with the pad held in it, inside Sir Gareth's coat.

The post boy went to her, but when he saw Sir Gareth's pallor, and the blood-soaked coat, he thought he was dead, and muttered involuntarily: "He's snuffed it!"

"Help me lift him," Amanda said, her teeth clenched to control their chattering. "Lift him,

and get his coat off. I'll help you as much as I am able, but I must keep my hand pressed to the wound!"

"It ain't no manner of use, miss!"

"Do as I bid you!" she said angrily. "He's not dead. He is bleeding dreadfully, and I know he would not if he were dead. Oh, hurry!"

He cast her a look of compassion, but he obeyed her, raising Sir Gareth in his arms, and contriving, with a little assistance from her, to strip the coat off. She did her best to keep her determined little hand pressed hard over the wound, but the blood welled up, dyeing her fingers scarlet, and dripping on to her light muslin skirt.

Mr. Ross, his horse at last under his control, turned to see what aid he could render, and beheld this horrid sight. With a shaking hand, he stripped off

his improvised mask and flung it down. Had either Amanda or the post boy had leisure to look at him, they would have seen that his face was almost as white as his victim's. His lips parted stickily, he swallowed convulsively, took one wavering step forward and sank without a sound on to the dusty road.

The post boy glanced up quickly, and his jaw dropped.

"Well, I'll be gormed!" he ejaculated. "Lord love me, if he ain't gone off in a swoon. A fine rank-rider he is!"

"Take his neckcloth off!" Amanda said. "Quick!"

The post boy snorted. "Let him lay!"

"Yes, yes, but bring me his neckcloth. This is not enough. Oh, hurry, hurry!"

He still thought that all her labor would be in vain, but he did as she bade him, only pausing beside Hildebrand's inanimate form for long enough to wrench the second pistol out of its holster, and to thrust

it into the bosom of his own tightly fitting jacket. Prince started uneasily, and flung up his head, but the placidity of the post-horses seemed to reassure him, and he remained standing by his master's body.

Amanda had succeeded in reducing the flow of blood, but it was still welling up under the soaked pad. Panic gripped her. The post boy was obedient, but slow to understand her orders, and he appeared to be incapable of acting on his own initiative; Hildebrand, who should have rushed to her aid, had fainted instead, and was only just beginning to show signs of recovery. Furious with them both, frightened out of her wits, she wanted more than anything to scream.

Pride and obstinacy came to her rescue. She was the daughter of a soldier, and she meant to become the wife of a soldier; and own herself beaten she would not. She overcame her rising hysteria after a struggle that made her feel weak and rather sick, and forced her shocked mind to concentrate.

Sir Gareth had been hit in the hollow of his shoulder, and a much larger pad than one made by folding a neckcloth must be bound tightly in place before she dared relax the pressure of her desperate little hands. She looked round helplessly, unable for a moment to think of anything; then she remembered that Sir Gareth's portmanteaus were strapped on the back of the chaise, and she ordered the post boy to unstrap them.

"Shirts! Yes, shirts! There must be shirts. And more neckcloths to tie it in place—get them!"

The post boy unstrapped the portmanteaus, but hesitated, saying: "They'll be locked, surely!"

"Break the locks, then!" she said impatiently. "Oh, if there were only someone who could help me!"

By this time, Hildebrand had struggled up. He was sick and dizzy, and his legs shook under

ADAM AND EVE

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

LAST year I suddenly felt like spring-cleaning, and to surprise my husband I started with our bedroom and had it thoroughly clean when he arrived home. When he entered the room, he didn't notice how wonderful everything looked, so I thought I'd help him a bit.

"I must start spring-cleaning one of these days," I said. "Which room do you think needs it most?"

He looked around and said, "What about starting with this one?"

£2/2/- to Mrs. A. Schuman, "Ashwell," Gurrundah, via Breadalbane, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

DRIVING home one day with my wife, I pulled to a stop at a "Halt" sign, and, unable to see to the left, asked her if any cars were coming.

"No," she replied. Then, as I proceeded to cross the intersection, she added, "Just a truck."

£2/2/- to J. Francis, 505 Uranium St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Mark your entries "Just Like a Man," or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

To page 58

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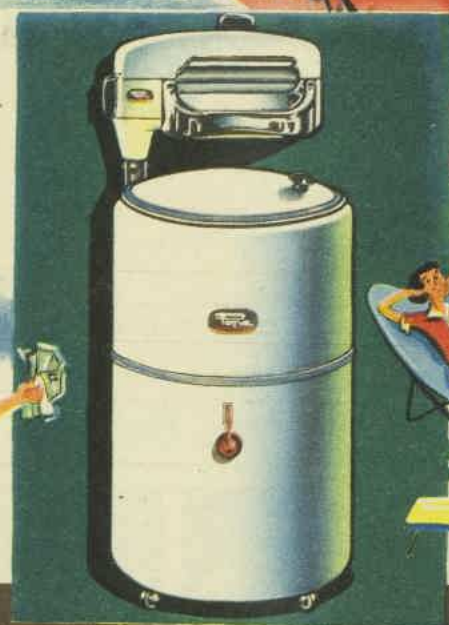
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MAY is the time to . . .

● Start to carry out any big changes in the garden . . . continue citrus tree planting . . . set out liliun bulbs . . . begin "resting" orchids.



JEANNETTE VARIETY of *Cymbidium Dorchester*, grown by Mr. L. Giles, of Carlingford, N.S.W., which won the Grand Champion Award of the Orchid Society of N.S.W. in 1953 for its perfect form. It is white with a pink-spotted lip.



AWARD-WINNING Princess Margaret variety of *Brasso Cattleya* (above), grown by Mr. Frank Slattery, of Bexley, N.S.W., is white with a deep mauve lip and yellow throat.

● Transplant rooted cuttings of carnations or buy new plants and put them in well-drained, fertile soil.

Keep the crowns about an inch above the surface when planting and there will be little trouble with collar-rot.

If your soil is heavy and easily waterlogged, raise the beds about nine or ten inches above the common level to lower the water table in wet times.

Give established carnations some stout wire supports or they will become straggly.

Disbud carnations regularly, leaving only one good, fat bud to each stem. If the buds are inclined to burst when mature, use small rubber rings to prevent the petals splitting the calyxes.

● Prepare for more vegetables.

Dig over ground that is needed for potato sowing from July to early September, plant out seedlings of onions, cabbage, broccoli, and a final lot of cauliflower. Sow seeds of broad beans, carrots, parsnips, table turnips, and peas.

Set out seedlings of silver beet, lettuce, and celery in well-prepared trenches, and plant out roots of horseradish, rhubarb, and asparagus, as well as cloves of shallots, and garlic and chive bulbs.

● Sow a final lot of seeds of hardy annuals.

Choose such varieties as snapdragons, candytuft, eschscholtzia, godetia, larkspur, linaria, linum, tree lupins, mignonette (in well-limed, firm soil), nemophila, Livingstone daisy, sweet pea, and stocks.

● Get the ground ready for winter planting of roses as well as flowering and shade trees.

Bulbs that may still be planted include ixias, montbretia, nerines, scillas, watsonia, and Spanish iris.

Land that was well dug over and manured a month ago can be planted with seedlings of hardy annuals, biennials, and perennials.

Strawberries and most bramble fruits can also be set out now in places where they are to stay for years to come.

THIS month gardeners should get busy and:

● Plant evergreens such as gardenias, camellias, aucubas, buddleias, cantuas, choisya, daphnes, diosmas, escallonias, euonymus, fatsia, genastias, grevilleas, hibiscus, and lasian-dras.

Evergreens that have become unshapely during the long wet season or have made too much growth can be pruned lightly and made ship-shape, but do not prune spring-flowering shrubs during transplanting or the following season's bloom may be lost.

Newly bought evergreens should be removed from the pots by turning them upside down and giving the pot-rim a sharp knock. Then remove the drainage materials, squeeze the base lightly to firm the soil round the bottom roots, and replant, making sure you firm well and water soundly.

● Start "resting" orchids such as dendrobiums and others that have pseudo-bulbs by gradually reducing the moisture.

Give them only enough water to prevent the bulbs from shrivelling. Watch cymbidiums, which are now producing flower spikes, and spray with DDT if thrips, aphids, ants, or orchid beetles make their appearance.

Slipper orchids (cypripediums) are now mostly in bloom. They require light watering from time to time to keep the plants growing. Shade the blooms from strong sunlight.

Do not let cymbidium flower-buds or advanced spikes rub against one another or become damaged when moving the pots. Flower racemes that hang low over the pots

should be given light stakes fairly early to train them to grow upright.

● Plant out liliun bulbs now, either in semi-shade in the open or in 4-gallon drums or tins or 12-inch pots under light cover.

They mostly prefer slightly acid to neutral soil. Use plenty of sand, some leaf-mould, rich sandy loam, and broken charcoal for drainage.

Liliums regale, auratum, henryi, speciosum rubrum, Jil-lan Wallace, pictum, sulphureum, tigrinum, harrisii, marta-gou, the tall Bermuda lily,

GARDENING

and scores of new hybrids are some of the most ornamental obtainable.

Set the bulbs on a thin bed of sand, and cover each one roughly with twice its own diameter of soil.

They root easily in glass jars filled with fine sphagnum moss and some moist sand. Cover with a sheet of plastic until they have rooted well enough to pot up separately.

● Complete planting citrus fruits at once, giving each tree at least 15 square feet of space for future development.

Bear in mind that these trees dislike root disturbance, and set them out in ground that will not be cultivated.

Lemons, grapefruit, oranges, mandarins, and shaddock and cumquats for jam or con-serves are very ornamental.

Clean up all scale during winter months, removing white wax scale with a stiff-bristled brush and suffocating red or black scale with white oil. A dose of lime during the next month will correct acidity.

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him, but Amanda's anguished cry pulled him together.

The blood rushed up into his face. He said thickly, engulfed in shame: "I'll do it!" and went unsteadily to where the post boy had set one of the portmanteaus down on the road.

"Ho, yes!" said that individual, bristling. "You will, will you? And make off with the gentleman's goods, I daresay!"

"Idiot!" The word burst from Amanda. "Can't you see he's not a highwayman? Let him get at that case! I—I command you!"

She sounded so fierce that the post boy gave way instinctively. The portmanteau was not locked, and with trembling hands Hildebrand flung back the lid and began to toss over Sir Gareth's effects.

He found shirts, and many neckcloths, and a large sponge, at sight of which Amanda exclaimed: "Oh, yes, yes! Tie that up in a shirt, tight, tight, and bring it to me! Oh, no, give it to the post boy, and whatever you do, Hildebrand, don't look this way or you will go off again in a faint, and there is no time to waste in fainting!"

Hildebrand was too much overcome to answer her, but, although he dared not let his eyes stray towards her, he could do what she asked, and could even knot several of the neckcloths together. Between them, Amanda and the post boy contrived to bind the improvised swab tightly in place; and while they worked Amanda demanded to be told where the nearest inn or house could be found.

The post boy at first could think of nothing nearer than Bedford, which was some eight miles distant, but upon being adjured pretty sharply to find his wits he said that there was an inn at Little Staughton, a mile down the cross-road. He added that it wasn't fit for the likes of Sir Gareth, upon which, Amanda, wrought up to a dangerous pitch of exasperation, told him he was a cloth-headed gapehead, an unladylike utterance which was culled from her grandfather's vocabulary, and which considerably startled the post boy.

Continuing

Sprig Muslin

from page 55

She directed him to strap up the portmanteau again; and while he was doing it, she turned her attention to Hildebrand, informing him that he must help to lift Sir Gareth into the chaise.

"It is of no avail to tell me you can't, because you must!" she said severely. "And I forbid you to faint until Sir Gareth is safely bestowed. You may do so then, if you wish, but I can't stay for you, so you must take care of yourself. And I shan't have the least compunction in leaving you, for this is all your fault, and now, when we are in this fix, you become squeamish, which puts me out of all patience with you!"

The unhappy Hildebrand stammered: "Of course I will help to lift him! I don't wish to faint: I can't help but do so!"

"You can do anything if only you will have a little resolution!" she told him.

This bracing treatment had its effect upon him. He could not but shudder when his eyes fell on her bloodstained gown, but he quickly averted his eyes, choked down his nausea, and silently prayed that he might not again disgrace himself.

The prayer was answered. Sir Gareth was lifted as tenderly as was possible into the chaise, where Amanda received him, and Hildebrand was still on his feet. This unlooked-for triumph put a little heart into him, and he suddenly looked very much less hang-dog, and said that he would ride on ahead to warn them at the inn to prepare to house a badly wounded man.

Amanda warmly approved this suggestion, but the post boy, who still felt that Hildebrand was a dangerous rogue, opposed it, even going to the length of pulling out the pistol from his jacket. Hildebrand, he said, would ride immediately in front of him, so that he could put a bullet through him if he tried to gallop away.

"What a detestably stupid creature you are!" exclaimed Amanda. "It was all a jest—

a wager! Oh, I can't explain it to you now, but Sir Gareth knew it was an accident. You heard him say so. Yes, and you don't suppose he would call a real highwayman a young fool, do you? Doesn't that show you that he knew him? And he won't try to escape, because I assure you he is excessively fond of Sir Gareth. Go at once, Hildebrand. And you get on your horse and follow him, and oh, pray, pray, drive carefully!"

"Shoot me if you wish!"



Hildebrand said, seizing his horse's bridle. "I don't care! I'd rather that than be hanged or transported!"

With these reckless words, he mounted Prince, clapped his heels to the horse's flanks, and shot off down the lane.

The chaise followed at a very much more sober pace, but the lane was so narrow that the post boy found it impossible to avoid the many pot-holes. The best he could do, whenever he saw a particularly large one ahead, was to rein the horses in to a walk, lessening the jolt as much as he could. But nothing could avail to make the short journey anything but a very rough one.

Amanda kept an anxious eye on her bandages, terrified that the pad might shift, and the bleeding start again. So tall a man could not be laid flat in

a chaise, but Amanda had clasped her arms round him, supporting his head on her shoulder, and trying as best she might to ease the frequent bumps for him.

Under her hand she fancied that she could feel his heart faintly beating, which brought such relief to her overcharged nerves that thankful tears sprang to her eyes, and rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

Finding that her bandages were holding, her most pressing anxiety abated, and she was able to consider all the other anxieties attached to her predicament. Chief among these was the stringent need to rescue Hildebrand from the consequences of his folly. She was not much given to self-blame, but there could be no doubt that she had been to some extent responsible for the accident.

To be sure, she had extracted from Hildebrand a promise that he would not fire his pistols, but she now saw that she should have known better than to have placed the slightest reliance on his keeping his head in emergency. And, although no one (or, at any rate, no one with the smallest sense of justice) could blame her for having accepted his proffered services, she did feel that she was very much to blame in having consented to any plan that could possibly put poor Sir Gareth in danger.

If she had not blackened Sir Gareth's character, Hildebrand would never have dreamt of holding up the chaise; and that she had blackened his character now filled her with unaccustomed remorse. It really seemed more dreadful than all the rest, for as soon as he had sunk lifeless to the ground, her resentment had vanished, and she had seen him, not as a cruel marplot, but as her kind and endlessly patient protector.

But this, she owned, Hildebrand could not have guessed from anything she had told him; and however stupid it was of him not to have known,

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Lullaby

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Continuing

Sprig Muslin

from page 58

only by looking at Sir Gareth, that he was in every respect an admirable person, it was not just that he should suffer a hideous penalty for his folly. Sir Gareth had not wished him to suffer. With what might prove to have been his last words on earth he had exonerated Hildebrand.

The thought of this noble magnanimity affected her so much that she exclaimed aloud: "Oh, I wish I had not told those lies about you. It was all my fault!"

But Sir Gareth could not hear, so it was useless to tell him how sorry she was. And even if he had not been unconscious, she thought, her practical side reasserting itself, repentance would not mend matters. She dared not relax her arms from about him, so she could not wipe away her tears, but she stopped crying, and forced herself to think what she ought next to do. Her arms were aching almost unbearably, but that was unimportant. The important thing was to save Hildebrand from the clutches of the law. He was stupid, he lacked resolution, but she was going to need his services.

By the time the chaise reached the little village, she had herself well in hand, and knew just what must be done. Her face might be tear-stained, but the landlord of the Bull Inn, horrified by the disappointed tale jerked out by a pallid young gentleman on the verge of nervous collapse, and expecting to receive a damsel in hysterics, very speedily learned that Amanda was made of sterner stuff than Hildebrand. She might look a child, but there was nothing child-like in the way in which she assumed command over the direction of affairs.

Under her jealous supervision, the landlord and the post boy bore Sir Gareth up the narrow stairs to a bed-chamber under the eaves, and laid him upon the bed there; and while they were doing it she told Hildebrand, in a fierce whisper, not to say a word, but to leave all to her.

She demanded from the landlord's wife the direction of the nearest doctor, and upon learning that that shocked dame knew of no doctor other than Dr. Chantrv, who attended the squire, and lived at Eaton Socon, instantly ordered Hildebrand to jump on his horse again, and ride like the wind to summon this practitioner to Sir Gareth's side.

"Yes, of course!" Hildebrand said eagerly. "But I don't know how to get there, or—where to find the doctor, or what to do if he should not be at home!"

"Oh, do try not to be so

helpless!" cried Amanda. "This woman will tell you where he lives, and if he is gone out you will follow him—and do not dare to come back without him!" She then turned on Mrs. Chicklade, and said: "Tell him exactly where to go, for you can see how stupid he is!"

"I am not stupid!" retorted Hildebrand, stung to anger. "But I was never in this part of the country before, and I don't even know in which direction I should ride!"

"No!" retorted Amanda, already halfway up the steep stairs. "I don't know either, but I wouldn't stand there looking like a gaby, and saying how—how—how!"

With that she sped on her way, leaving him seething with indignation, but considerably stiffened by a determination to prove to her his worth.

Amanda found the landlord tightening the bandages round Sir Gareth's torso, and directing the post boy to fetch up some brandy from the tap. She was thankful to perceive that in this large, stolid man she had acquired a helper who could apparently act on his own initiative, and asked him anxiously if he thought Sir Gareth would live.

"There's no saying, miss," he replied unencouragingly. "He ain't slipped his wind yet, but I'd say he's lost a deal of claret. We'll see if we can get a drop of brandy down his throat."

But when the post boy came back with this restorative, closely followed by Mrs. Chicklade, it was found to be of no avail, for it ran out of the corners of Sir Gareth's mouth. The landlord thought this a shocking waste of good liquor, and set the glass down, saying that there was nothing for it but to send for the doctor.

When Amanda disclosed that Hildebrand had already sped forth on this errand, the post boy was loud in his disapproval. He said that the young varmint would never be seen again, and at once launched into a graphic description of the hold-up.

Until that moment, the Chicklades knew no more than they had learnt from Hildebrand, which was very little. So strange a story as was now recounted immediately convinced Mrs. Chicklade that she had been only too right when she had strongly counselled her husband not to have anything to do with a desperately wounded man.

She had known from the moment of clapping eyes on Hildebrand that there was

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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something havey-cavey about him; and as for Amanda—she would like to know, she said, how she came to be hand-in-glove with such a murdering young rascal.

"I wish you will stop thinking he is a highwayman!" said Amanda. "It was all make-believe—just funning!"

"Funning?" gasped Mrs. Chicklade.

"Yes, I tell you! He never meant to fire his pistol; indeed, he promised me he would not!"

"What did he want to take and cock it for if he wasn't meaning to fire it, miss?" demanded the post boy shrewdly.

"Oh, that was in case you would not pull up!" explained Amanda. "To fire over your head, and put you in a fright."

And, although I didn't wish him to do so at first, I must say I am excessively sorry now that he didn't, because if only he had there would have been no harm done."

"I never did!" exclaimed Mrs. Chicklade. "Why, you're as bad as he is. I believe the pair of you was in a plot to rob the poor gentleman, and what I want to know is how you came to wheedle yourself into his company, which it's as plain as a pikestaff you must have done, and very likely, too, for a bolder piece I never did see, not in all my days!"

"Easy now!" interposed the landlord, in his deep, slow voice. "I'll allow it's a queer-sounding business, but you've no call to speak so rough to the young lady, my dear. Who is the gentleman, missie?"

"I can tell you that!" said the post boy officiously. "He's Sir Gareth Ludlow, and a bang-up Tulip, and him and her was putting-up in Kimbolton last night. He hired me for to carry them to Bedford."

The landlord looked Amanda over thoughtfully.

"Well, now, miss," he said, "you ain't his wife, because you've got no ring on your finger, and he don't look to me old enough to be your Pa, nor yet young enough to be your brother, so what's the game?"

"Ah, answer that if you can!" said Mrs. Chicklade.

"He is my uncle," replied Amanda calmly. "And also he is Mr. Ross' uncle. Mr. Ross is the man who shot him, but quite by accident. In fact, Mr. Ross and I are cousins, and it is true that we were hand-in-glove, but only to play a trick on Sir Gareth. But Sir Gareth recognised him, and I daresay he knew that he was not at all to be trusted with a pistol, because he told him not to brandish it about, and said he was a young fool. Didn't he?"

"Ay," responded the post boy reluctantly. "But—"

"And then you got off your horse, and, of course, my cousin thought you meant to attack him, which was the cause of the accident. Because that put him in a fluster. And then his horse began to be restive, and in the middle of it all the gun went off. He never, never meant to fire it at Sir Gareth. He wasn't even looking at him!"

"He said to the gentleman, 'If you come a step nearer, I'll fire!' he said. Yes, and he threatened to blow the head off my shoulders, what's more!"

"It seems to me a great pity that he didn't do so!" said Amanda. "I am quite tired of talking to anyone so stupid. If you had a particle of common-sense you would know that if he had wished to escape he might have done so when you were helping me to bind the neckcloths round Sir Gareth. And if he had meant to shoot

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Sir Gareth, he wouldn't have fallen down in a swoon, in that silly way, which you know very well he did!"

"Swooned off, did he?" said the landlord. "It don't surprise me. He was looking just about as sick as a cushion when he came bursting in here. Seems to me it's likely as not it happened the way you say it did, miss, but there's no sense in argufying, whatever the rights of it may be. Martha, my dear, you take the young lady to the other bedchamber, where she can wash the blood off her hands, and put on a clean gown. When you've done that you can pop a brick in the oven, because the gentleman's powerful cold. And as for you, young fellow, you can fetch up his baggage, and help me get the clothes off him, so as he can be laid between sheets, comfortable."

Amanda cast a doubtful glance at Sir Gareth, but as she could think of nothing she could do to revive him, and the landlord seemed depend-

able, she allowed herself to be led by her disapproving hostess into the room beside the one to which Sir Gareth had been carried.

By the time Hildebrand returned to the inn, announcing that the doctor was following as fast as he could in his gig, not only had Amanda changed her gown, but she had further alienated Mrs. Chicklade by demanding milk for Joseph.

Mrs. Chicklade said that she couldn't abide cats, and wouldn't have a pesky kitten in her kitchen, getting under her feet, but as her lord happened to come in just then, wanting to know whether the brick wasn't hot enough yet, and told her not to be dis-

obliging, Joseph got his milk.

Chicklade reported that Sir Gareth had come out of his swoon for a brief period, when his boots were being pulled off. He had muttered something unintelligible, and had sunk back into unconsciousness before he could be got to swallow any brandy, but Chicklade considered it hopeful that

he had even for no more than a minute shown a sign of life. Hildebrand came hurrying in to be met by these joyful tidings; and so great had been his dread that he would reach the inn only to find that Sir Gareth was dead that he burst into tears.

This excess of sensibility did nothing to recommend him to Amanda, but considerably relieved the unbearable tension of his nerves. He was able, in a few moments, to listen with tolerable composure to the news that during his absence he had acquired two new relations.

"Do you perfectly understand?" Amanda asked anxiously. "Sir Gareth is our uncle, and you held him up because we had made a plan to play a trick on him."

He was far from understanding, but he nodded, adding, in a hopeless tone, that when Sir Gareth came to himself he would promptly disown him.

"Of course he will not!" said Amanda. "He wouldn't dream of doing such an unhandsome thing!"

This remark was quite incomprehensible to him, but before he could demand enlightenment the doctor had arrived, and he was left to puzzle over it in solitude.

The doctor was surprised to be received by so youthful a lady, and, although he accepted without question that she was his patient's niece he was much inclined to think that Mrs. Chicklade would be a more competent assistant to him in any surgery that he might have to perform. But when he saw what Amanda had already done for Sir Gareth he changed his mind.

While he unpacked his bag, and Chicklade went off to bring up a bowl of hot water, he asked her a good many questions about the affair, shooting a curious look at her every now and then from under his bushy eyebrows. He said finally that she was a very remarkable young lady, and begged pardon for having doubted her fortitude.

In the event, the operation

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Continuing Sprig Muslin

from page 61

of extracting the bullet was a sight which tried her fortitude severely, and it was only by a supreme exercise of will-power that she managed to remain at the bedside, handing Dr. Chantry the various instruments and swabs of lint which he from time to time called for.

Sir Gareth came round under the doctor's hands, and uttered a groan that made Amanda wince in sympathy. The doctor spoke to him in heartening accents, and he opened his eyes. After a bewildered moment, he seemed to realise what had happened to him, for he said, faintly, but perfectly clearly: "I remember. Not the boy's fault!"

The doctor directed Chicklade, under his breath, to hold him, but after a very few minutes of endurance he lost consciousness again.

"Ay, and just as well," grunted Dr. Chantry, when Chicklade, rather alarmed, drew his attention to this circumstance. "It's in devilish deep, I can tell you. No sense in bringing him round, poor fellow, till I have him stitched up comfortably."

It seemed to Amanda a very long time before this last operation was performed, and she could not believe that Sir Gareth would find it comfortable. But the doctor said that by God's mercy the bullet had not touched a vital spot, which made her feel very much more cheerful, until he added that no one could say yet how it would turn out, though he hoped that with perfect quiet and good nursing all might be well.

"But he won't die, will he?" Amanda asked imploringly.

"I trust not, young lady, but it's a nasty wound, and he has lost a great deal of blood. I can tell you this: if you hadn't behaved with such presence of mind he wouldn't be alive now."

But Amanda, who had always longed to play a heroine's part, could only see herself as little better than a mur-

deress, and impatiently brushed this aside, saying: "Tell me exactly what I must do to make him better! Everything I must do!"

He patted her shoulder. "No, no, you're too young, my dear. Now, don't fret! I don't anticipate that there will be any complications, but what we want is an experienced woman to look after him."

"I'll send round to Mrs. Bardfield, sir," Chicklade said. "Oh, the midwife! Ay, an excellent notion. There's little to be done for him at present but to keep him quiet, but I shall send my boy over with a cordial, and some laudanum in case he should grow restless. I've given him something to make him sleep, but if the wound should become inflamed he may develop a little fever presently. No need to be unduly anxious, however. I shall be over to take a look at him this evening, never fear!"

For a long time after the doctor's departure, Amanda remained seated beside Sir Gareth's bed. To her eye, Dr. Chantry did not compare favorably with such members of the faculty as had previously come in her way, but she could see that whatever it was that he had obliged his patient to swallow had certainly been of benefit to him.

He was still dreadfully pale, but he no longer lay in a death-like swoon. He seemed to be heavily asleep, but from time to time his hand, which was lying outside the blankets, twitched, or he moved his head restlessly on the pillow.

At noon, Chickdale came softly into the room, and whispered to her that Mrs. Bardfield was below-stairs, having come up from her cottage at the other end of the village to take a look at her patient.

"She'll sit up with him to-night, miss. Doctor says he won't want anything for a

while yet, so I don't doubt we can manage well enough till dinner time. Will I bring her up, so as she can see how the gentleman is?"

Amanda gave ready permission. In emergency, she could act not only with courage, but with an inborn sense of what was needed; but confronted with a sick bed she was conscious of ignorance. It was with a thankful countenance that she rose to greet a woman of experience in sick nursing.

She suffered a severe revulsion of feeling. The lady who presently wheezed her way up the stairs, and entered the room with no light tread, was not one whose appearance invited confidence. She was extremely stout, and although she seemed from her ingratiating smile to be goodhumored, Amanda thought her countenance very unprepossessing. She liked neither the expression in her curiously hazy eyes nor their inability to remain fixed for more than a moment on any one object.

The cap which she wore under a large bonnet was by no means clean, and there emanated from her person an unpleasant aroma of which the predominant elements were onions, stale sweat, and spirituous liquor. The floor shook under her heavy tread, and when she bent over Sir Gareth she said: "Ah, poor dear!" in an unctuous voice which filled Amanda with loathing.

She then laid her hand on his brow, and said: "Well, he ain't feverish, which is one good thing, but he looks mortal bad."

After that she adjusted his pillows with hearty goodwill, and ruthlessly straightened the blankets that covered him. He was too heavily drugged to wake, but Amanda could bear no longer to see Mrs. Bard-

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

field's rough and not over-clean hands touching him. She said sharply: "Don't! Leave him alone!"

Mrs. Bardfield was accustomed to the nervous qualms of sick persons' relatives, and she smiled indulgently.

"Lor' bless you, dearie, you don't want to worrit your head now I'm here. Many's the gentleman I've nursed, ay, and laid out, too! Now I'll stay beside him for a while, because Mr. Chickdale's got a nice bit of cold meat and pickles laid out for a luncheon for you and the young gentleman, and a pot of tea besides. That'll do you good, and you'll know your poor uncle's in safe hands."

Amanda managed to thank her, though in a choked voice, and fled down the stairs to find Hildebrand. He was awaiting her in the small parlor, and when he saw her face he started forward, exclaiming in horror: "What is it? Oh, is he worse?"

"No, no! I wouldn't have left him if he hadn't been better. It is that detestable old woman, Hildebrand, she shan't touch him. I won't permit it. She is dirty, and rough, and she says she lays people out!"

"Yes, I know—I saw, and I must own—but what are we to do, if you turn her off? You cannot nurse Sir Gareth, and Mrs. Chicklade seems very unamiable, so that I shouldn't think—"

"Oh, no! I know just what I ought to do, only I cannot. I don't even know her name. His sister, I mean. So I have made up my mind that Lady Hester must come, and I think she would be willing to, because she is very kind, and she said she would like to help me if she could. And besides that, Mr. Theale told me that Sir Gareth was going to offer for her, and, although I don't know if it was true, perhaps it was, and she would wish me to send for her! So—"

"Going to offer for her?" broke in Hildebrand. "But you said he was determined to marry you!"

"Yes, I know I did, but it wasn't true! I can't think how

To page 71

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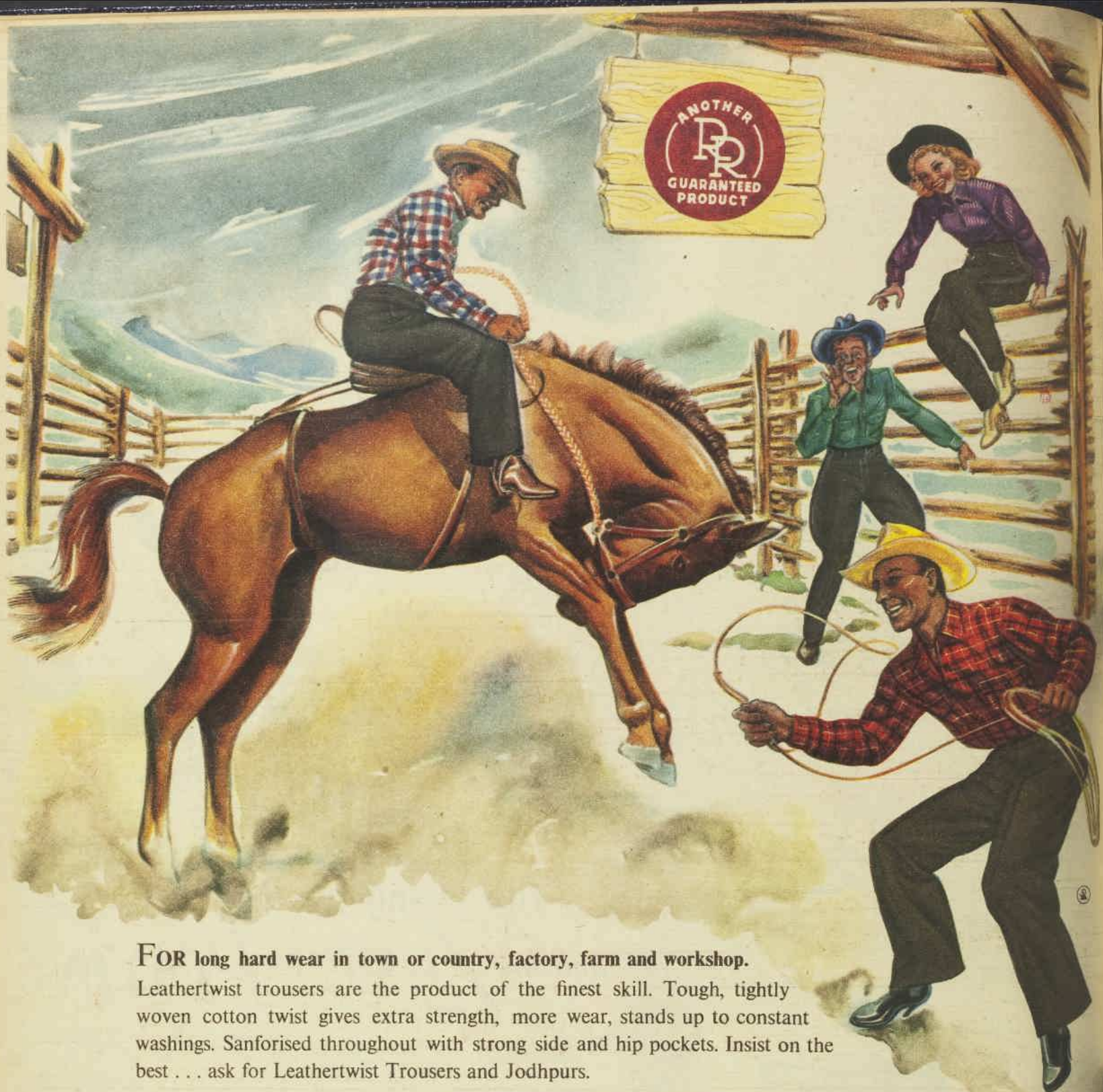
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Diane Cilento as the woman for Joe

● Young Australian-born actress Diane Cilento and George Baker, a British movie "find," are an appealing romantic team as the title characters in "The Woman For Joe." In technicolor VistaVision, it's an unusual triangle drama of show-business personalities set against vivid backgrounds of fairground life.

Film Fan Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON



CIRCUS CROWD is hushed as Mary (Diane Cilento) rings in the lion's cage while tamer Jack Evans (David Gabriel) keeps a watchful eye on the animals. Diane's song is a new one, "A Fool and His Heart."



LEFT: Firm friends, George (Jimmy Karoubi), left, the smallest man in the show, and Joe (George Baker), its owner, talk about a lucrative offer George has just received from a theatrical agency in this film sequence.



ABOVE: Striking costume of top-hat and tights for actress-of-the-year Diane Cilento as a singer in the title role of Pinewood's "The Woman For Joe."



Illustration of Auntie Mabel trying to catch a cold—so that she can enjoy the soothing relief of Allen's delicious double action Butter Menthol cough drops! The butter soothes the throat. The menthol clears the head.



ALLEN'S BUTTER MENTHOLS
DOUBLE ACTION COUGH DROPS

7d. A PACKET

GRAVY MAKING made easy



No straining required as Gravox makes no lumps

Gravox
for Gravy



BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY SIZE



1 WELCOME from his pal Sparrow (Arnold Stang), left, awaits Frankie Machine (Frank Sinatra) on his return to Chicago after taking the cure at the narcotics hospital at Lexington.



3 ASKED by Schwiefka (Richard Strauss), "owner" of the town's poker game, to deal against two gamblers from across town, Frankie refuses. He wants to play with the band.



5 CAUGHT palming cards for Schwiefka, Frankie is beaten up. After failing his audition, he turns to Louie, the dope-pedlar. Louie finds out that Zosh can walk and that she used supposed injuries to hold Frankie. In terror, she kills him.



6 THREAT of violence does not discourage Molly's attempts to help Frankie when he tries to cure himself of the drug habit. After a terrifying time they finally win through. The cure works.



2 AT home, Frankie tells his wife, Zosh (Eleanor Parker), that he has an audition as a drummer with a band. But Zosh, who was crippled in a car driven by her husband, wants him to be "the man with the golden arm," a big card-dealer.



4 FRANKIE tells Molly (Kim Novak) they can't meet again because Zosh loves him and is lonely. Later he and Sparrow are arrested when the latter steals a suit for Frankie to wear to the audition. Schwiefka agrees, at a price, to go bail.

NEW DRAMA

★ Top stars Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker, and Kim Novak are the central characters in "The Man With the Golden Arm" (United Artists), a drama based on Nelson Algren's widely acclaimed novel.

In the title role Frank Sinatra, playing a man striving to overcome an addiction to drugs, has the most powerful and challenging task of his acting career.

The film, produced and directed by Otto Preminger, is set in the Chicago of beer joints and sleazy dives. The supporting cast includes Arnold Stang, Darren McGavin, and Robert Strauss.

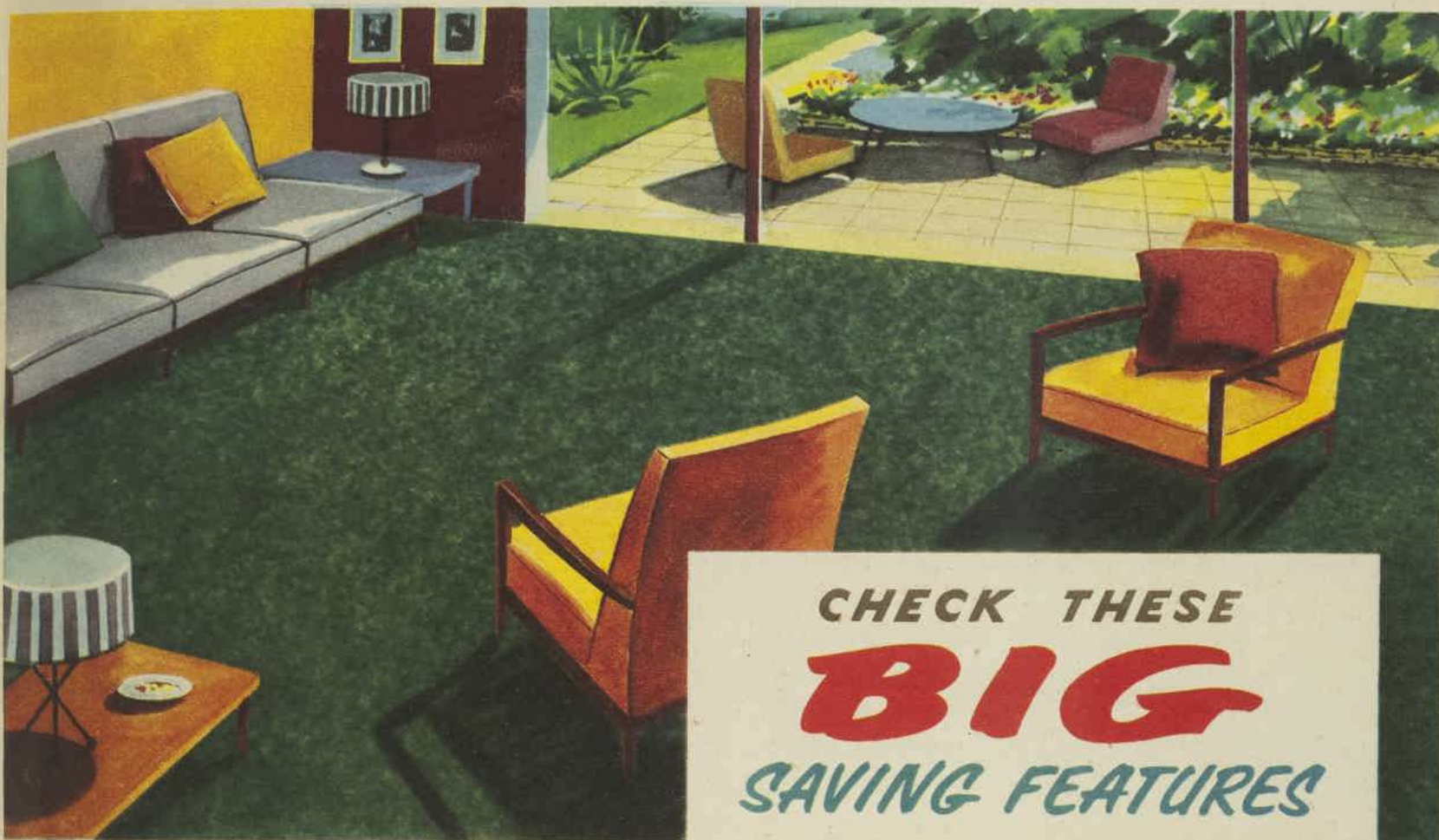


7 POLICE arrive to arrest Frankie, whom they suspect of Louie's murder. Seeing them, Zosh believes that they are after her. In panic she rushes out of the apartment and falls to her death.

V **MIGHTY BIG SAVINGS with**

VALDURA

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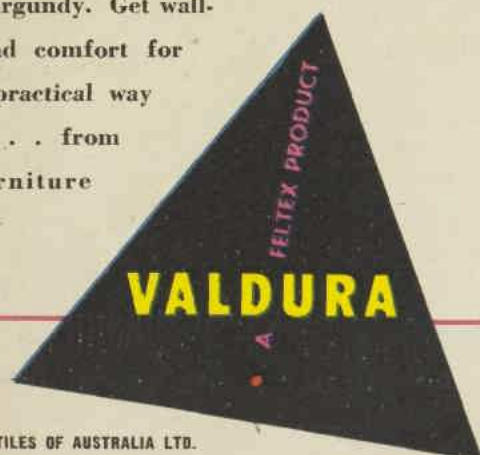


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Does first light see you tossing restlessly—unable to sleep on, even though you are still thoroughly tired? Then you need a reliable blind that keeps deep shade in your bedroom but doesn't muffle the windows or make the room stuffy. You need Kirsch.

Kirsch—long known as the finest venetian you can buy—is the only venetian with the S-shaped slat, whose two-way curves keep out light better than any other shape. This slat is the distinctive feature to look for when buying blinds—but see the *extra* quality

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- ★ *Kirsch is easy to put up.*
- ★ *Kirsch mechanism is smooth and efficient.*
- ★ *Enclosed head-member and bottom rail.*
- ★ *Stayput clips anchor Kirsch blinds neatly to the bottom of the window.*

Choose your Kirsch venetians from a range of pastel colours, ivory or white with matching or contrasting tapes. But choose carefully—Kirsch venetians are likely to outlast almost any element in your decorative scheme—they're the *very best* you know.

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SINCE



1889



AUDREY HEPBURN looks fondly at her husband, Mel Ferrer, who is now with her in Hollywood, where she is filming "Funny Face," a musical with Fred Astaire.

Audrey's new musical

By LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

It's just like old times again in Hollywood with stage and screen star Audrey Hepburn back at work after two and a half years' absence.

DOWN on the lot at Paramount there's a kind of excitement in the air because Audrey, the "Roman Holiday" and "Sabrina" girl, has returned to the fold at last.

Make no mistake, it's a movie event, and the locals don't hide the fact that they're glad to have her for as long as she cares to remain.

For her screen comeback Audrey Hepburn has chosen a big musical, an extravagant, widescreen affair entitled "Funny Face," in which she plays the title role.

Evergreen Fred Astaire co-stars.

As a romantic team Audrey and Astaire sing and dance to the music of George Gershwin in a story that is a modern version of Cinderella and Prince Charming.

She's delighted with the script, and with the idea of unpacking her dancing-shoes for several ballet sequences in the picture.

When I drove round to the "Funny Face" sound-stage for an interview, Audrey's sitting-room was empty.

I noticed the neatness of the room and a plate of cottage cheese and fruit salad standing on a low table near the lounge.

All of a sudden the closed door swung open and Audrey, a familiar slight figure, hurried in. She was wearing a dance smock that would have been a ruin on anyone less slender, and looked pale and tired.

Murmuring something apologetic about a late rehearsal being hard going, she headed for the showers.

The girl who came back was more like the personality millions of filmgoers remember—flashing smile, elfin charm, boyish haircut and all.

She ate some of the salad while we talked shop.

I asked her how she felt being back in Hollywood and she gravely replied, "Surprised." It seems that she should be making two more films in Europe right now.

In the hurly-burly of show business, where stars usually scramble to remain in the public eye at all costs, Audrey Hepburn remains calm about her career.

Actually she hasn't done too badly for herself by stepping outside Hollywood in 1953.

A successful season in New York in the play "Ondine" was a splendid beginning for the young actress, and added greatly to her stellar reputation.

When the theatre closed that summer, Audrey went to Switzerland for her health's sake. Mel Ferrer, the co-star and director of "Ondine," joined her there.

The couple's marriage in Burgensstock, Switzerland, in September, 1954, surprised nobody.

But getting the newlyweds back to work again was complicated by their wish to work together, if possible.

American director King Vidor managed to turn the trick last year by signing the much-feted Audrey to star, reputedly for the highest salary ever offered to any film star, in the epic "War and Peace," from Tolstoy's classic novel.

Mel Ferrer co-stars as Andreiev opposite his wife, Natasha Rostov.

On the evidence, the reports that the Ferrers are to follow separate professional paths in the future seem true.

Audrey doesn't like the rumors that all is not as rosy as it might be in the Ferrer ménage. She dismisses them as "so much nonsense."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 2, 1955

Olivier's movie plans

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

STRAIGHT after making "The Sleeping Prince" with Marilyn Monroe in England this summer, Sir Laurence Olivier plans another great Shakespearian film production.

This time he is to film "Macbeth," with Vivien Leigh as Lady Macbeth, the most dramatic role an actress can play. Says Olivier: "I consider 'Macbeth' the greatest of all the Shakespeare plays."

CHARLES LAUGHTON looks like coming back into films—in Britain. He is expected to come over from Hollywood this year to take

the lead in the projected screen adaptation of a novel by the brilliant Wolf Mankowitz, "My Old Man's a Dustman."

RICHARD GREENE, who says he has been fooling about with boats since he was ten years old, wants to have a crack at the Atlantic crossing in his thirty-foot Norwegian racing sloop Freyja. Says

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Hair Repair is now available at Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Keeps healthy hair lovely and easy-to-manage...



Richard airily: "You can sail the Atlantic in any boat that floats—just as long as you rig up something against shipping water."

I doubt if Richard will get a chance to prove it this year. His television series as Robin Hood has outstripped every other series both in the States and England in popularity. Said he: "It looks as though I'll be skirmishing with the Sheriff of Nottingham for another year at least."

PINEWOOD is betting on a new star—heavily masculine, tall, dark, and a scowler. His name is Michael Craig, and they tip him to become bigger than Stewart Granger. Craig's first starring role is just coming up in "The House of Secrets," a story about the International Police

STUDY group includes **Mitzi Gaynor** (left), **Bing Crosby**, **French ballerina-actress Jean-Maire**, and **Donald O'Connor**. They all star in the new musical "Anything Goes."

Organisation. Craig will be seen in Australia first of all in a small part as the handsome but villainous sailor of "Passage Home."

VETERAN Spencer Tracy has announced that he would like to act opposite Italian glamor girl Sophia Loren in a picturisation of "Desire Under the Elms," a Eugene O'Neill play.

MARILYN MONROE is shopping for a Western story; she hopes to buy the film rights to a typical Wild West saga, and will try to get John Ford to direct it.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Swan

THE immediate interest of "The Swan" is not so much what film-star Kelly makes of the title character as how Princess Grace makes out in a royal role.

The verdict on Grace is: Beautiful and dignified.

Filmed in color Cinema-Scope against pretty Ruritanian backgrounds, the sugar-plum theme of Metro's romance is rather thin, but always agreeable.

It concerns a shy princess (Kelly), a reluctant prince (Alec Guinness), and Louis Jourdan's ardent professor.

Just why ace British actor Alec Guinness chose "The Swan" for his American debut film makes one wonder a bit. Perhaps the chance to add a brand-new character study to his repertoire proved irresistible.

As it turns out, the role of Albert, the prince who prefers to strum on the bass fiddle to waltzing with Princess Grace at the castle ball, is not topflight Guinness.

However, just the occasional glint of the devil in his eye makes up for some of his quiet moments.

Louis Jourdan will win all the girls' hearts as the darkly handsome commoner who loves and loses the princess.

The seasoned supporting cast includes Jesse Royce Landis, Brian Aherne, and Estelle Winwood as a wonderfully addle-pated royal relative.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

★ Female on the Beach

COLUMBIA mingles sex and sensation in about equal quantities in "Female on the Beach," a somewhat tasteless melodrama with a whodunit theme.

In this well-produced picture Joan Crawford finds an outlet for her particular brand of pyrotechnics as a sophisticated widow involved in crime and headlong romance.

The star's role, like her elaborate wardrobe, has been specially tailored for the occasion.

A luxury beach-house on the coast of California, where a murder may have been committed, is the scene of the conflict, and husky Jeff Chandler, an unpleasant type who preys on wealthy widows because of a deep sense of insecurity, is the main murder suspect.

A few smouldering close-ups between Crawford and Chandler soon disprove this to the audience.

Jan Sterling is a neurotic estate agent, and Charles Drake plays a local police lieutenant. Cecil Kellaway and Natalie Schafer are also around as a couple of well-dressed crooks.

The prowlers on the beach combine with low-key photography and stormy sound-effects to suggest an atmosphere of menace.

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(Above) From "Busy Fingers," Vol. 3. (Left) From Book 194. Knitting Books 1/6 ea. (Posted, 1/9.)

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GAYWARE SALT BOX
It is clean, handy, attractive. Won't absorb moisture. In white with coloured lid, or choice of eleven colours (as the canisters). Price, 9/11.

GAYWARE TEA DISPENSER
Just press the button for each teaspoon measure of tea. It is a canister and measure in one. White with red, green or blue lid. Price, 12/11.



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LOOK FOR THE  BRAND....THEN YOU'LL KNOW IT'S RIGHT

you came to imagine it was, for of all the absurd things—I suppose I shall have to explain it all to you, but first I must know if that stupid post boy is still here."

"I think he's in the tap, but I've paid him off. I—I thought that would be the right thing to do."

"Oh, yes, but I find we shall need him, and the chaise. Hildebrand, I do hope to goodness he doesn't still wish to inform against you!"

"No," he replied, flushing. "I—I told Dr. Chantry, and he made all right. And I must tell you, Amanda, that even if Sir Gareth hasn't behaved well towards you, he has behaved towards me with a generosity I can never repay. When the doctor told me what he said when he came to himself—" He broke off, his lip quivering.

"Yes, he is the kindest creature!" she agreed. "And though he made me very angry—and I still cannot feel that he had any business to interfere, and ruin my plan—he

Continuing . . . Sprig Muslin

[from page 63]

"Well, no one has!" she said, firing up. "And certainly not you, for you only—"

"Who thought of riding on ahead to prepare the Chick-lades?"

"Oh, that!" said Amanda, hunching up one shoulder.

"Yes, that!" he said furiously. "And, what's more, it was I who thought of holding up the chaise, not you!"

"Well, if you mean to boast of that, I suppose you will say next that you thought of shooting Sir Gareth!" cried Amanda.

Battle was now fairly joined, and for the next few minutes two overwrought young persons found relief for their shocked nerves in a right royal quarrel. Sir Gareth on his sick bed and the luncheon on the table were alike forgotten in a wholesale exchange of recriminations. Chicklade, coming into the parlor with a dish of fruit, stopped on the threshold, and for several moments listened, unperceived, to a quarrel which was rapidly sinking to nursery level.

Indeed, when he presently rejoined his wife, he told her, with a chuckle, that there could be no doubt that the young lady and gentleman were related: to hear them, you'd have thought them brother and sister.

As soon as they became aware of his presence, their quarrel ceased abruptly. In cold and haughty silence they took their places at the table. Neither had any appetite, but each drank a cup of tea, and felt better. Amanda stole a surreptitious look at Hildebrand, found that he was stealing one at her, and giggled.

This broke the ice; they both fell into laughter, after which Hildebrand begged pardon if he had been uncivil; and Amanda said that she hadn't really meant to say that she was sure he couldn't write a play.

Friendly relations were thus re-established, but Hildebrand's brief period of enchantment was over. It had not, in fact, survived the impatience she had shown when he had recovered from his swoon. She was still a very pretty girl, but he was inclined to think that, in addition to being much too masterful, she was unbearably bold.

By the time she had confided to him, under the seal of secrecy, the exact circumstances which led up to her encounter with Sir Gareth, he was sure of this. His shocked face, and unhesitating condemnation of her plan of campaign, very nearly resulted in the resumption of hostilities. To disapproval of her outrageous scheme was added indignation that she should have enlisted his support by painting Sir Gareth in false colors. He exclaimed that it was the shabbiest thing; and as she secretly agreed with him, her defence lacked conviction.

"But it is true that he abducted me," she argued.

"I consider that his behaviour has throughout been chivalrous and gentlemanly," replied Hildebrand.

"I thought you looked to be stuffy as soon as I saw you," said Amanda. "That is why I didn't tell you how it really was. And I was quite right."

"It is not a question of being stuffy," said Hildebrand, loftily, "but of having worldly sense, and proper notions of conduct. And now that I know the truth I can't suppose that this Lady Hester would dream of coming here. How very much shocked she must have been!"

"Well, she was not!" said Amanda. "She was most truly sympathetic, so you know nothing of the matter. And also she told me that she has had a very dull life, besides being obliged to live with the most disagreeable set of people I ever saw, so I daresay she will be very glad to come here."

She paused, eyeing him. He still looked dubious, so she said in another and much more earnest voice: "Pray, Hildebrand, go and fetch her. That dreadful old woman upstairs will very likely kill poor Sir Gareth, because she is rough, and dirty, and if he didn't get better, but worse, and there was only you and me to take care of him—Hildebrand, I can't!"

She ended on a note of suppressed panic, but Hildebrand was already convinced.

"No! I hadn't considered," he exclaimed. "Of course, I will go to Chatteris. I never meant that I would not—and even if this Lady Hester should refuse to come back with me she will at least be able to tell me where I may find Sir Gareth's sister!"

"She will come!" Amanda averred. "So will you go at once to tell the post boy he must drive you to Brancaster Park?"

"No," replied Hildebrand, setting his jaw. "I'll have nothing to do with the fellow. Besides, what a shocking waste of money it would be to be hiring a chaise to carry me to Brancaster Park, when I shall reach it very much more quickly if I ride there—or, at any rate, to Huntingdon, where I may hire a chaise for Lady Hester's conveyance—that is, if you think she won't prefer to travel in her own carriage?"

Amanda, thankful to find him suddenly so amenable, said approvingly: "That is an excellent notion, and much better than mine. I see you have learnt habits of economy, which is something I must do, too, for an expensive wife would not suit Neil at all, I daresay. But I have a strong feeling that that odious Lady Widmore would cast a rub in the way of Lady Hester's coming to my aid, if she could, and she would be bound to discover what she meant to do, if Lady Hester ordered her carriage."

Her brow puckered thoughtfully.

"In fact," she went on, "the more I think of it, the more I am persuaded that Lady Hester must slip away secretly. So, when you reach Brancaster Park you must insist on seeing her alone, and on no account must you disclose your errand to anyone else."

Hildebrand was in full agreement with her on this point, having the greatest reluctance to spread farther than was strictly necessary the story of the day's dreadful events, but an unwelcome consideration had occurred to him.

"Will it not make Mrs. Chicklade even more unamiable if we bring Lady Hester here to stay?" he said uneasily. "You know, I don't like to mention it to you, but she has been saying such things: I don't think Chicklade will attend to her, because he seems to be a good sort of a fellow, but she wants him to tell Dr. Chantry he won't have Sir Gareth here, or any of us, because nothing will persuade her we are respectable persons—which, when one comes to think of it, we are not," he added gloomily. "Depend upon it she doesn't believe the hum you told her about Sir Gareth's being our uncle."

"We must remember always to say 'my uncle' when we have occasion to mention him,"

nodded Amanda. "In fact, we had better call him Uncle Gareth even between ourselves, so that we get into the habit of it."

"Yes, but she is so horribly suspicious that I daresay that won't answer. And, in any event, it wouldn't explain Lady Hester. I don't think we ought to say that she is betrothed to Sir—to Uncle Gareth—if you are not perfectly sure of it. Ten to one it would make her feel very awkward, if it turned out to be no such thing."

"Yes, very true," she replied, frowning over this difficulty. "I don't at all wish to put her in an uncomfortable situation, so we must think of some tale which that disagreeable woman will believe."

He watched her doubtfully, but after a moment her brow cleared.

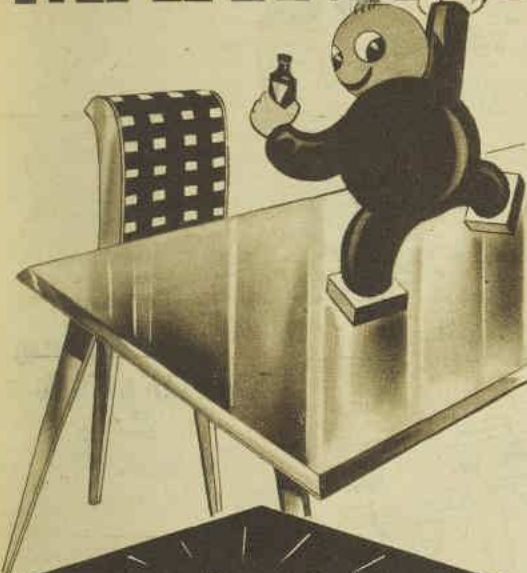
"Of course I know the very thing to make it all right. Lady Hester must be my aunt. Because it is the circumstance of my having no chaperon that makes Mrs. Chicklade so dis-

obliging. While I was putting off my stained gown she kept on asking me the most impertinent questions, and saying that she wondered that my mother should let me travel in such a way, just as if she was sure I had no mother, which, indeed, I haven't, so I told her. And also I told her that I had an aunt instead, and I could see that she didn't believe me, though it is quite true. So, I think, Hildebrand, that the thing for you to do is to inform Chicklade that you feel it to be your duty to fetch my aunt, and that will convince Mrs. Chicklade that I was speaking the truth!"

Thus it was arranged, Chicklade greeting the suggestion with instant approval, and a good deal of relief. Hildebrand saddled Prince, and rode off, leaving Amanda preparing to banish Mrs. Bardfield irrevocably from the sick room. It seemed likely that she would enjoy this task very much more than he expected to enjoy his.

To be continued

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 2, 1956

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there's no waste with Biddy's.
That's economy for you.



Hi-Ya Podners—I'm HOP-PEA—
just ridin' by to say hop right into those Biddy's Peas kids!
That MINT FLAVOUR is mighty fine—and Biddy's make you
strong, too. Yes sir—you'll build bone and muscle with all
the Protein, Minerals and Vitamins that are packed in those
tasty Biddy's Peas. Take it from me—Biddy's taste good—
and they're good for you.

Singing and dancing—laughing and living—
I'm WOOP-PEA—the 'energy' boy.

Energy—we could all use a little more—especially those
growing youngsters—they use it so fast. Now that's where
the Biddy Boys come in handy. Apart from some of
our cousins in the Bean family—no other vegetable has
such a high protein value and on the average we have
50% more calories per pound than peas in the pod.
There's energy for you. Whoopee!



POP ON THE PIANO
AND PLAY MY SONG
... Biddy



I'm SNAP-PEA—
let me tell you how to save
time and money. When Dad's
in a hungry hurry—it's only
10 minutes from can to man—
with Biddy's Peas. No shelling
or preparing—just heat in
the can—you save time all
round—and that delicious
MINT flavour!! MMM... For
a hot snack try Sausages,
Egg and Peas—Biddy's Peas
of course. There's a Snappy
Snack for you.



Say "Biddy's Peas—Please"

THREE-MINUTE MIXES

● Quickly mixed cakes are a boon to those who must always have something in the cake-tin for a hungry family.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

ELECTRIC blenders and electric mixers make it possible to produce cakes that take only three minutes' actual mixing time after the ingredients are assembled, or after the machine has done some preliminary mixing.

If you haven't an electric mixer or blender, try the method of mixing with a wooden spoon.

Simply sift the dry ingredients; add the shortening (cut into small pieces), the egg, the milk, and beat for 1 minute with a wooden spoon.

This quick-mix and electric-blender method is best for the not-too-rich type of cake.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, good $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cocoa, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped raisins, 3oz. or 4oz. chopped marshmallows, chocolate warm icing.

Place milk, then unbeaten eggs and sugar into the container of an electric blender. Switch power on and blend (with lid off) until smooth. Add cooled, melted butter or substitute during the blending process. Pour mixture into a basin, add sifted cocoa, flour, and salt, walnuts and raisins. Turn into greased 8in. ring-tin and bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, arrange chopped marshmallows around the top of the ring and spoon chocolate icing over.



CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE (above) is so quickly made that, for once, you will have a cake that lasts longer than the time it takes to mix it. After the ingredients have been prepared, an electric blender does the mixing in less than three minutes.

HONEY OATMEAL BARS

Six ounces oatcake biscuits, 3oz. chopped cherries (green and red), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup walnuts, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 2 teaspoons honey, angelica.

Break biscuits roughly, grind to a powder in an electric blender. Turn into a bowl, add cherries, nuts (broken up in blender), and baking-powder. Blend butter, eggs, sugar, milk, and honey. Pour over dry ingredients and mix well. Bake in square 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. tin in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler, when cold top with the following icing, cut into bars. Decorate with cherries and angelica.

Browned butter icing: Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 teaspoon honey and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla. Then beat in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted icing-sugar and mix well. Add 1 tablespoon hot water and another $\frac{1}{4}$ cup icing-sugar. Stir over low heat until softened to pouring consistency — less than 1 minute. Pour over cake, spread with a knife dipped in hot water.

CINNAMON COFFEE CAKE

Half pound plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter or substitute, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk.

Crumble topping: Three tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1oz. butter or substitute.

Prepare topping first. Sift flour and cinnamon, add sugar, rub in butter. Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt for cake. Add butter or substitute cut into very small pieces. Add sugar, beaten egg, and milk and beat for 1 minute with a

Continued on page 77



LEFT: Honey oatmeal bars are made by using finely ground oatcake biscuits instead of flour. The flavor is unusual and delicious, and the mixture is as quick as a wink to prepare.

LEFT: Spiced honey roll, a light-as-a-feather sponge. It takes only three minutes to finish the mixing by hand after the electric mixer has done all the tiring preliminary beating.

RIGHT: Cinnamon coffee cake is an inexpensive mix and ideal for morning tea. By melting the shortening and using a wooden spoon to beat, the prepared ingredients can be assembled ready for cooking in three minutes or less.

RIGHT: Banana cream cakes are so good they'll disappear quickly, so make plenty. This is easy, because the electric blender makes light work of mixing. If preferred, a dab of icing may replace the whipped cream on top.



BIG BOY sandwich

—an idea straight from
the Kraft Kitchen



Kraft's 'Big Boy' toasted sandwich is fun to eat, fun to prepare. Simply place in order, on 1 slice of the buttered bread, scrambled egg, gherkin, 2 oz. Kraft Cheddar, sliced (1/4 packet), onion rings, tomato, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Top with the remaining slice of the



KRAFT CHEDDAR

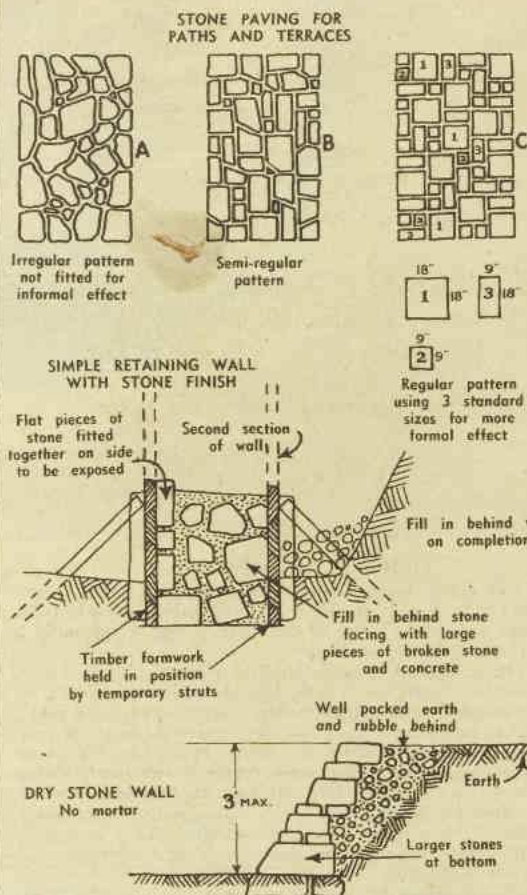


bread and toast both sides under a low grill. Kraft Cheddar gives your family wonderful nourishment... Vitamins A, B₂ and D, and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. It takes one gallon of milk to make one pound of Kraft Cheddar—what a bargain in nutrition. Kraft Cheddar is available in the familiar blue 8-oz. packet, the new 1-oz. portions, the family-size economy 2-lb. pack, or from the 5-lb. loaf. For those in your family who like a cheese with a stronger flavour—try Kraft Old English.

Architect's Diary

INFORMAL STONE WALLS

● John McInnis (the name is mine) had completed his home and was faced with the task of getting his garden under way.



DIAGRAMS above give some idea of varying types of stone-work and show the amateur how to make a simple retaining wall with a stone finish as well as a dry stone wall.

"I WOULD like to use the natural stone on the site for paths and garden walls," said Mr. McInnis, "but I'm afraid my knowledge of stonemasonry is so limited that they may look a bit crude."

"Don't try to imitate stonemason's work. Use the stone in an informal way. This involves far less work, and, in my opinion, results in a far more pleasing effect," I said.

"Rather than attempt to square up stone into perfectly rectangular blocks, select natural stones of approximately the right shape and size, and construct

"The timber forming need be only about 12 inches high.

"Flat stones are fitted together roughly against the framework on the side that will be exposed, and broken stone and concrete are placed in behind the flat stone.

"When the wall has set, the framework is removed and raised into a new position on top of the first section.

"Do you think that stone paving on a sloping bank is a good alternative?" asked Mr. McInnis.

"Like a stone-flagged path, you will need fairly large flat pieces of stone—pieces of sawn or split stone—which may be expensive.

"Small openings should be left in the paving to permit a few plants to break up the smoothness of the paving.

"Of course, the rock garden is also a cheap solution to the change-of-level problem."

"You mentioned sawn and split stone," said Mr. McInnis. "Which is the better?"

"Split stone is cheaper and wears better than sawn stone for paving. Various patterns are possible, depending on the formality you want.

"I think for the amateur the random effect is far better than a squared pattern. You could waste a lot of stone without a good result."

By Sydney Architect
W. J. McMURRAY

your retaining walls as dry walls—that is, without mortar," I said.

"Dry stone walls should not exceed about 3ft. in height, and must be built with a slight lean-back towards the earth being retained. Use bigger stones at the bottom, pack up rubble carefully behind the wall, and fill in with earth as you build the wall."

"Some of these walls will be much higher than 3ft.," Mr. McInnis pointed out.

"Then try a retaining wall with a stone finish," I said.

"For amateurs, a very effective way of doing this is by using a timber formwork similar to that used for a reinforced concrete wall.

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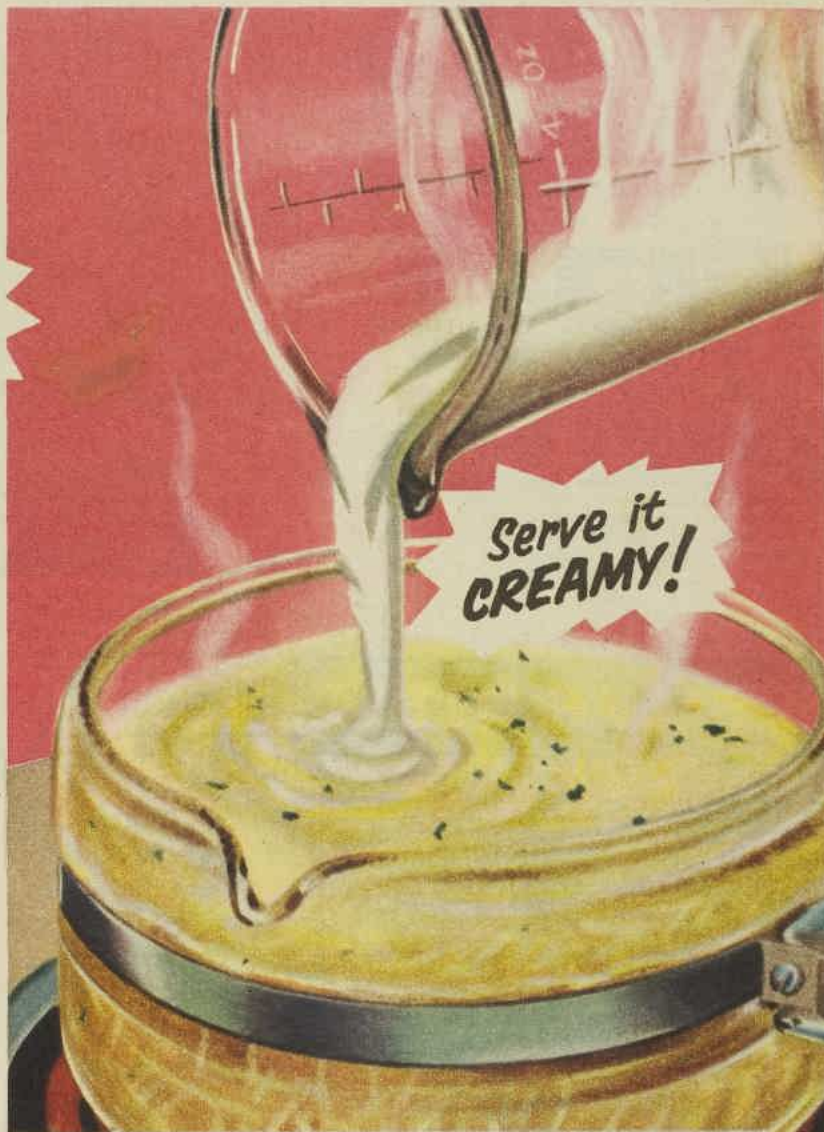
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Naturally soup tastes better when it's fresh home-cooked, so you won't begrudge the 7 minutes spent in simmering Continental to a gleaming Clear Chicken Soup. Then, if you'd like it as a creamy soup, add a white sauce. Just follow Betty King's simple recipe at right.

Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is made from plump spring chicken, egg noodles and tasty seasonings. It's a good idea to buy the handy Continental packets in twos. That way you can always have a packet on hand, ready for those unexpected visitors.

Betty King's RECIPE FOR CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP

Cook 1 packet of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup as directed, but use 3 cups of water instead of 4 as stated on packet. Stir in cup white sauce.

Suggested recipe for sauce:
Add 1 level tablespoon flour to ¼ oz. melted butter or margarine. Cook several minutes without browning, then add 1 cup milk. Stir till sauce boils and thickens.

Let Continental Soups help you plan your week's meals



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A velvety puree of young peas in seasoned beef stock.

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A thick soup with garden-fresh vegetables in beef stock.

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5 vegetables and golden egg noodles in a rich, ripe tomato stock.

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FIGARO HAIR STIMULATOR



KNITTED slip-on sweater (above) is a useful addition to the office girl's winter wardrobe. With crossover front, it can be worn over blouses or dummies or under suits. The high, ribbed basque fits neatly over waist and hips.

NEW SLIP-ON

● This simply designed slip-on is a smart knitted for all-round winter wear. Directions are given for three sizes.

Materials: A, 10oz.; B, 10oz.; C, 11oz. Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit A, 32in., B, 34in., C, 36in. bust; length from top of shoulder A, 19½in., B, 20in., C, 20½in.; length of sleeve seam A, 17½in., B, 17½in., C, 18in.

Tension: 8 sts to lin. in width on No. 11 needles.

BACK

**Using No. 13 needles cast on 110 (116, 122) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6in. ** Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. inc. once each end of needle in 3rd and every following 6th row until there are 130 (136, 142) sts. on needle. Work even until back measures 12½in. from commencement. Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 70 (70, 70) sts. rem., then at each end of every row until 36 sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as given from ** to ** for back. Change to No. 11 needles and proceed as follows:-

1st Row: K 35 (38, 41) cast on 30 sts., turn (65, 68, 71 sts.). Leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st, inc. once at beg. of needle in next and every following 6th row 10 times, while at same time dec. once at end of needle in next and every following 6th row 10 times.

Work 5 rows even.

Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at armhole edge in every alt. row 26 (28, 30) times, then every row 18 times, while at same time dec. as before at front edge in every 6th row. Cast off rem. sts.

Slip next 10 sts. on to a stitch-holder, and work on

rem. 65 (68, 71) sts. to correspond with other side, working shapings at opposite ends of needle.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles cast on 54 (60, 66) sts. and work in k 1 p 1 rib for 3in.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. inc. once each end of needle in 3rd and every following 8th row until there are 92 (98, 104) sts. on needle.

Work straight until sleeve measures 17½ (17½, 18) in.

Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of needle in next and every following 4th row until there are 78 (80, 82) sts. on needle, then every following 6th row until 64 sts. rem.

Work 5 rows even.

Proceed as follows:-
1st Row: K 2 tog., k 28, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 2 tog., k 28, k 2 tog.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.
3rd Row: K 28, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2 tog., k 28.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog.

7th Row: K 25, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 2 tog., k 25.

9th Row: K 2 tog., k 22, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 2 tog., k 22, k 2 tog.

Cont. dec. in this manner until 22 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using No. 13 needles, work in rib across 10 sts. from stitch-holder, and cont. in rib until band measures 41 (41½, 42) in. (not stretched) from commencement.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and an ½ of an inch back-stitch seam for other seams, sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves. Sew cast-on edge of left front loosely to basque ending 6in. from side seam. Sew neckband in position. Finally press all seams.

KNITTING BOOK

● Our wonderful 1956 family knitting book is now on sale at our offices, book-sellers, and newsagents for only 2/-.

EASY - TO - FOLLOW instructions and illustrations, many of them in color, are given for 36 smart new designs. Two designs from the book are shown here.



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**Mums
custard!**



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Baby Magazine, price 2/-, is interesting and useful to all mothers. You can order it by sending 24/- for 12 monthly issues to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.



APRICOT SPIRALS are a delicious addition to the tea-party table. Meringue and apricot jam create the spiral effect. See the prize recipe below.

Biscuits win £5

Party biscuits, easy to make and very good to eat, win this week's prize of £5.

THE biscuits are inexpensive because egg-yolks are used in the biscuit mixture and the whites are saved for the meringue topping.

Apricot jam is trickled around the meringue spirals to make a delectable decoration. Spoon measurements are level.

Good, tested recipes, containing readily available food-stuffs, are welcome each week. Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

APRICOT SPIRALS

Six oz. plain flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar for meringue.

Mix flour, sugar, and salt, and rub in shortening until mixture looks like fine breadcrumbs. Add egg-yolks and mix until mixture binds into a firm dough. Chill one hour. Roll out thinly and cut with a plain two-inch cutter. Pipe spirals of meringue mixture on each, starting at the outside edge. Bake 25-30 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, trickle apricot

jam (sieved and heated with extra sugar) around meringue spirals.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites until stiff. Add sugar gradually, beat until mixture holds its shape. Fill into tube or paper cone with a plain pipe attached, and pipe, spiral fashion, on to biscuits.

Note: Meringue or biscuit mixture (or both) may be flavoured with ground almonds.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Hood, 14 Crown St., Epping, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish is an interesting way of serving rabbit. It serves four or five and costs 5/9.

PIQUANTE RABBIT

One rabbit, ½ pint stock or water, salt, 3 peppercorns, 2 cloves, 3 or 4 shallots, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons flour, ½ cup evaporated milk, cayenne pepper, ½ cup diced cooked celery, 4 ounces spaghetti, ½ clove garlic.

Soak jointed rabbit 1 or 2 hours in salted water. Drain and cook with stock or water, salt, peppercorns, cloves, and shallots in covered saucepan 1½ hours or pressure-cook 20 to 25 minutes. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in evaporated milk and one-and-a-half cups of stock. Stir until boiling, season with salt and cayenne. Add rabbit pieces and drained celery. Reheat. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water with finely chopped garlic. Drain and serve with the rabbit.

Tony's luxury dish

Omelette Pirandello

"FOR luncheon there is nothing better than a well-cooked egg-dish," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club. "If you follow this recipe carefully you will be delighted with the result."

For four persons you will need:

Twelve new-laid eggs, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 small sweet green peppers, 1 clove crushed garlic, 4 fresh ripe tomatoes, 2 chopped white onions, 3 tablespoons cooked ham, cut very finely, pepper and salt.

Slice green pepper finely and saute in olive oil. Add salt, pepper, and onions, cook until golden brown. Peel and seed and chop the tomatoes coarsely, add them to the mixture. Simmer for about 30 minutes, then add the butter. Beat the eggs slightly, add a little salt and pepper to taste. Stir vigorously into the tomato mixture, add garlic and ham, then raise the heat so that the eggs will cook quickly. Slide the whole omelette into a hot dish and serve.

THREE-MINUTE MIXES

Continued from page 73

wooden spoon. Fill into greased 9in. sandwich-tin. Sprinkle topping over and bake in moderate oven approximately ½ hour. Turn on to clean tea-towel to preserve crumble top, carefully invert on to cake-cooler. Cut and serve freshly made.

SPICED HONEY ROLL

Three eggs, ½ cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ cup arrow-root, ½ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, mock cream, icing-sugar.

Separate whites from yolks

of eggs, place whites in electric mixer, and beat on speed 8 until stiff. Add sugar gradually and beat until dissolved. Add honey and sifted dry ingredients and fold in with a spoon. Pour into greased swiss-roll tin with a piece of greased paper on base of tin and bake in moderate oven 15 to 17 minutes. Turn out on to grease-proof or waxed paper dusted with sugar. Trim crust from all four edges, roll up quickly. Leave until quite cold. Unroll, spread with cream. Re-roll and dust with icing-sugar.

BANANA CREAM CAKES

Three-quarter cup milk, 2 eggs, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 medium bananas, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 8oz. self-raising flour.

Place all ingredients except flour into electric blender. Switch power on and blend until quite smooth. Pour into sifted flour in basin and mix until smooth. Spoon into paper patty-cakes, bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes. When quite cold and ready to serve, add a dab of whipped cream and a piece of cherry.



UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the satisfying breakfast

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new RECIPE

WHOLE DINNER ROLL

PASTRY: 8 ozs. S.R. flour, ½ cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 tablesp. butter, margarine or fat, 1 cup milk, 2 ozs. grated cheese, ½ teasp. salt, pepper to taste.

FILLING: ½ lb. minced steak, 1 onion, 1 rasher bacon, 1 tablesp. chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, 1 teasp. curry powder, 1 cup cold, cooked root vegetable.

Cook meat with flavourings for 15 mins. Allow to cool. Roll into sausage shape. Rub butter into the flour. Add grated cheese and oats. Add flavourings. Mix to medium dough with the milk. Turn on to lightly floured board. Roll into oblong shape. Glaze with melted butter or milk. Spread the vegetable to within 1 inch of the edge. Place meat in the centre. Glaze edges and ends of pastry. Roll up and place in well-greased loaf tin with join underneath. Glaze with milk and cook in hot oven, 400° F., for 10 mins. Reduce temperature to 350° F. and cook further 30 mins. Serve with rich, brown gravy.

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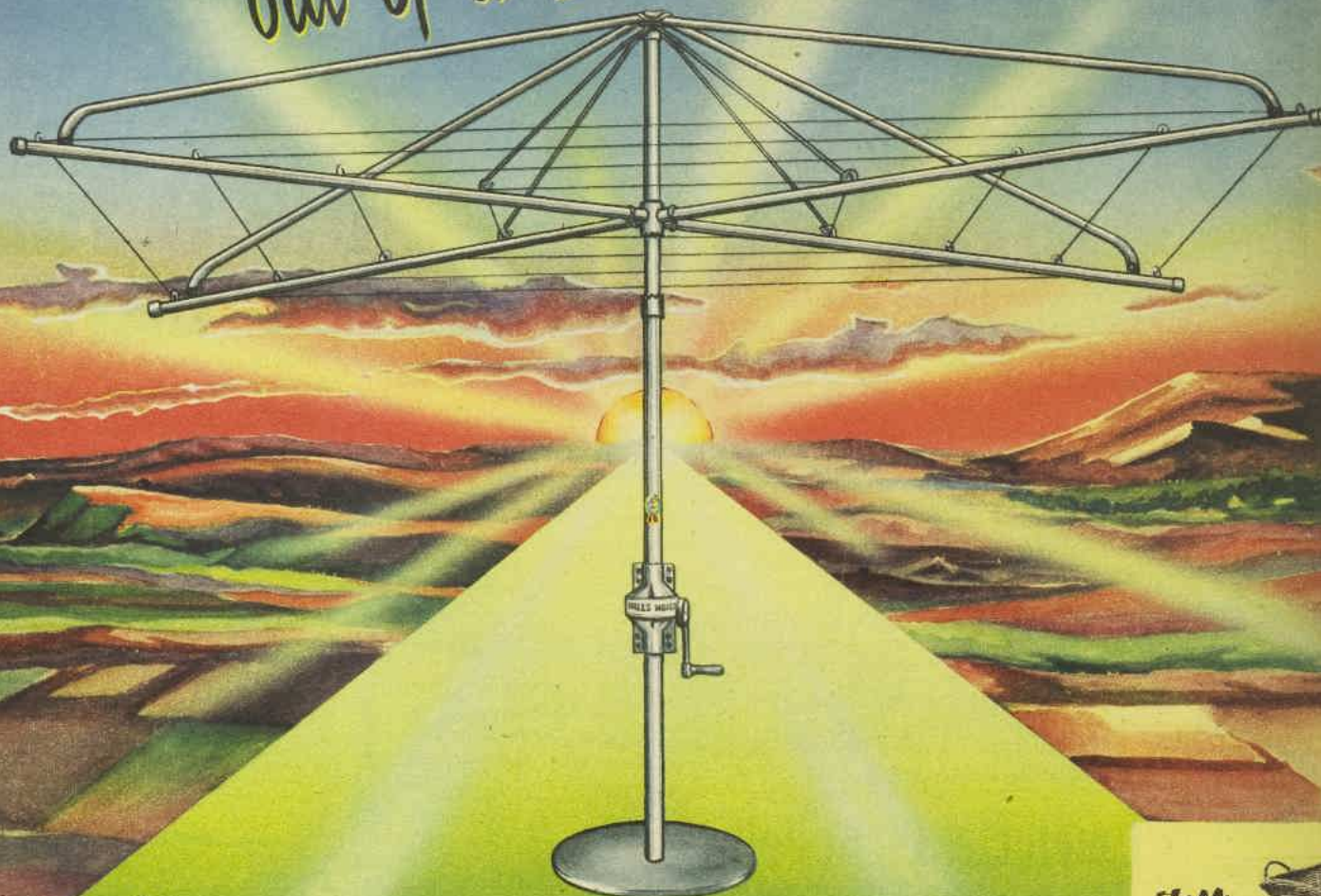
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"I never have to worry now 'bout falling lines and props,
And instead of walking up and down I peg out from one spot.
HILLS LAUNDRY PRAM is such a boon — saves carrying and bending,
It saves that awful stooping which seemed always never-ending."

"On warm days Dad delights in putting on the Canvas Cover,
Then when work's done, we like to sit beneath it with each other.
The clothes dry so much faster that I've very often voiced:
'I really think the sun shines out of my HILLS SUPA HOIST.'"

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CASE FILE: F.B.I.

Our two-part novel
BY THE GORDONS

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

(Part 1)

MOST days are lost shortly after they are lived, but Rip was to remember this one with clarity.

He had come in early to clean up the paper work on a high-jacking case, and settled behind the complaint desk of the F.B.I.'s Chicago office.

Peg, the receptionist, smiled at him from the doorway. She was an ash-blond with an upturned nose and quiet, pixie ways.

"Good morning, Mr. Ripley," she said. She always used the "Mister" in the office, although they had been out together a couple of times bowling.

"Hello, Peg," he answered, glancing up from the case file. She had a new hair-do, and he commented on it.

"Don't you think it makes me look older?" she asked. She believed nineteen was criminally young. He smiled and nodded.

Rip worked steadily through the morning.

When the call came at 4.12 it was a girl's voice, low and husky, and it had warmth.

"I've got to talk with you," she said. "I can't over the telephone. Could you come to my apartment tonight?"

He asked for her name, and thought the phone had gone dead. "Hello," he said.

She was still at the other end. "You won't tell anyone I called? Not even if they ask—"

He repeated his little speech about the F.B.I. holding all information in strict confidence.

"Brenda Ralles," she said. She spelled the last name. "I'm a secretary in a law office. I—"

She stopped as though someone had walked by.

"Your address?" he asked.

"Nine two five East Morse Avenue. Did you say you were Mr. Ripley?"

"That's right. John Ripley. Would you tell me something about the information you have? Maybe I could—"

"No, I couldn't. Not over the— I know this sounds — Well, it's about the little Martel girl—if you could come about eleven."

Her words drifted away. He sorted quickly through the file room of his mind for the name of Martel. Failing to find it, he signalled Peg, and handed her a slip with the name scribbled on it.

"Couldn't we make it earlier, Miss Ralles?" he asked.

"I don't want anyone to know you came. It's an apartment house. Everybody will be asleep by then. I live on the first floor, at the back of the building. You can come in the alleyway. I have a dog, but—"

She was talking so low her words were only wisps of sound. He listened intently, seeking to evaluate them, to determine whether he should make the appointment.

Peg placed a file folder before him. He lifted the jacket cover and glanced at the case.

He said into the phone, "An agent will be at your apartment at eleven, Miss Ralles."

What he had read was:

"Title: Katherine Martel, victim. Character of case: Extortion."

The terror racket.

For Kate Martel the case had begun eight nights before when the phone rang at five minutes past four in her home on the northside.

She awakened, thrashing about.

She felt the fright that comes with a phone ringing in the night's stillness. She turned the bed-lamp on, walked over to the chair by the telephone table, and said "Hello" in a voice drunk with sleep. "East Chicago, Indiana, calling," said the operator. "Go ahead, please."

The man sounded far away. He said, "Katherine Martel?"

"Yes, this is she."

"You have ten thousand dollars in the First National Bank."

She felt a jab near her heart, and was fully awake. "Who is this?" she demanded.

"You shut up and listen. I'll do the talking. I want you to get that ten thousand in cash. Nothing bigger than twenties. You get it? Nothing bigger than twenties."

"You're crazy," she said. "I don't know who you are, but if you think you're going to get Bill's insurance money that way—" She had got out of the chair by the telephone

Continued overleaf

table and was standing very erect.

"Shut up. If you don't get the cash, something'll happen to your little girl."

She sagged down into the chair, and said nothing.

"Thought that'd shut you up. Now, listen, you get the money. Ten thousand—or else. Have it ready. I'll tell you in a few days where to take it."

She was stunned, but she said evenly, "All right. I'll have it, if you don't—"

"You have it, period. But listen now. If you go to the police I'll cut your little girl's throat."

He stopped, waiting for a promise, and she gave it.

"Now, listen. Don't get any screwy ideas you can ship the kid off somewhere or hire a dick to guard her."

The click in the receiver had a dismaying finality to it. She had wanted to ask questions.

She was running in her bare feet to Vicki's room, panic sweeping her as she thought, what if he already has her?

Vicki was sleeping soundly, a homely little round, freckled face, punched-in nose, and hair that insisted on confusion. Like Bill's had been. Kate kissed her softly on the forehead.

"Oh, Bill," she whispered, thinking of Bill's hand in hers that night when Vicki, ill with pneumonia, reached the crisis. He had said later, "It's you, Kate, who's got the guts in this family."

Guts? He had died in Korea, fighting on Old Baldy. The Congressional Medal was tucked away in the bottom drawer of the chest. It was Vicki's to have when she was older. It and the newspaper clippings that already, barely a year gone by, were drying out, as her life had dried out.

"Oh, Bill," she whispered again, finding comfort in his name.

The window, open a few inches at the bottom, caught her eye. Quickly, as though some hand might raise it at any moment, she locked it tight. She looked out on tree-filtered moonlight, across the space to the window where Emil and his wife were sleeping. Emil had said, "If you ever need us, scream." Emil had been an arm to hold to this past year, collecting the insurance, filling out her income-tax return, advising her.

She thought of waking him. He was close-mouthed, but his wife, Mady, was a talkative biddy. What was more, Kate had a feeling Mady suspected there was something between her and Emil. Emil, who was easily in his sixties.

She walked to the living-room, found her cigarettes, and lighted one. The cuckoo chirped that it was four-thirty. She thought, he sounds tired.

Uncle Max would be along shortly. She had to decide what to do before he returned, or he would take over in his whining, abused way. He would say this never would have happened if Bill were alive. His grumbling would infer it was all because she let Vicki have her way too often.

She had two choices. She could tell no one, pay over the ten thousand, and pray the extortionist kept his word. Or she would go to the police and hope it didn't get into the newspapers.

It was Bill's money, not hers. It would be Vicki's for her college years, for the education she and Bill had planned only a month or two after Vicki was born.

The police. Odd she hadn't thought of Zack Stewart right off. She dialled a number.

"F.B.I.," the girl said. Kate asked for Special Agent Zack Stewart. She was puzzled she remembered his name. He had called at her office at Pierce-Cabot's a few weeks before to make a routine loyalty check on a friend who was seeking a high government post. She re-

"CASE FILE: F.B.I.," by The Gordons

membered him as a big man, about her age, twenty-five, with a round, honest, blond face that still had some of the boy in it.

The F.B.I. girl advised she wasn't permitted to give out Agent Stewart's home telephone number, but if the matter were urgent, she would have him call shortly.

In about five minutes he was on the phone. Before he let her go into details he assured himself she was on a one-party line, and that no one could overhear her.

She repeated the conversation with the extortionist as nearly as she could, word by word. He wanted to know all the details, some seemingly unimportant.

He didn't attempt to alarm her, nor did he minimise the matter. He asked her to leave her mail untouched in her box the next day until he could give her a supply of cellophane envelopes. "If the extortionist writes," he said, "we may get fingerprints if you handle the envelope by the edges and put it in a cellophane folder."

HE didn't think he should come to see her that night. "Someone may be watching your apartment," he said. "I'll talk with you in the morning at your office." He asked her to bring a photograph of Vicki, and again the wingbeat of fear fluttered in her. He would have use for a picture of Vicki only if something happened to Vicki.

He continued, "These cases usually follow a pattern. We have about fifteen hundred a year. The chances are you won't hear from this man for several days. He wants to break you down with worry, so you will do exactly as he says."

As he was about to hang up he said: "Remember this, Mrs. Martel. He wants the ten thousand. As long as he thinks he can get it, he's not going to harm your daughter. He hasn't anything to trade except her safety. It's a cruel, vicious business, but it has its pattern."

She couldn't bring herself to turn out the lights. She lay thinking, struggling to match the voice to that of a friend or an acquaintance.

When she heard Uncle Max's key in the door she turned on her side and closed her eyes. She heard him padding into the bedroom like a cat, and felt his hand on her shoulder, shaking her.

She pretended to arouse herself. "What are the lights on for?" he asked.

"I guess I forgot . . ."

"A fine thing. Burning up Bill's money that way."

He gave the light switches sharp flicks, grumbling the while.

If he were her uncle, if he weren't Bill's . . . She would have to do something about him.

Shortly after five-thirty Zack looked in, saw Rip, and said, "I've got a lead today on Joe Walpo. A girl-friend named Connie Jonas Anderson. She's living in a two-hundred-a-month apartment on the north-side. We staked the place out."

Joseph Xanias Walpo, known by the underworld as The Shiv, was number one on the F.B.I.'s list of "most wanted criminals." His record spanned fifteen years of assorted crimes. He had shot down two women who irked him by walking into a bank in the midst of a hold-up. He had half blasted the head off a girl teller because he didn't like the way she looked at him. He was under life sentence for this slaying when he killed a U.S. marshal who was transferring him to prison

from Dallas. He had made good his escape, and was free.

"New girl-friend—or old?" Rip asked.

"Old."

"I take it she's a hard number?"

"Well, she's seen a lot of life—and life has seen a lot of her. What's with you? I got this special in my folder to see you."

"The Martel case. Woman name of Brenda Ralles. Says she has information. Do you know her?"

Zack put his two hundred and thirty pounds down carefully. "Could be a break in the case," he said slowly. "I never heard of a Brenda Ralles. As you can see from the report, nobody knows about the Martel matter except the extortionist and Kate Martel and the F.B.I."

"Maybe Kate Martel talked."

"Not Kate Martel."

"Eight days are a long time to wait," Rip said. "She's done a lot of worrying. She's never gone to bed without expecting the phone to ring, or to the mailbox without thinking there might be a letter."

Rip had seen the insidious eating away of the insides of the strongest. He had watched as a retired army colonel, who had been one of the first to strike the beach at Anzio, had wasted away until he was a tubercular. He remembered the bank president who lost his speech.

It was something no man could fight, the unseen about you, around you, waiting at night when you turned off the lights, there in the morning when you ate breakfast. The unseen, and never knowing when it would strike, or what it would do. A mind so warped that it was accountable to no law of reason or temperance.

It was like the long, slow squeezing of a trigger. Sometimes it went off, and no one could say where the gun might point.

Zack reached for the phone.

"I don't think Kate Martel's going to break," he said. "She's a redhead, and Irish."

He reached her at her office. The name, Brenda Ralles, was unfamiliar, and the Morse Avenue address held no significance.

When Zack hung up Rip said, "You're working the case, but if you want me to come along tonight—"

"Tell you what," Zack interjected, "Ginny has been wondering what happened to you. How about coming to the house for dinner and canasta? We'll have until ten-thirty."

They filled out their Number Three cards, noting they were leaving the office at five-fifty-five, but at eleven would be at Brenda Ralles' apartment, 925 East Morse Avenue. They put down the approximate time of departure from her place as midnight.

The buildings, disgorging their mobs, held the sticky heat of the day in their canyons, and also its smells.

It was this crowded, elbowing, shoving time of day when Rip felt the longing of a corralled wild horse for the blue mesas. He was range born. He had sat the saddle soon after learning to walk.

At 12 he had bulldozed his first steer, and at 15, when his father died, he had taken over a spread of 400 acres that was so miserable it would only support 40 head of cattle. He had gone to a law school at his mother's insistence, but when he finished there was no money for sitting out the long wait for customers.

It was seven years since he joined the Bureau, and in those seven years the Bureau had found his slow, methodical, thinking ways as effective in

trailing criminals as they had been in rounding up outlaw broncs or stray mavericks.

When they swung into the Outer Drive towards Evanston, the coolness of pumpkin time blew into the car. At Morse Avenue they turned right.

They drove slowly by the apartment building at 925, a three-story brick structure with a postage-stamp yard that had been pounded by too many little feet.

Zack was at the wheel, and, as they went down the alley, Rip mentioned the physical details. A shrub hedge, five feet high, with a passageway through it going to a rear door. Four huge garbage cans standing along the hedge in the alleyway. A large tree, a few feet from the passageway, spreading its dense branches over the alley.

They parked the car and sought out the janitor. He proved to be a spry little Czech. He said in the winter he saw Brenda Ralles leave every morning around eight, about the time he was taking the ashes out. She always greeted him with a hello.

He recalled with a wistfulness in his chipper blue eyes that she had the laughter the girls in Prague had had in his youth, when Prague was a happy city. He said she had boy-friends. Sometimes nights when he would be firing up he would hear them. Not that they were noisy, but just enjoying themselves.

They learned little else, and, leaving the area, worked their way through Evanston's traffic to a strip of Mid-western Americana named Livingston St.

Zack's wife was undismayed at having a guest for dinner. She was a busy, competent individual of twenty-three who looked none the worse for having spent the day wrestling with their two-year-old daughter.

"Bout time you had another lesson in canasta," she teased Rip.

"I'll give the lesson," he retorted. He wouldn't, though, and it bothered him that she always won. Canasta was simple detective work, nothing more. But Ginny was a gambler, and he wasn't.

They talked at dinner about cabbages and kings, and settled into a hectic game afterwards.

As usual, Ginny's recklessness paid off. Rip was trailing her by fourteen hundred points, and Zack by eighteen when they quit the game.

They parked the car a block away from Brenda's apartment, and walked towards the lake. They heard the brush of leaves as their feet stirred them, and the low talk of a boy and girl on a doorstep.

To Rip it was like a thousand other nights. Yet always the feeling of the first time possessed him, not of foreboding, nor apprehension, but the strange sensation of wondering what was behind the door they soon would walk through.

Zack paused to light a cigarette, and for a moment his face was suspended in the thin glow. By the same match he looked at his watch and reported it was eleven.

They walked away from the street light and down the alley. The shadows of the night vanished into still greater darkness until they felt their feet exploring each step. Rip was conscious of a thin, crescent moon hung low in the sky, of muted light in Brenda Ralles' apartment, where the blinds were down.

He thought he heard a door close. It wasn't a slam, but a firm, determined closing.

Then the light flooded about them. The blinds went up in Brenda Ralles' apartment, and the light was like a spot.

The shot was nothing more than a crack. Zack turned about, a long slow turn, his hand jerking in spasms as it sought for the .38. Rip dropped, pulling Zack with him. The heavy jolt as Zack struck the ground told Rip that Zack had caught the slug.

Rip heard a woman screaming, and it was near, maybe at the window. She was shrieking something, but the words wouldn't fit into sensible sounds. They were blurred by the yapping of a dog.

Rip struggled to crawl out of the light, to pull Zack with him, but Zack was too much for him. He waited, his finger pulling back on the trigger as far as he dared, his eyes scanning the hedge, certain the shot had come from the shrubbery.

The gravel stung his face as a slug ripped into the ground before him. He saw a black blotch in the passageway and pulled the trigger. The blotch was running, and he pulled it again. But each time Zack, groaning and twisting, touched his gun arm.

Light flooded out of the windows. He heard people shouting to him, and he was lying prone, the .38 still in hand. As gently as he could, he pushed Zack's weight from him and knelt by him. The place was becoming a bedlam, and the bedlam was closing in on him.

He felt Zack's pulse. There was nothing to feel. He thought of Ginny.

When the carnival that violent death inevitably attracts had drifted away, Rip sat in a hard, straight provincial chair in Brenda Ralles' apartment.

The medical officer had pronounced Zack dead. The photographers had taken their pictures. The morgue attendants had removed the body.

F.B.I. agents and homicide detectives had questioned everyone in the two buildings flanking the alley. The back door had been dusted for prints, and a plaster of Paris cast made of a lone footprint in a flower bed.

Road blocks had been set up in the streets, the area barricaded in. Radio cars had prowled the alleys and thoroughfares, their spotlights exploring every shadow where the hunted might hide.

AT last the stillness of night had closed in again, now that the sirens were finished with their brief act of terror, and the crowds that had swarmed like baseball fans at a coliseum had gone back to their cubbyholes.

The homicide detectives had been the first to question Brenda Ralles. Her answers had been as perfunctory as those of others in the building. Those who were not sleeping had seen or heard this or that bit of trivia, or imagined it.

Rip recognised the pattern. Around each violent death the imagination seizes upon the emotional turmoil to tell the eyes they have seen this, and the ears they have heard that, until even a man who searches his soul cannot always know the truth.

Lieutenant Jake Kuppel offered to withdraw when Rip came into the apartment, but Rip motioned him to stay. Kuppel was patient, plodding, analytical, persistent, a thin man in his early thirties with eyes as cold as a subpoena.

Rip introduced himself to the girl, who was sitting taut on the divan. "I'm John Ripley. I'm the agent you talked with this afternoon."

She looked at him quickly out of wide blue eyes. She had a chenille robe gathered tightly at her waist and hanging loosely

over a cerise gown. Her flush had the firmness and freshness of twenty. It was a clean white. "I talked with you?"

He recognised the inviting huskiness that had come over the phone. "Yes, when you called the F.B.I."

She studied that for a moment. "I don't understand," she said slowly. "I didn't call the F.B.I."

Rip tightened up on the cords of his body. Zack's death had shaken him to his depths.

"At four-twelve this afternoon you called the F.B.I. You talked with me. You said you had information about an important matter. You asked if agents would call here at eleven. Two of us started out. Only one is here."

Her hands sought contact in each other. She was trembling.

"Honestly, Mr. Ripley, I didn't."

"I heard your voice. I'm hearing it now. It's the same."

She managed a rather desperate smile. "I don't know what we're talking about," she said.

"You raised the window blind?"

"Yes, I thought I heard something outside. Tommy was restless. Tommy's my dog."

Lieutenant Kuppel arched himself from his silence. "Do you always raise the blind if you think a prowler's outside?"

"I—I don't know, I did tonight."

"It was dark out there," Jake Kuppel continued. "The blinds had to have light. You raised the blind. He fired the shot."

She found a handkerchief tucked into the cushion of the divan, and ran it over her sweating throat.

"You're scared," said Kuppel. "What of?"

"I'm not scared. I mean, of course, I am. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Sure, you'd be after you got an F.B.I. man out here and your boy-friend killed him."

"I didn't, I tell you—"

Kuppel quit the attack and became like a father, inviting confidences. "Okay, you didn't. I don't think a good kid like you would. But someone's using you. Somebody tricked you into this."

Rip thought he noted an uneasiness about her that had nothing to do with Kuppel's him. It was in the manner her eyes went to the kitchen door, and in the slow way she talked, as if she were considering her words not alone for the effect they would have on them but also on a third person out of sight.

He went into the kitchen, the window opened on the back area, and it was up a few inches.

When he returned, she was saying, "I—I want to phone Mr. Rainer. Can I?"

"Sure," said Kuppel. "Call your boss. Maybe he'll have some sense into you."

However, she made no move towards the telephone. Her body continued to sit on the divan with the frigidity of a chair. It was then Rip noticed the bleeding.

"I see you've hurt your head." Blood was oozing from behind her right ear.

Her voice invited sympathy. "Yes, I did. I slipped on the rug and hit my head on the phone table. She pointed to the splintered edge.

"You slipped?" Rip asked. His eyes diagrammed the situation. She would have missed the table by a foot.

"Yes," she said quietly.

Under their questioning she told them she had worked at the office until nine, preparing a brief. She had been alone at Webster's, and taking the El about ten, arriving home around ten-thirty. She undressed, washed out lingerie, picked up a magazine, and fell asleep. The next day

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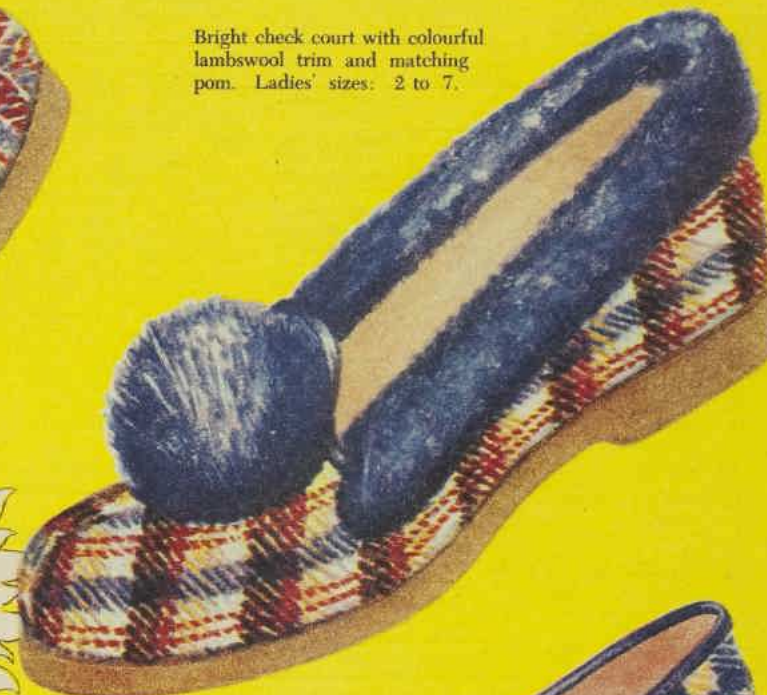
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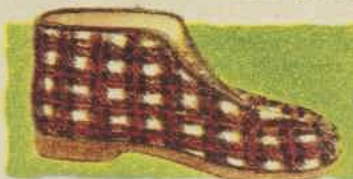
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knew, she heard Tommy at the window growling. She raised the blind to look out, and heard the shot.

The narration calmed her. She turned her eyes on Rip. "Mr. Ripley," she said, "you must believe me, I didn't call you. I didn't ask for you to come here tonight. I don't understand it, but you must know that I wouldn't be a party to . . ."

She couldn't finish the sentence. They called another homicide detective in to continue questioning her while they withdrew to confer in the hallway.

"What do you think, Lieutenant?" Rip asked.

Kuppel got a cigar going. "Hard to figure. She looks innocent. And these kids fool you. Sometimes they are innocent."

After blowing smoke out in thoughtful appraisal, he asked, "Are you sure of the voice? Maybe somebody did use her name."

"I'm not sure. Nobody could be. A voice isn't a fingerprint."

Kuppel said he could hold her on suspicion, but not for long. Her boss would effect a release. From a pay phone in the hall, Rip telephoned the U.S. Attorney, although he knew what the answer would be. Under Federal law she had to be arraigned at once after she was taken into custody, and they had no evidence on which to base a charge.

They decided on a tail job. "A loose one," said Kuppel. "If she's the girl who phoned you, she'll be watching for a tail. Better to lose her than for her to hole up on us."

When they returned she was telling the detective, "No, I've never had a room-mate. I like it better this way."

Kuppel said, "Got any folks?"

"My mom. Up in Wisconsin. Ever hear of Marshfield?" She was trying hard to be a woman, all woman, but what Rip saw before him was a frightened youngster.

"You need to think this out," Rip said. "I'll be back tomorrow. Maybe by then . . ."

It was almost three when they left. As Rip closed the door he glanced at the memo pad by the telephone that he had spotted some time before.

His name was scrawled on the pad. John Ripley.

He took the news to Ginny. She came down the stairs in faded pyjamas, thinking it was Zack, and he had lost his key. Before she opened the door she turned on the porch light, saw through the oblong panes that it was Rip, and was at once fearful.

"Where's Zack?" she asked. He told her, and it was hard. The canasta pad Zack had kept score on was still on the card table, and his half-finished ginger ale on the mantel.

Rip thought of telling her Zack had died a hero in the best tradition of the F.B.I. Fidelity, integrity, bravery. But that was for the newspapers. He put coffee on the stove, and telephoned an agent's wife to come over.

The city was beginning to push back the covers as he drove to the office in a pre-dawn light. Newspaper trucks rumbled past him, and once he caught a headline on top of a roped bundle: "Killer Ambushes F.B.I. Agent."

The story would be an account of heroism, lifted up out of the shabby, sordid surroundings of the alley. It would recall the cold, drizzly night when Baby Face Nelson ambushed and killed Special Agents Sam Cowley and Herman Hollis, and the time a notorious car thief murdered another Chicago agent, Edwin C. Shanahan.

"CASE FILE: F.B.I.," by The Gordons

Rip thought, as he often had during these seven years with the Bureau, of how treacherous and quixotic life is.

You plan a raid on a farmhouse where a desperado is holed up. He has sent word he'll kill you, and you figure out this may be it. And then he walks out with his hands up, making you feel a little foolish with the rifles, the Tommy-guns, the tear gas, the mile ray spots, the radio cars, the loud-speakers.

You go on a routine call into a quiet neighborhood, and the siren of an ambulance trails the crack of a bullet.

You never know what's behind any door, what's in any mind.

When he signed in, Peg asked, "Are you all right?" and he said, "Sure, Peg."

She was thinking it could have been Rip instead of Zack. She said, "The S.A.C. wants to see you."

The S.A.C. was what everybody called the Special Agent in Charge of the field office. He stood up each day to a racking demand for quick decisions, running problems through a crack-shot brain that hadn't erred in his eighteen years with the bureau. The night had sharpened the lines about his eyes.

"Come in, Rip," the S.A.C. said. "I don't have to tell you how I feel about Zack—how we all feel."

He continued. "The bureau thinks we may find Zack's slayer in one of the cases he was investigating. He may have been close to knowing something to—catching someone. Perhaps in the Martel extortion affair, since either this girl, Brenda Ralles, or someone posing as her, told you she had information. The bureau thinks though we shouldn't confine our work to the Martel matter, but follow through on other cases Zack was working. The Martel affair may be a red herring."

He cleared his throat. "I want you to work his cases out. I needn't warn you to be careful. How soon can you start?"

HIS glance fell on the clock. "Six-seventeen," he said. "Perhaps a couple of hours' sleep."

"I can start now," Rip said. "Good. I've asked Greg Barker to work with you. He's new, but you'll find him capable."

Rip couldn't place Barker, although he had seen several new faces about the office. He stopped at Peg's desk to ask about Barker.

"You'll like him," she said. "He's homespun."

He asked the chief clerk's office for Zack's cases, and soon his desk was stacked with voluminous reports.

Zack's "case load" had totaled eight. Some agents, working out of the general desk, had as many as a dozen, ranging from leads that Washington and other field divisions wanted checked to active Chicago investigations.

Each man's cases usually covered a wide assortment. He might work today on an impersonation lead, tomorrow on fraud against the Government; one week he might devote his time to highjacking, the next to theft of Government property. Among his cases might be murder, kidnapping, extortion, treason, or espionage.

Sometimes on these he might spend months. Or they might "break" within 48 hours.

He would work a major case until he had exhausted the possibilities, and then if he had to wait for a report to come in from the lab or from another field division or from some de-

velopment he himself had set off, he would turn to another case.

The "case load" was always heavy.

Rip quickly eliminated five of Zack's cases: two routine loyalty checks, a draft violation that the United States Attorney had dismissed when the subject reported to his Selective Service Board, a lead from Los Angeles which merely asked for background material on a girl to establish her age, and a request from Detroit for a truck-driver's employment record in a highjacking case.

Rip was still looking through the files when Greg Barker walked in. It was eight-thirty.

"I'm Barker," he said, tamping a pipe. "My mother calls me Greggon. Some of the rabble refer to me as Sherlock."

Rip remembered. He'd heard about this agent with a pipe, to whom the tag of Sherlock had readily attached itself.

"Glad to know you, Barker," he said. "Did the S.A.C. tell you what we're doing?"

Barker nodded. He was a stocky blond, on the short side.

"I've reviewed Zack's cases," Rip said, motioning him to a chair, "and put all except three aside for the time being. These three look the most explosive, two especially."

Barker had his pipe going.

"One's the Martel extortion matter," Rip continued.

"Kate Martel's a buyer for the Pierce-Cabot department store. She got a telephone call demanding the ten thousand dollars insurance money left by her husband, Bill, who was killed in Korea. The extortionist threatened harm to her daughter, Vicki, who's six. She hasn't got any instructions yet about payment, and there's not much we can do until she does. Zack traced the call to a pay phone in an East Chicago tavern, and ran into a dead end there."

Rip picked up a folder three inches thick. "This is the Joe Walpo case. You've heard of Walpo, of course. He's wanted for the killing of a U.S. marshal. The bureau's carrying him under 'Escaped Federal Prisoner,' 'Bank Robbery,' and 'Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution for Murder.' He never cases a job, never plans a raid. He figures he can blast his way through anything. Zack located a girl-friend—"

The telephone cut him short. The call was from Lieutenant Kuppel.

"Thought you'd be in bed," said Kuppel, who never missed a chance to make a good-natured jibe. "The footprint belongs to the gardener. The fingerprints match the tenants'. But we got a slug from the body. It's from a .357 magnum."

"Christopher!" said Rip. The weapon was one of tremendous velocity, with an effective range of two hundred yards and a maximum of twenty-seven hundred.

"What do you know?" Kuppel asked.

"Nothing so far," Kuppel said. "I think we'd better take another whack at that Ralles dame?"

Rip arranged to meet Kuppel at ten at the law office where she worked. He turned back to Barker. "The prints washed out," he said.

He took up the Walpole file. "Zack located an old girl friend of Walpo's up on the north side. Her name's Connie Anderson. Zack hadn't had time to write a report. I don't know what arrangements he made with her, if any. We'd better get up there today."

Barker said, "I'd like to glance over the file."

Rip handed it to him, and continued, "The extortion and the Walpo cases look like good bets. I don't know about this third. It's a car theft ring that's made away with a half a million dollars' worth of cars in seven States. Zack had one lead he thought was good. An Italian kid name of Rick Angelino. Nineteen. Never had a chance. Been on his own since he was fourteen. A gutter waif. Married an Italian girl named Julie. She's seventeen, and comes from a good family. They lived in a cheap little two-room basement flat."

The room was filled with smoke. Barker noticed, and opened the window. "If you ever need to send up a smoke signal," he said, "I can oblige."

Rip grinned, and continued, "The police traced a stolen car a dealer bought in South Bend, Indiana, back here to Chicago to Rick Angelino. His story was that a man paid him twenty-five dollars to drive it to South Bend. He swore he didn't know it was stolen."

"That was his first story. Then he changed. He said he was lying, and pleaded guilty. He's serving time in Joliet."

Barker asked, "Zack believed he worked for the ring?"

"The ownership papers he had were forged like the others," Rip rubbed some of the weariness from his eyes.

"The fellow wasn't talking much when Zack went down to Joliet. He insisted he stole the car on his own. So Zack started probing into Rick Angelino's background, finding out who his friends and enemies are, figuring something there might lead him to the head of the ring. Maybe he got too close."

The telephone interrupted, and again it was Jake Kuppel of Homicide.

"No need to keep that ten-o'clock date," he said.

"How come?"

"The dame committed suicide."

"Brenda Ralles?"

"That's right. She gave her tail the slip after leading him a chase to the office. He phoned in she was gone. We searched her apartment. Should have called you, but didn't have time. Found a note on the living-room table. Do you want me to read it?"

"Yes," said Rip. He pulled a yellow, legal-sized pad close, and picked up a pencil.

Kuppel said:

"Dear Mom—I am crying tonight, Mom, and want you to hold my hand the way you did when I was a little girl and had fallen down. I know I should have stayed in Marshfield and helped you with the dress shop, but I wanted to get away. I felt I was in a prison, Mom."

"I am in trouble now. Very serious trouble. I cannot go on now living the way I have been. I see it is all wrong. I wish I could come back to you in Marshfield, but if I did they would find me, and I would bring disgrace to you. It is not about a man. It is not that kind of trouble. It is something I cannot get out of, and I guess I am losing my mind or something."

"I will not be around when you get this. I am going to take a walk into Lake Michigan. I think it will be the easiest way because you know how I have always loved water. I love you and worship you, and wish I could have been like you. I want you to find it in your heart to forgive me. I guess you will, Mom, because you always have."

Kuppel read it without expression. He added, "It's not signed, but it's in her hand-

writing. We checked that. She started to address an envelope, but quit in the middle of the street name as if somebody interrupted her."

"How long since she shook the tail?" Rip asked.

"An hour and twenty minutes."

"Thanks, Jake. You'll keep me posted?"

Rip turned to Barker. "Brenda Ralles committed suicide," he told him.

THE day had been one of snippish annoyances for Kate Martel, and more than usual, she had fallen behind in the race with the appointment book.

It was the eighth day, too, almost two hundred hours of torment and speculation. Even conversation was an effort. The hours dragged. She struggled to get from three o'clock to four, and from four to five. Each day she wondered about Vicki, and repeatedly called home. Each night the telephone rang, but only in the dark recesses of her mind.

Tonight Vicki was full of childish prattle when she arrived home.

Uncle Max never looked up from the newspaper. He sat reading, tight-lipped. He was in one of his moods. He followed her to the bedroom.

"I sorta want a word with you, Katherine," he said.

"What is it, Uncle Max?"

In the old days when Bill was about, she would have pulled out of her dress and stretched out on the bed in her slip to relax. Now she sat erect on the dressing-table chair. It wasn't anything Uncle Max had done. It was only a feeling, a sensation.

"That woman's got to go, Katherine," he said. "Vicki and me were goin' to the movies this afternoon. They had a good one. That Randolph Scott feller . . ."

"That woman" was Mrs. Downes from upstairs. The morning after the call had come Kate had stayed home to ask Mrs. Downes if she would look after Vicki.

"Uncle Max is a little too old for children," Kate explained. Mrs. Downes grasped the situation in a few words. She was a large, robust woman, about sixty. Only the way she talked was gentle, and even there the firmness spoke out on occasions.

"I want you to keep Vicki in sight all the time," Kate said. "Even if Uncle Max wants to take her some place, she isn't to go. And I want you to keep the door locked. Uncle Max has a key."

"Vicki's a little girl," Kate said. "She needs a woman's attention."

She stalled, and he left, mumbling something about the next thing she would be ordering him out of the house an old man, Bill's own flesh and kin. The apartment shook as the door slammed.

After dinner, while Vicki was watching television, Kate listened for Emil Shurk's footsteps in the hallway. He passed at this time every night, on his way to the tavern. Kate had seen him there, sitting alone, enjoying the gaiety of the younger crowd. It was his escape from his wife and two teen-age daughters, who forever wanted more than he could provide from his meagre salary as an accountant at a shoe factory. They kept harrying him to ask for promotion, because he was grossly underpaid. They couldn't understand his hesitation, but Kate did. He was a sensitive and proud soul.

As he passed tonight she asked him in. "I'm always bothering you," she said apologetically. His smile showed the lift it gave him to feel he was helpful to someone.

"It's about Uncle Max," she said, taking him away from Vicki's cars. "I've got to do something."

He listened quietly as she talked.

She discussed her side, and then, in all fairness, Uncle Max's. Uncle Max had helped her and Bill get started, she said, but he was very difficult to live with now.

Emil listened quietly, then said, "Uncle Max has grown older and crustier. I doubt if Bill could live with him. 'Bill would place your happiness above everything. You can't have that happiness, Kate, with Max around. It isn't as though he couldn't take care of himself. He earns good money, and has good health."

Emil wandered around in a gibberish of double talk. Kate knew what he was trying to tell her—that she couldn't live in the past with a dead man, that she couldn't always do things the way Bill would have done them in other years.

But Bill wasn't dead. He was with her. He had had his hand in hers at Vicki's birthday party a few weeks ago. He was here in this room now, listening.

As Emil was leaving, he said, "By the way, do you want to draw your interest on the ten thousand? I know a stock—that—"

"No," she answered quickly. "No, I want to leave it."

She hustled Vicki to bed, got down on her knees beside her to hear her prayer, and felt the strength of Vicki's little arms about her as she hugged her good night. Vicki slept with her now, since that night.

She stretched out on the divan in the living-room. Maybe if she read a book it might help.

The knock came then, a soft, exploratory tap. She sat on her feet, standing very still, feeling the cords grip her neck. She called, "Who is it?"

She could barely catch the name, Dave. She took a second to glance at herself in the hall mirror, give her hair a fluff, and straighten the collar of her dress.

When she opened the door, Dave Millson stood there, his light sandy hair close-cropped, his ears sticking out like flaps from his broad, handsome face, his blue eyes troubled, his bulky frame lacking the marian snap it usually had.

"May I come in?" he asked in an exploratory way, and added quickly, "I'm a good boy."

She swung the door open. "You're welcome any time, Dave. You know that."

He walked ahead of her into the living-room. "May I get you a bourbon?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "I had one too many the other night. That was why—"

"Sure," she said, laughing easily. He was lying to cover up. He had had only one drink when he slipped a hand around the small of her back, and the other around her neck. It happened so quickly that he had his lips on hers before she could struggle. She had at him with the arm she had free, and kicked at him.

Dave said, "I got carried away. I hope—"

"Let's forget it ever happened," she told him. She sat by him on the divan. She didn't want him to think she held it against him. She didn't believe it would happen again. He knew now how she felt about him—and Bill.

He was Bill's friend, although she never had known him until after Bill went. A few days after the story broke in the papers about how Bill wounded, had captured twenty-

two Reds singlehandedly, and then gone back to lead his platoon up the hill, Dave had come around.

"I'm Dave Millson," he said, "Borrowed thirty bucks from Bill before he left. Thought maybe, you could use it."

After that he had dropped in occasionally. He and Bill had been childhood pals, and she found comfort in his stories about Bill's boyhood.

Tonight the conversation had an edgy note. Each wanted to make talk, anxious to appear as though nothing had come between them. She wondered if they ever would fall back into the old easy way, with periods of quiet when there was nothing to say.

After he had gone she returned to the novel. It was as she had thought. The words ran together, and then the lines. She wondered if Bill had ever mentioned Dave. She couldn't remember that he had.

When she awakened, she was still on the couch. She had fallen asleep when reading.

She remembered locking the door after Dave, but tried it again. It was hot and airless in the bedroom, and she opened the window while she undressed.

It was with disbelief that Kate saw it was four-thirty. How could she have slept so long without waking once?

She had closed the window, locked it, and turned off the light when the telephone rang. It set off an explosion inside her. The F.B.I. men had instructed her to push the switch under the phone table before she lifted the receiver. She found the switch, turned it, and then picked up the receiver.

She recognised the man's faraway voice when he asked, "Katherine Martel?"

He scarcely waited for her to answer before he asked, "You got the ten thousand?"

"Yes," she said.

"In twenties?"

"Yes, in twenties."

"You little liar, you. You haven't drawn a cent out of the bank. I ought to grab your kid, period."

Kate whispered: "I have the money. I have it in twenties. I'm willing to prove it by giving it to you. What more can I do?"

"Shut up now and listen. I wanted to make sure you had the money. Here's what you do."

She was glad she didn't have to remember. Somewhere—she didn't know where—his words were being recorded. The F.B.I. men had said something about wanting his conversation verbatim, something about word patterns. She hadn't understood.

"Put the bills in a shoe box. Wrap the box up in a newspaper. You got that?"

"I've got it."

"You catch the midnight southside El from the Loop tomorrow night. Get off at the Morton Street stop. Walk west to the Hillcrest Cemetery. Wait at the gate fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes," she repeated.

"After fifteen minutes, you walk a block each way from the gate. Take your time. You're not scared of cemeteries, are you?"

"No."

"You will be if you don't do as I've told you. If you call the police—"

"I won't. I'll have the money. I'll be there. I'll wear my white wool coat so you'll recognise me."

"Listen, sister, you wear something dark—or else."

The click was like something brittle broken. She walked slowly to the bedroom.

She took a deep breath, and it came easy.

In less than twenty-four hours the long wait would be

"CASE FILE: F.B.I." by The Gordons

another bad dream to tuck away in the darkness of the mind, to forget.

Rip let six shells slide in the .38, dropped the gun into the holster and let his single-breasted coat fall into place.

He and Barker were passing Peg when the switchboard girl called to him. "Lieutenant Kuppel, of Homicide, again, Mr. Ripley. Where do you want to take it?"

He used Peg's phone. Kuppel sounded played out. "We found the girl's clothes," he said. "She dropped them a few feet from the water at that little park at the end of Morse Avenue."

"How about the body?"

"Not yet. But the footprints are there, pointing into the lake."

"I didn't think she'd do it," Rip said.

"Me neither. She didn't look the kind."

Kuppel briefed him on what was found in her purse.

As Rip hung up, the switchboard girl called, "I've got Mrs. Martel waiting."

Rip said, "Put her on the same line." He looked down at Peg. "You don't mind if I use your phone all day?" Her smile and steadfast eyes told him she didn't.

He was quick to speak before Kate Martel could. "Mrs. Martel, I'm John Ripley. You don't know me. Perhaps you've read the papers—"

"Yes, I have. I'm awfully broken up—"

"I understand. I'm taking over Agent Stewart's work. I have the message you received early this morning. Could I talk with you at your office at one o'clock?"

"Of course. One o'clock, then."

He handed the phone back to Peg. "I'll be calling in," he said. "Every two hours." He turned to Barker. "All right, let's go wake up Joe Walpo's girl-friend."

The day had warmth, and the good feeling of autumn, but a shadow lay heavy over it. It could have been any day, raining, cloudy, hot, snowing, and Rip would not have known. They were taking the same Outer Drive north that he had the evening before with Zack.

Barker sat quiet, and Rip remembered his own hesitancy on arriving at his first field office. He asked, "Where are you from, Barker?"

"I'm a farm boy," Barker said. "Come from Pendleton, down in Indiana. Ever hear of it?"

"Can't say I have," Rip answered.

Barker warmed up. "It's a small place, but comfortable. Goes well with a pipe."

They fell to talking about the Academy. Rip asked if Charlie Small was still there, giving his amusing talks on plaster casts, and had any agent yet blown up the lab, where Legnel taught chemistry in crime detection, and what had become of Tremayne and his course on how to conduct interviews?

That started Barker talking. "Interviews bother me," he said frankly. "I never know how far to go."

"It's something that takes time," Rip answered. "With hardened criminals, of course, you hammer away. You're suspicious right off if they try to steer the conversation. But with other people you let the questions fall into the pattern of normal conversation. Most people have nothing to hide. They'll talk if they trust you, but if they feel you're cross-examining them, or throwing your weight around because you happen to be an F.B.I. agent, they'll give you only yes-and-no

answers. You don't learn much by yes and no."

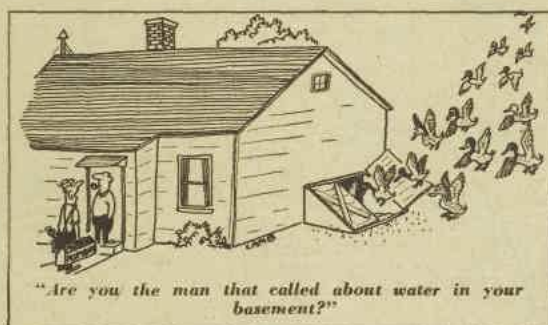
It was a favorite subject of Rip's. "Most criminals are caught with questions and answers—with words. I figure words are clues, same as bullets or saliva or a strand of hair. What was that address again?"

Barker told him, and Rip said he thought they should cut over at Diversely.

He continued, "You think you know all about interviews, and then you run into little children. They see more than grown-ups do, and they've solved many an F.B.I. case. They have an infinite capacity for noting details. But you've got to be careful. Your questions never can suggest an answer, or their imaginations will pick it up."

They pulled up before the overstuffed French chateau where Connie Anderson lived. They identified themselves to a bored girl at the switchboard. She permitted them to go up without telephoning.

Connie Anderson came to the door wearing a sheer black chiffon gown. She watched to see if they were going to drop their eyes from her face.



"Are you the man that called about water in your basement?"

"Well?" she asked. Her shortness accused them of awakening her.

Rip said, "We're F.B.I. agents. May we come in?" Barker showed his credentials.

"You're supposed to telephone up," she said. "This isn't the kind of a place where you barge in. What do you want?"

"To talk to you about Joe Walpo."

"I told that flop you sent round a couple of days ago—"

Rip said quietly, "He was killed early this morning."

"Killed?"

"Yes."

"I don't know anything—"

Rip said, "If you want us to interview you here in the hall with the neighbors listening, that's all right with us."

"Come in," she said. "Why do you F.B.I. jerks always have to be asked? The cops make themselves at home."

She continued, "Do you mind if I get something on. I don't like to have men staring at me at breakfast. Or are you men?"

She shrugged, and walked toward the bedroom. "I wouldn't know, that's for sure," she said.

She kept them waiting a half hour.

"What do you want to know?" she asked, stretching out on the circular divan.

"Have you heard from Joe Walpo?"

"You're trying to get me for aiding and abetting—"

"Not unless you're hiding Walpo's whereabouts."

"I'll tell you as I told the other guy. Joe Walpo's only a name."

Rip said, "He gave your name on the prison records as the one to notify in case of illness or death."

"So he gave my name."

"The prison records show you sent him packages."

She picked up a cigarette

from a Siamese box on the glass cocktail table. Barker held his lighter.

"I can't tell you about me and Joe with yes-and-no answers. If you'll let me talk—"

"Go ahead. Take your time."

"It's this way. But get this straight first. Joe Walpo means nothing to me now. But once he did. I'm not denying it. I'm proud of it—proud a man like Joey loved me."

She tried to read their faces, then continued, "I was a kid dancing in one of those cheap places over on North Clark. Joe took me out of that. He was the only man who was ever kind to me. Pa wasn't. He used to beat me. That's why I ran away from the farm down-State where I grew up."

"You wouldn't understand what Joe meant to a kid like me. Sure, I knew where his presents were coming from. I knew what he was doing. If I'd been older, maybe I'd've stopped Joey. He would have done almost anything for me. But I was a kid."

"It's this way about Joe," she went on. "It's something you treasure, like your first watch. You keep it — and

wish it was running. But it isn't. And you want me to trap Joey so you can kill him."

Rip interrupted. "We have no intention of killing him. If he doesn't open fire, we won't."

He continued, "You're talking about a Joe Walpo who has been dead for a long time. This Joe Walpo we're talking about shot a girl up so badly her family couldn't see the body. He killed a couple of women who did nothing more than walk into a bank he was holding up. He didn't tell them to get their hands up, or stretch out on the floor. He riddled them with a shotgun. He murdered a marshal."

She looked straight at Rip. "Mister," she said, "I have only one way of judging a man. He's to me what he is to me. Not to others."

She asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"Phone us if you hear from Walpo."

"Okay," she said. "I got no choice."

At the door she offered her hand.

Downstairs they arranged with the manager to use a linen storage room two doors down and across the hallway from her apartment. If Walpo came unexpectedly, agents sitting there would see him.

They drove to Morse Avenue, and walked down the alley that Rip and Zack had taken the night before. A couple of six-year-olds were riding imaginary Triggers, and a woman was hanging clothes. Barker asked no questions, and Rip avoided the spot where Zack had fallen.

Several agents and a couple of Kuppel's detectives were inside Brenda Ralles' apartment. Rip introduced Barker, and they then returned to the service yard.

Near the passageway through the hedge, about where Rip figured the slayer had stood, he filled a cylindrical ice-cream

container with soil that was damp from the watering the gardener had given it the night before. If the killer was captured soon, he might be carrying microscopic particles on his shoes.

"We'll ask the lab for a petrographic examination," Rip explained. "Soils differ, even soils sometimes only a few hundred feet apart. It wouldn't be conclusive evidence, of course, the way fingerprints are."

He clipped the hedge on the possibility that pollen might have brushed into the slayer's clothes, and then he noticed the window-sill where someone taking aim might have leaned.

The window opened on the kitchen of Brenda Ralles' apartment, and the paint was beginning to powder. Using a knife as a brush, he gathered a specimen of the powder in an envelope.

"Paints seldom weather the same," he said. "The paint on this sill hasn't oxidized exactly the same as on the sill around the corner. Maybe this one gets more rain, or wind, or had more undercoats, or was affected in its ageing by other factors. Not conclusive, of course, but indicative."

Zack Stewart had organized the investigation into the extortion affair with the thought a military strategist gives a campaign. As Rip and Barker checked the details, before they kept their one-o'clock appointment with Kate Martel, they could find no facet overlooked.

Zack had set up an extortion squad consisting of a night supervisor, an equipment supervisor, a sound expert, and a research agent. Zack, of course, had been the Number One man. Rip now was, and as such had directed the Number Two man to map the area round the Hillcrest Cemetery, and to place both agents and cars.

Agents already had run surveillance jobs on all the people in Kate Martel's life. They had requested a check of Chicago police records for the names of Max Martel (Uncle Max), Emil Shurk, Dave Millson, and others, not because they suspected them, but because it was routine. Moreover, they had asked for a check of credit agency's records. Occasionally the motive for a crime showed up in those innocuous files—a motive in a legal suit long forgotten, an unpaid bill, may be only a change of address. They had traced the second phone call, only to learn it had been placed from a pay booth in a downtown hotel. They would continue tracing the man's calls, of course, although they anticipated he would always use phones in public places.

Kate Martel's apartment, too, had been under constant watch. No one had loitered before the building, or in a hallway without being followed. And in a basement room where coal was stored two agents sat each night, waiting for her to throw the switch and the extortionist's voice to come over the speaker.

Barker asked about the "word patterns" they hoped to get from recording the extortionist's conversation verbatim. Rip explained, "Everyone's got a way of speaking that's all his own. He can try to change it. A novelist does when he writes dialogue for the characters. But some where he slips up. He can't keep from putting words in a formation of his own."

"If this fellow talks enough, well, maybe . . ."

When Kate Martel met them in the outer room, she had the pleasantries she would have had for a couple of out-of-town salesmen. But when she closed

the door to her office, the composure went with the click of the latch.

"I've got the jitters today," she said. "I'm scared I'll crack up tonight."

Rip sat quietly while she rambled. It was the first time he'd seen her, of course, and he found her to his liking.

"Mrs. Downes will stay with Vicki to-night," she said. "I haven't told Uncle Max I'd be away from the house. He goes to work at ten."

She lit one cigarette from another. "Forgive me," she said, holding out a flat silver container. "Do you care for one?"

She continued, "I haven't much time to get to the bank, if I'm going. I wasn't going to pay, but now I don't know, after all that's happened. What do you think?"

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, but we're not permitted to advise you."

"You can't advise me?"

"No. The bureau has a rule about that. I think you can understand why—"

"If I don't pay—"

"We'll make up a dummy package for you."

She stood up, walked to the window, and then turned towards them. "I don't think Bill would want me to pay," she said.

He rose. "We'll fix up a shoe box for you, and send it over by messenger. I want to warn you, don't open it. We're putting a chemical inside that stains the hands."

"I won't."

"One more thing," he added. "Follow the instructions exactly. If you change, it'll not only throw the extortionist off, but also us. And keep in mind that he may meet you on the El on your way to the cemetery."

He picked up his hat. "We'll have you under watch from the time you leave your apartment tonight. You won't see us—but we'll be near—if you should need help."

"Thanks so much," she said, offering a long, slim hand.

Back at head office they dictated teletypes and reports, ever conscious of the clock's hands turning closer to midnight. As with the breaking of every big case, they were moved, as though by a physical force pushing them, to hasten their steps.

They diagrammed how they would post the radio cars a half mile away, and mapped the streets they would bring them down, once the signal was given. They read the memos of agents who had surveyed the area, and decided to hide men in various strategic places.

They took Mrs. Downes into their considerations, and discussed plans to safeguard Vicki—if Mrs. Downes, by any faint chance, should be working with the extortionist.

It was five o'clock when Rip was handed the teletype from the bureau: "Sac, Chicago, re killing agent Zack Stewart, request prompt interview of Julie Angelino, wife of Rick Angelino, your file 26-00130, to establish details of interview conducted with her by agent Stewart September second in his effort to ascertain identity car theft ring."

The bureau supervisors in Washington were backtracking over every hour of Zack Stewart's last days. His Number Three card revealed he had talked with Julie Angelino at three o'clock September second at her home, on Madson Avenue. It was an interview he never had had a chance to set forth in report form.

Rip and Barker left a half hour later for Madson Avenue, which was so Italian it might have been a street lifted from Naples.

The apartment building where Julie Angelino lived was

Every Mother deserves a Medal *but...*



... she'll be far more thrilled with
a practical Mother's Day Gift of glamorous

KAYSER

HOSIERY LINGERIE GLOVES BRAS

Kayser Hints for Mother's Day Giving



Style 5709. Soft,
warm "Kayser"
Night . . . 47/16.

Style 9612. Nylon
De-luxe Slip —
pleated bust and
hemline . . . 59/11.
Matching Nylon
Pantee Style 9112
26/11.

Pretty . . . practical Kayser Lingerie

... pandering to the frankly feminine side
of Mother's nature! Tailored to fit,
styled to please, fashioned from adorable
fabrics that wash and wear like a dream.
Mother will admire you for such a
beautiful thought.



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"CASE FILE: F.B.I.," by The Gordons

a brick one blackened by the grime of forty winters.

The girl who said, "Good evening," to Rip's knock, had a voice so quiet that it was like a whisper at mass. She looked hungry in her thinness, but her olive face, set off by the black hair that tumbled about it, had health and the carolling freshness of youth.

"Please come in," she said, holding the door for them. They stood a moment inside, adjusting their eyes to the darkness. The blinds were down. In one corner a candle burned before the Virgin Mary.

She said, "Will you sit down, please?" She remained by the door as though listening. Not until they sat down did she cross to a rocker in a far corner.

"I'm glad you've come, again," she said. "I'm glad the F.B.I. would know more about Rick."

Rip let Barker take the lead in explaining their visit. She recalled her conversation with Zack Stewart almost as though she were reading from stenographic notes.

"I had a feeling he'd learned something about the theft of the car," she said, "but it wasn't anything he said."

In his talk with her Zack had searched her mind about the events of the night the car was stolen, and she went over the same course again.

"It's like a path in the woods," she said. "I've gone over it so many times. Every night I walk it, thinking maybe I'll find a stone I hadn't seen before."

"Rick was here until eleven, and you know the police report showed the car stolen around ten. I know it was eleven because as he went out of the door I heard my grandmother's little Venetian clock chiming. It has such a quiet way of reminding you of the time. It's as though it didn't want to intrude."

"Rick had been restless. He thought if he took a walk to the drug store and back he might sleep. We've had our troubles. Everyone does. But ours came all at once, and he took it hard."

"Your husband phoned you then?" Rip asked.

"Yes, a half hour later Mrs. Rossellini pounded on the floor. She lives upstairs and has a telephone. Rick was on the line and was excited. He said a man had offered him twenty-five dollars to drive a car to Indiana. He thought he would be back early in the morning. I was happy for him, happy that he was happy."

She asked, "Is it dark outside?"

Barker pulled a blind aside, and said, "Not yet."

She continued, "He returned about noon. The twenty-five dollars meant a lot to us. Rick had been out of a job for months with a broken leg . . .

"We were happy until a couple of weeks later, when the policeman came around with the tie. He asked Rick if it was his, and Rick told him he'd left it in a car he was driving."

Rip remembered the case had broken when the Indiana State police picked up the car, which was being driven at the time by a reputable couple. They said they had bought it from a used-car dealer, and, in turn, the dealer reported he had paid a teen-age fellow twenty-one hundred in cash. The dealer explained that the young man had the proper papers and appeared responsible. The papers had proved clever forgeries, like other sets the police of seven Midwestern States had collected during their investigation of some two hundred car thefts.

The dealer did recall, according to the police report, that the young fellow had left a tie in the car, and he, the dealer, had tossed it in a file drawer, thinking the youngster might return. The officers had shown it around the neighborhood, and somebody recalled having seen Rick Angelino wearing one like it.

"I know Rick didn't take that

car," she said. "I know he wouldn't."

"How do you know?" Rip asked.

"I know Rick and you don't. When you know someone you know what they'll do, and what they won't do."

She asked if they would like at cup of coffee. They said thanks, but no, and she continued, "Rick was always poor, and he had no folks. He sold newspapers, cleaned store windows, and swept places out. That was how we met. I was in a drugstore having a drink, and

Woman may have got us out of Eden, but as a compensation she makes the earth very pleasant.

— John O. Hobbes

he was sweeping out. I dropped my nickel, and he picked it up. He didn't say anything, but we saw each other that Sunday at mass, and I asked him if he would come to a young people's party. He couldn't, because his clothes were too worn, but then he would wait after mass every Sunday and talk a few minutes, and then one night he came to see me."

She stopped suddenly. "I'm boring you with this silly chatter, but I wanted you to understand him."

She had one more point to make. "Rick could have taken it better if he had been a little rascal like the other children. But he was like his mother. He felt everything. People shouted at him, and maybe they didn't mean to be unkind, but people don't seem to know that you can cuff a child with words as well as with the hand."

Somewhere the soft note of

a chime clock sounded the hour. Julie gave a little gasp. "Oh, I forgot again. I've kept you sitting here in the dark. That's the hardest thing to remember—turning on the light."

She arose and switched on the overhead, sensing the little shock that always fell on those who learned for the first time. "I thought you would have noticed. You see, I sit in the darkness always, so I don't bother to turn on the light unless someone is here."

Rip asked, "How long have you been blind?"

"A year, nearly. It happened after we were married. The gas was leaking, and it had gathered in the oven. When I went to light it—"

"It must make it hard."

"No, it doesn't," she answered. "I can't see the sunshine, but I also can't see the shabbiness. This way, I live in a world of my choosing, of God's choosing."

Rip remembered then he wanted to ask her who Rick's attorney was.

"Of course, I remember," she said. "He was unkind to me. I wanted to tell the court Rick didn't leave home until eleven, but Mr. Dunning said it wouldn't do any good. He didn't even want me at the trial."

"Mr. Dunning?"

"Steve Dunning."

The name meant nothing to Rip. He was about to go when she added, "Rick didn't know Mr. Dunning before the trial. Mr. Rainer got him for us. Said he was one of the best."

Mr. Rainer, Brenda Ralles' boss. The girl who either had lured Zack Stewart to his death, or had had information for him that she was afraid later to disclose.

Rip probed quietly, "Mr. Rainer is a friend?"

"Not exactly. But he's been good to us, good to me since Rick has been away."

She didn't know when Rick

first met Mr. Rainer. Maybe before they were married, she thought. Anyway, Mr. Rainer's secretary had telephoned a few days after Rick was arrested, and asked if there was anything she needed. There wasn't.

If Zack Stewart had died because of something he had learned in the Angelino case, they left without knowing it.

The tentacles of suspicion were beginning to curl about every thought Kate Martel had.

Slowly, inevitably, she was changing. Where once she had been quick with words, now she often fell silent while gazing speculatively at someone. Sometimes she lost the conversational thread. Even with her oldest friends the thought would barge in to ask, could it possibly be?

In every man's voice she heard the extortionist's. And later in every woman's. That was after one of the agents—she thought it was Mr. Barker—had said, "We can't count on it being a man. There are ways of changing voices. The farawayness you describe may be because of a mechanical alteration."

As an excuse for asking Mrs. Downes to baby-sit at such a late hour Kate had told her without thinking that she was putting in a brief appearance at a party. It came to her afterwards that she would have to dress, or Mrs. Downes would think it strange. So she was leaving to keep a rendezvous at a cemetery with a criminal in her new green taffeta and a long, enveloping dark tweed coat.

She stood a moment, looking down at Vicki, and was conscious of Mrs. Downes' bulk in the doorway.

"I may be late," she told Mrs. Downes, "but I should be back by two. Be sure to bolt the door after me."

"Oh, Bill," she whispered, "stay close to me."

In the hallway downstairs, while she was waiting for the taxi, the pay telephone inside the door caught her eye. She looked out into the shadowy street, wondering if somebody was watching for her to come out, and then her glance went back to the phone. She found she had several coins in her purse. She dropped one in and dialled. Uncle Max's "hello" creaked over the line. She had caught him dozing. Quickly she hung up, and dialled another number. Dave Millson was not sleeping. She could hear that drunken babble in the background that denotes a party well into its fifth round of drinks. Again she placed the receiver back on the hook without saying anything, and dialled another number. By the time the taxi lights moved alongside the kerb she had put six coins into the slot. Everyone was where he should be, and she experienced a childish shame.

She asked the taxi driver to stop at the corner tavern. While he watched curiously, she walked briskly inside, glanced around as though summoning someone, and left. Emil Shurk, from his usual table well to the back, had stood up to beckon to her.

With little traffic on the streets the taxi moved swiftly towards the Loop.

Only another hour, and her world would be set right. She would wake up in the morning without that jab in her side, and the heaviness. She would listen to Vicki's prattle, and she would leave for work with nothing more to think about than should Vicki start piano lessons this winter or next.

Not that she wasn't uneasy tonight, and apprehensive. But she was neither panicky nor terrified as she feared she would be. And then a thought overwhelmed her. If the F.B.I. should fail to capture the man . . .

That was silly. The F.B.I. wouldn't. She never had heard of such a thing.

Repeatedly she glanced back,

Continued overleaf

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RED NOSES ARE FOR REINDEER

DON'T LOOK OR FEEL MORE MISERABLE THAN YOU HAVE TO WITH A COLD. SOOTHE THAT SORE NOSE WITH SOFT KLEENEX TISSUES.



thinking to see a car following. Once she thought she did, but shortly afterwards it disappeared at an intersection. Surely the F.B.I. was keeping her under watch, as Mr. Ripley had assured her they would.

Downtown she paid the driver, and walked the few steps to the El. For the first time she was conscious of the newspaper-wrapped, shoe-box, and how ridiculous it must look held alongside her party dress. She paused to see if anyone was trailing her, and then ran up the steps.

On the landing three people were waiting, a young couple too absorbed in themselves to notice her, and a husky, well-dressed man somewhere in his late thirties who never looked up from his newspaper. He would be an F.B.I. agent.

She glanced at her wrist watch. Six minutes yet.

She stood reading a poster advertising a show, feeling a gust of cool wind rising from the street below. She was enjoying it when some subconscious force swung her about.

The young couple were talking low, heads together. The husky man was still reading. She looked beyond them and saw no one. Her eyes returned to rest on the husky man. She had imagined it.

The El cars slid to a smooth, though sudden, stop. They were crowded with late showgoers and night workers. All were a tired lot, some dozing, some staring vacantly, none talking except a foursome of teenagers out to prove they were young.

She experienced a moment of fright when one of them, a girl overcome with laughter, knocked the box out of her hand.

"Scavenger hunt?" asked the boy-friend, picking it up.

Kate nodded, found herself clutching it, and then relaxed her fingers.

She had to stand up, but didn't mind. The standing was good therapeutics.

She thought, I'm getting to talk and think like all the neurotics. Everything is good therapeutics or bad therapeutics.

By the Morton Street stop the coaches were almost deserted. She hadn't actually expected the extortionist to approach her on the El. Still, she was disappointed as she stepped from the car.

She was alone on a platform that was a long narrow island of light. She stood uncertainly before she saw the exit sign at the far end. Her heels struck a rhythm in the stillness, a rhythm with a hurried tempo.

She walked west, encountering no one, seeing not a light in the decadent homes of another era that lined themselves up with a certain tired dignity in the moonlight. She was thankful for the three-quarter moon, since the street lights illuminated little more than themselves.

The cemetery came as a surprise. She had not realised she had walked so fast. The gate was in the centre of the block.

She used her cigarette lighter to note the time, and then stood waiting with a dread expectancy that grew with each minute. Looking about her, she saw no life, and heard none, except once when a bird in flight stirred the tree leaves. She knew she was not alone, that everywhere about here were F.B.I. agents.

She checked her watch. Only seven minutes had passed.

When she next glanced at her watch, the second-hand was beginning the fifteenth minute. As if she had to comply with the instructions to the second, she followed the hand around.

She never had been a casual walker, and now she forced her feet to dally. When she passed the mausoleum at the first corner, she stood a moment, pretending to study

"CASE FILE: F.B.I.," by the Gordons

the high, old-fashioned iron fence closing in the graves.

She moved on. She was halfway down the block, entering an area where the trees shut the moonlight out, when she heard the first soft fall of footsteps. They were coming toward her down the sidewalk, moving with a slow scuff. She stood still, unable to advance to meet them. They passed her by, steps too tired to notice her.

The farther she walked the more insistently the premonition spoke out. Everything inside her cried against it. By the time she reached the cemetery gates again though she no longer could deny it.

The extortionist had failed her.

She walked on and on, and no longer cared with what frantic alacrity her feet carried her. She never knew how many times she covered the still, dark treadmill.

The whisper startled her by its nearness. She couldn't exactly place it; but it was close by and in the cemetery.

"Mrs. Martel," it said, and when she stopped, it continued, "you might as well go home. He isn't going to show."

The next morning early Rip sat across from her at the office, and sought to explain, but she was beyond caring. She was someone else walking, eating, talking, breathing, by rote.

"It's the terror racket, Mrs. Martel," he said. "The extortionist never intended to show. He wants to break you—your body, your mind, your spirit, until you will do anything he says."

"He built up your hopes by making a date to meet you, and then wrecked them. He sent you to a cemetery because a cemetery is a symbol of death. Are you listening, Mrs. Martel?"

"Yes."

"You must listen because you've got to hold on. If you don't, Vicki's life—"

"Will he call again?"

"Call or write. He'll give you more instructions—"

"When?" It was the first time she had shown interest.

"There's no way of telling," he said. He disliked being brutal. "It may be tomorrow. It may not be for a month, two months, maybe three."

"I can't wait," she said. "I can't go on this way."

Rip had been awakened by Jake Kuppel, of Homicide, ringing at seven, which made it an even four hours of sleep out of the forty-eight.

"Hello, Rip, this is Jake," said Kuppel. "Want to see you?"

"Can't until about ten."

"Ten's okay. See you then."

Rip forgot to get the receiver away from his ear in time. Kuppel always slammed the phone piece.

As he felt his way to the bathroom, he wondered what Kuppel wanted. Kuppel was all right, never held out information on the F.B.I., and always consulted the agents before taking action in a joint case.

After he washed, he scooped up a handful of water to soak his hair. It was the only way to flatten the wave out.

He must call Ginny first thing. She would be leaving tonight with Zack's body for their home in Roanoke.

Ginny. He didn't know how the wives took it the nights a major case was breaking, hearing the clock strike the late hours, thinking in the dark of a Ginny they had known or heard about.

He put up the hideaway bed, stuffed his pyjamas under a cushion of the divan so he could retain his reputation as

Mrs. Ransome's neatest tenant, and left for breakfast at the Little Grill.

He then caught the seven fifty-four streetcar to Clark and Adams, and as he crossed the street, he glanced up at the grimy U.S. courthouse. He thought that justice certainly deserved surroundings equal to a super market. He entered the Bankers Building across the street, and took the elevator to the F.B.I. offices on the nineteenth floor.

He looked over his file folder to see if any reports had been tossed back by the General Cases supervisor for correction, and then read memos dictated by agents who had spent the previous day at the scene of the slaying.

An interior decorator who lived across the hall from Brenda Ralles reported that Miss Ralles "always acted and talked proper but a woman could see what she was up to," and a bank teller two doors down said, "I saw a man leave her apartment at two in the morning about a week ago."

He skimmed over one paragraph because it seemed irrelevant. Of the sixteen people interviewed twelve mentioned that she loved children. She bought them ice-cream and toys, and took time to talk and joke with them. One woman said "she should've gotten married and had some of her own. She was that crazy over kids."

He was to reprimand himself a few weeks later for letting the paragraph pass. Nothing was ever irrelevant.

He talked with Kate Martel and then left to see Jake Kuppel. "Figure we ought to start work on Brenda Ralles," Jake said.

"No body yet?" Rip asked.

"None. Naturally too early to tell. May still wash up. Figured though why take a chance? What about broadcasting a missing persons on her? Could get out a material witness but—"

"A material witness might scare someone off," Rip said. "Let's try a missing person."

Kuppel took a bundle out of a file drawer. "Thought you might want to send her clothes to the lab," he said, handing.

"Thought we'd drop in on Brenda Ralles' boss, Jim Rainer," Rip said, tossing the name out.

At Rainer's office a pretty brunette of little more than high-school age typed away behind the desk that Brenda Ralles had used only two days before. She told them to go right in.

They found Jim Rainer half hidden behind papers and law books. When he came around the desk to shake hands, they saw a heavy-set man with black stubbly hair and the face of a fighter who's never been knocked down.

"Good to meet you, Mr. Ripley, Mr. Barker. I've been expecting you to call about Miss Ralles. I wish I could help you. Don't know a thing."

"The agent who was killed was here to see you last Friday," Rip said. "Zack Stewart."

"Yes, he dropped in to ask me about Joe Walpo. My heavens, man, I told him, I haven't seen Joe in fifteen years. He wanted to know if I might hear from him. Christopher, no, I told him. I haven't handled a criminal complaint in a decade."

"You knew Walpo once?"

Rainer nodded. "I defended him on a burglary charge. That was before he went gun mad. I thought he was a good boy caught up in circumstances. It all goes to show how mistaken you can be. Joe won't call me, but if he did, I'd let the F.B.I. know. My door's always open to you men. Any time..."

Rip refused to be diverted by the effusiveness. His questions were coolly searching. They took a sounding of Jim Rainer, and frisked his mind. Rainer himself ducked and bobbed. He relished it, and at the conclusion Rip half expected him to lick his lips like a dog after a meal.

Rip kept him within the periphery of his vision, studying him, while Barker turned the questioning to Brenda Ralles.

"Was she a no-good—"

"She wasn't bad. She didn't know what morals were. If you felt an urge to do something, you did it."

He said he used to hear her dating over the telephone, but none of her boy-friends ever came around.

Barker pretended concentration on his pipe. He asked, "Would you mind telling us where you were Monday night?"

Rainer laughed. "I was wondering when you would get around to that. You check with Bill Barr. He's an attorney in the Civic Building. We worked until about two o'clock that night on an inheritance case we had coming up the next morning."

Children, like Nature,
abhor a vacuum. One
moment they have
nothing to do; next,
they have found some-
thing appalling.
—Lady Pakenham

Barker thanked him, and he and Rip stood up to go. Rainer moved his elephant frame from behind the desk, and placed an arm about Rip as he walked him to the door.

Rip waited his time, and then said, as if in afterthought, "I almost forgot. I wanted to ask about Rick Angelino."

Rainer took his arm away. "Do I know a Rick Angelino?"

"He's in prison. He was convicted of stealing a car. His wife told me you got an attorney for him. An attorney named Steve Dunning."

Rainer saw his hand had been called. He snapped his fingers. "Of course, I remember. Some politician called me from that ward out there. He said they had a boy in trouble and could I recommend an attorney. I suggested Steve Dunning, but I guess he couldn't do much for the youngster. He confessed, didn't he?"

Rip nodded. "Who called to ask for an attorney, Mr. Rainer?"

Rainer opened the door to the outer office. "I can't remember. I get so many calls like that. You know, friends from the old days. I always try to help them out—"

Rip was firm. It would help us if you could remember. If you think about it some—"

"Sure, I will. It'll come to me."

Rainer hesitated, and then chanced it. "Frankly, I'm curious. It's a State case and closed. What's the interest of the F.B.I. in it?"

"It has aspects the bureau's interested in."

"Is that so? They told me this Rick Angelino was a good youngster. Never been in trouble before. I wouldn't have moved a finger to help him if I'd known the F.B.I.—"

"Thank you," said Rip.

Rip was singularly quiet as they returned to the office.

His thoughts continued travelling the main line. He

was chewing over a lone sentence in the Rick Angelino reports.

The sentence read: "The Midland Insurance Company notified the Chicago police 6/14 that Brod Carson, nightclub owner, 4820 Sentinel Avenue, had reported the disappearance of a 1952 Cadillac sedan about 10 p.m. 6/12 from the rear of The Circus, a nightclub..."

Most people discovering their car stolen put in a frantic call to the police. Brod Carson had waited two days—and called an insurance company.

Rick Angelino walked into the room with the look of an animal being herded around. His feet dragged, slowed by fear of what they were leading him into.

"Sit there," said the guard, pointing to a chair.

"We're F.B.I. agents," Rip said. "This is Special Agent Barker. My name's Ripley."

Rick gave no indication he'd heard. He was looking at his hands. He had a face that looked as though someone had dropped the putty when it was being put together, but it did have virile character and was not unattractive.

Rip explained why they had come. To his questions, Rick Angelino had one answer, "No."

Rip took it easy. Rick had seen too many cops, too many social workers and psychologists, too many prison guards. In other words, too many strangers who acted like old friends and expected him to talk as with a lifetime pal.

Rip said, "We know you weren't in this alone. You had a set of forged papers for the car, and you had an attorney you couldn't afford to hire. It doesn't add up."

"I was by myself," he mumbled.

Rip asked, "Where did you meet Jim Rainer?"

"When I was a kid, selling papers."

"Julie says Rainer has been good to her."

Mention of her name brought his head up. Rip saw the hurt face that had scrambled too hard and too long for too little. He started to say something, but gave it up. He took a deep breath, and it could be heard over the room.

Rip continued, "Julie looks good. She's glad we're working on this case. She thinks we can help you. She needs you, Rick. The sooner you get out of here—"

He couldn't take it any longer. "You leave her alone, you—"

The guard had him by a shoulder, shoving him back into the chair.

Rip pushed his advantage.

"Not many men here have someone like Julie waiting for them..."

He talked softly on and on. When Rick had got himself under control, Rip asked him again about Jim Rainer and the attorney Rainer had hired. Rick talked a little. He said Rainer felt sorry for him, and had found a lawyer to take the case as a charity one. He insisted again that he alone had stolen the car.

As the guard was taking him out, Rip asked, "Can we bring you anything next time? Magazines—"

"You guys coming back?"

"Yes."

"I don't want anything."

As the door was about to close, he broke. "I got five bucks in the prison bank. Would you take it and buy some roses for Julie? It's our anniversary Thursday—"

"Five bucks worth of roses?"

"Yes, a whole bushful."

"Okay."

Rip asked the warden then for permission to talk with the mail superintendent. He learned Rick received letters from only two sources—from his wife, and from a bank in Cicero, Illinois.

The bank envelope came the fifth of every month. It contained a deposit slip showing two hundred dollars credited to the account of Enrico Angelino...

They stopped in the small town of Cicero. Rip located a phone and asked the F.B.I. switchboard operator to put him through to Peg.

Her "hello" was bright and vibrant. "Peg, this is Rip," he said. "Any messages?"

"Will you hold it a sec, please?" she asked. He heard her talking with a woman, a woman who was asking for him.

Peg came back on the line. "There's a Miss Marie Blanche to see you. She says she has information about Joe Walpo, and wants to know when you'll be back?"

Rip failed to place the name, Marie Blanche. He said it would be another hour yet. Peg relayed the information, and Miss Blanche advised she would wait.

Peg said, "Hold on, I've got a teletype that came in at four-twelve. It's from the Milwaukee field division."

She took a quick breath. "It says, 're unknown subject, killing of Federal officer. Inquiry at Marshfield, Wisconsin, disclosed Mrs. Wendell Ralles, also known as Wanda Ralles, mother of Brenda Ralles, died at her Marshfield Home two years ago.'"

"Well, I'll be," commented Rip. "Thanks, Peg."

Barker was waiting at the magazine stand. Rip said, "Looks like Brenda Ralles faked the suicide. At least, she faked that letter to her mother. Her mother died two years ago."

Each was lost in his thoughts as they walked the few steps to the bank.

The head teller welcomed them as a relief from the boredom of figures. He readily recalled the name of Enrico Angelino. He said that the second day of each month the bank received an envelope, bearing no return address, which contained ten twenty-dollar bills placed inside a circular folder three times. On the circular's border was typed: "Deposit the sum of two hundred dollars to the account of Enrico Angelino, Illinois State Prison, Joliet."

The bank's records disclosed that the first deposit had been credited to Rick Angelino the same month he started serving his sentence. Because the head teller thought the matter odd, he had saved the last envelope and circular, and these he handed to the agents. Rip noted that the envelope carried two postmarks indicating it had been used twice. One postmark was Chicago and dated September second. The other was Brooklyn, but the date was not discernible. A rectangular piece had been cut out of the front of the envelope, where the first name and address had been, and a slip of paper pasted over it to conceal the hole. The bank's name and address were typed on this slip of paper.

"What do you make of it?" the teller asked.

Rip studied the documents a moment under a desk light, and then said, "I figure it like this. The depositor thinks he's a clever guy. He knows that sometimes envelopes and papers can be traced."

He put the documents in an inner pocket. "The fellow used a circular that can't be traced to him, and an envelope that he got in the mail from Brooklyn. It probably contained an ad. He typed the deposit in."

To page 90

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structions on someone else's machine. He thinks he's outwitted us."

Barker edged the car through the rush-hour traffic while Rip slipped as far down in the seat as his long frame would permit.

"Looks like Rick Angelino's getting what you might call casualty insurance," he said. "If the car-theft ring's paying him for serving a prison term, then he was in good standing with them when he was picked up."

He talked on, half to himself. "He pleaded innocent at first, but then his bosses got an attorney to him. They didn't want the prosecution snooping around and discovering it was the theft of more than one car. So they made a deal with Rick to plead guilty for two hundred a month."

"Only one thing doesn't tie together about this Rick Angelino business. Julie says he was home at the time the car was reported stolen—at ten o'clock. If he was, then he's taking the fall for somebody, or else..."

Rip would scarcely have admitted to himself how Julie Angelino had haunted him. Her faith in God, and in Rick, her own goodness that spoke in every thought and movement were something that could not be brushed aside simply because the facts denied her.

Marie Blanche proved an unusual caller in that she offered no pretences about herself. She was what she was, and it wasn't much.

She said she started working North Clark Street the same year Connie Anderson had. "Connie's okay," she said. "She asks me up to that flashy joint of hers like we was still hoofing it together for fifteen simoleons a week. I feel like a crum ratting on her, but I don't figure it's her I'm ratting on. It's Joe Walpo. He once—

Well, I ain't going to tell the story of my life, but I've been laying for him ever since..."

Barker asked, "What about him?"

"I'm getting to him. Connie asked me up Friday to spend the night. She and me killed a fifth of Scotch hashing over the days when we was a couple of dumb kids thinking we were glamor queens."

She moved to the edge of the chair. She ignored Barker talking to Rip. "We were stripping down for bed when the phone rang. Connie's got one of them fancy white phones in the bedroom. She yelled, 'Joey, Joey!' and I could see she was about to burn out her bearings. She turned to me and said she had a man friend on the line, and would I mind stepping out. I didn't mind because she was sweet about it."

"I couldn't help but hearing. I didn't try not to. I knew it was Walpo when she called him Joey. That was her pet name for him."

"When she called me back in, she didn't say anything, and I didn't ask nothing. She couldn't sleep. She tossed and rolled and got up and walked about the living-room for a long time."

"I couldn't help but hearing. I didn't try not to. I knew it was Walpo when she called him Joey. That was her pet name for him."

When she had gone, Barker asked, "Are we bringing Connie Anderson in?"

Rip stretched. "No, she'd deny it. She may lead us yet to Walpo."

Rip glanced at him. He once had felt the same resentment at rules and regulations. "It's better this way," he said easily. "The bureau gets the evidence and then makes the arrest. If you go off on fishing excursions, and third-degree every suspect, you're bound to hurt the innocent."

Rip stayed behind that night to study the steps taken to apprehend Walpo, checking to make certain they had overlooked nothing.

From every post office Joe Walpo's prison photograph

"CASE FILE: F.B.I." by The Gordons

looked down on the stamp buyers. Every taxi driver in Chicago had the F.B.I. wanted notice close at hand, as well as the ticket salesmen at the bus terminals, railroad stations, and air lines.

Wherever he had relatives or close friends F.B.I. agents waited on the possibility he might seek help from them. All of his former residences were under surveillance, as well as his known underworld haunts. And as fast as he discarded one car, and stole or bought another, the description went out to the police authorities of eighteen States.

His special interest had been covered. He had worked once as a house painter, and the Chicago union locals had circled their members on the chance he might attempt to "lose" himself for a time by posing as a painter.

HE had held membership in a fraternal order, and its lodges had been asked to keep on the lookout. Every news-stand dealer knew that he was an avid reader of true detective magazines, and every liquor store that he bought a little-known brand of vodka.

The map prepared by the Bureau's cartographic section pin-pointed where he had stopped. He had been traced from motel to motel, sometimes from camping sites, or by the cars he left behind, which were spoors he could not hide.

A report from the Oklahoma City field division set forth his activities during the four days he had hidden out at a resort following the slaying of the U.S. marshal.

One sentence stood out: "Guests advise subject went into the woods each morning for two hours to engage in firearms practice."

It was a few minutes after nine when Rip signed out. Peg, looking tired, said: "You have the most interesting girlfriends, Mr. Ripley."

He had a gleam for her. "They may not be beautiful, but—"

"Don't tell me they have character," she teased.

Her voice had lost its tennis-ball spring. He asked, "Have a hard day, Peg?"

"It's the time of night," she answered. "The drunks are all calling in."

The next morning at six the girl on the F.B.I. switchboard rang Rip to say Lieutenant Kuppel wanted to see him as soon as possible. There had been a break in the Brenda Ralles case.

Rip found several detectives grouped about Kuppel's desk. Kuppel left them and took Rip by the arm, guiding him to a little moonfaced man in his fifties, sitting alone at the other side of the room.

Kuppel said, "This is George Wicker. Mr. Wicker, this is Special Agent Ripley, of the F.B.I."

"Mr. Wicker found the body," Kuppel explained. "I am most honored," said the little man. "I had never expected to meet an F.B.I. agent."

"Look, Mr. Wicker," put in Kuppel. "Please be brief. We're very busy. Agent Ripley has a desperado to capture at seven, a bank robber at eight, and a highjacking gang at nine. Now, just tell him what happened without embroidering."

"Let's sit down, Mr. Wicker," Rip said.

As they sat at a desk, Kuppel whispered to Rip. "Out of four million people this guy's got to find the body."

"Whose body?" asked Rip.

"Brenda Ralles," said Kuppel.

"It was like I was telling the Lieutenant," began the little man, grinning. "I'm a chef at the Roundup in Cicero—once worked at the Waldorf-Astoria—"

"He's a cook's assistant," said Kuppel.

The little man didn't mind. At that moment he and Special Agent John Ripley of the Federal Bureau of Investigation were the only people in the world.

"It was five minutes to midnight—" He broke off, and then continued, "I wonder if the F.B.I. would give me a letter saying I helped out on a case. It would be nice to show my—"

"You'll get a Congressional Medal," said Kuppel. "Now, start with when you heard a noise in the alley."

"It was five minutes to twelve when I arrived for work. I know because if I take the eleven twenty-four street-car, I arrive as Georgia is starting to pick the gardenias—"

"She's a strip-teaser," said Kuppel, "and she wears some gardenias in the act. It has nothing to do with finding the body."

The little man looked injured.

Rip suggested, "When you heard the noise in the alley, Mr. Wicker..."

Barker slipped in as the little man continued, "Why, yes, Mr. Ripley, I did hear a noise in the alley. I was starting a batch of French fries when I heard it."

It was like when I drop the top of the garbage can on the pavement. We have big garbage cans, they come almost to my shoulders. So I knew no cat had done it although we have some big cats around, too.

"Yes?" Rip encouraged.

The little man went on: "I asked Harry if he would mind looking after the French fries, and he didn't, and I walked out the back door. It was quiet out there, and I stood looking around. There's a street light about fifty feet away, and you can see shadows. I walked then towards the garbage cans, and I scared someone, and he ran." He paused a moment.

"I looked at the garbage cans and they all had their tops on. Oh, well, I said, it's some kids out for no good. They jimmied the door to the clothing store next door one night—"

Kuppel asked, "What time was it when you heard the noise?"

"Some time between two-thirty and two thirty-five. The last show usually ends at two-thirty, but now they've got a dog act that varies a few minutes because dogs are dogs. I can't be precise, but I heard the music ending the—"

"That's close enough," said Kuppel. "Go on."

"Well, I went back in and Harry asked if I would get a half-dozen cuts—"

"Now, Mr. Wicker," said Kuppel, "let's jump to five o'clock."

"Yes, of course, I was getting around to that. Well, I was cleaning up about five, and I went out into the alley with the garbage. I stood looking at the store doors to see if any had been jimmied open. I walked over to the second garbage can. We have four, and we fill them up in order."

He paused again. Then his great, dramatic moment came: "I took the top off and the alley light fell on her head and feet. She was doubled up. At first I thought she was one of those plaster women they have in store windows, and that some kids had dumped her in. I touched her and I don't know,

God love me, how I was so calm. I walked back and said, 'Harry, there's a girl dead out there.' Harry thought I was kidding him but he came out—"

Kuppel walked away from the little man, Rip and Barker following. "She caught a slug in her chest," Kuppel said.

"We haven't a positive ident. We sent for her dentist. He's checking the fillings in the teeth against his X-rays."

"Brenda Ralles," murmured Rip. He heard the husky voice again, as it had come over the telephone that afternoon, as that night she had denied she had called the F.B.I. The huskiness, the sheer cerise gown, the shapely leg—she had thought these marked her as an alluring woman, when all she was, was a frightened girl. Something her boss said came back. Jim Ralner, the criminal attorney for cheap hoods turned civil lawyer for corporations, had said: "A man has a different point of view... she'd give me one of those lounchy greetings mornings... and summer afternoons when she'd come in..."

Rip said, "If she staged a phony suicide for us—"

Kuppel interrupted, "If she did, she didn't fool the killer any more than she fooled us. When that body didn't wash up—"

Barker asked, "Why would she want us to think her dead?"

"Maybe it wasn't us," said Kuppel. "Maybe she wanted the killer to think her dead."

Barker struck out on another tangent. "She may have written the suicide note with a gun in her back. The slayer may have planned the suicide."

Rip thought it possible. Kuppel asked him what disposition he had made of the letter.

"I sent it to the lab in Washington. If she wrote it under duress they may be able to tell us. Nobody writes the same with a gun in his back as he would ordinarily."

Some time later they received the autopsy surgeon's report. It disclosed Brenda Ralles had died between six and eleven the evening before. The ballistics experts reported the bullet had been discharged from the same weapon that had killed Zack Stewart.

As they left Kuppel's office, Rip was shaken more than he would admit.

The night he had talked down that alley with Zack on a simple, routine call had waken on a dreamy unreality with the passing of the days. Now, though, with the slaying of Brenda Ralles by the same killer, he again felt Zack's hand jerking in spasm, his body rolling on him.

Over and over he had searched his brain, at first slowly, patiently, and then with something akin to frenzy, seeking to tie facts together that would disclose what knowledge Brenda Ralles had that had taken, first, Zack's life, and then, hers.

But he could find no common denominator among the mass of miscellany stored in the file cases of his mind.

Kuppel had suggested he might want to look over the alley where the little man had found her body, but he declined. He would leave the detail to other F.B.I. agents, and to Kuppel.

He wanted to follow up the leads he had set forth for himself and Barker, certain that somewhere in the orbit of Kate Martel's life, or Rick Angelino's, or Joe Walpo's, he would find the killer.

As he and Barker were leaving to talk with Brod Carson, the nightclub owner whose car Rick Angelino had been found guilty of stealing, Peg

motioned to them. Her desk was littered with bits of paper.

"The janitor at Connie Anderson's brought these in," she said, giving Rip a glance which, if she had held it a moment longer would have invited a date.

"They're from Miss Anderson's wastebaskets. It seems the maid dumps the wastebasket into a sack and takes it to the furnace-room. The janitor thought there might be something about Walpo."

Rip glanced curiously through the crumbled, torn pieces, thinking what a strange lot people are. Nobody ever drops letters into a wastebasket without doing something to them. Some fold them once. Some tear them into small bits.

Connie Anderson had torn hers into pieces about the size of a postage stamp.

"Anything there?" Rip asked.

"The usual sort of things. Some bills, notes from friends, advertisements. I don't see anything about Joe Walpo, but then..."

Her eyes looked up at him without her head moving.

"But then," she finished, "I'm not John Ripley."

"Thanks," he said. "Remind me to buy you a dinner some night."

"I thought it was good enough for the Palmer House," she kidded.

To reach The Circus nightclub, they drove to a swanky lake-front district on the north side. Brod Carson received them at a desk as bare as an F.B.I. one.

Behind him hung autographs reading: "To Brod—I'll Never Forget You," and "To dearest Brod—with all my love always."

He had a pleasing candor, and it was as well tailored as his gabardine suit. Candor was a commodity that he marketed along with the floor show and drinks. So when he welcomed Rip and Barker into an office of blond wood, even to the panelling, he was neither arrogant, as a gambler might have been, nor obsequious.

BARKER took the lead. He studied Carson over a match he placed to his pipe as he said: "We want to ask about the Cadillac you reported stolen some time ago."

Carson appeared genuinely puzzled. "I recovered it, you know. The police found it in Indiana. They caught the thief, a young fellow—"

"Rick Angelino," Barker said.

"Was that his name? I had forgotten. I was to testify, but they didn't need me when he pleaded guilty."

"Did Rick Angelino ever work here?" Barker asked.

"Never."

"Did you know him before the car—"

"No, I wouldn't know him if he walked into this office now."

"I believe you told the police the car disappeared about ten o'clock that night?"

"Is that what I said? It's been a long time. I do remember how I established the time. I sent my driver for it that night, and it was gone from the place I always park it. A bus boy said he had been out for a smoke fifteen minutes before, and it was there then."

"Might we talk with the bus boy?"

"If you can find him. I had to let him go some months ago. He was bothering the chorus girls, and I don't tolerate that."

Rip said, "It's important to us to know the exact time. I want to impress that on you, Mr. Carson. Are you positive it was ten o'clock?"

"The bus boy would have no reason for lying."

"The police report shows that you notified the insurance company two days after the car was stolen. You can understand our natural curiosity about why you waited two days—and never notified the police."

"It's very simple," he said.

"I can explain to you because the F.B.I. would have no interest in my operations. He continued, "I own a night-club, and in connection with it, a gambling casino. When I discovered the car stolen, I had no wish to bring the police down on me. I thought perhaps a kid had taken it for a joy ride and would return it."

"When that didn't happen, I called my insurance agent. I'll have to admit I was not wise. Not wise, at all. I hadn't stopped to think that the insurance company would inform the police. If I had, I would never have put in a claim. Does that answer your question?"

On their way to the office Barker said, "He's smooth."

"He's too smooth," commented Rip.

Peg drew Rip's attention with a quick little nod when he returned. "I have a couple of messages for you," she said.

"Katherine Martel called at ten thirty-four," she said. "She wants you to phone her at the office. She said it was urgent."

Peg picked up the second message. "The agents shadowing Connie Anderson advised at ten fifty-seven that she had attempted on four occasions last evening and this morning to give them the slip. They wanted you to know."

"Thank you, Peg," he said. He was looking almost straight down at her. She glanced up quickly at his sober, earnest face, and saw the slow smile beginning. He reached for the phone on her desk. He talked with the agents in the linen room across from Connie Anderson's apartment.

"Barker and I will pick up the shadow job on Connie Anderson at two this afternoon," he said. "Tell the agents running the tail to let Connie duck them any time after that."

Kate Martel returned home, tired and weary. Uncle Max came straight to her room.

"I sorta wanted to have a word with you, Katherine," he said.

"Yes, Uncle Max," she said.

"I ain't never been the one to go about tellin' other people their business," he said. "But when folks start to talkin', I wouldn't be doin' my duty by Bill's wife if I wasn't to come to tell her."

"Tell me what?" she asked.

"People are beginning to wonder about you datin' that young Dave Millson, and sittin' around here nights—"

"I'm not dating Dave Millson," she said. "He drops around, that's all. He was Bill's friend."

He stood his ground stubbornly. "That Dave Millson is hangin' round here for no good. In my time I have seen many a young feller like him. He's after Bill's insurance money—"

She pulled the comb through her hair in short, fast strokes. "He's not the only one," she said.

Only a month ago Uncle Max had come snivelling around, asking to borrow two thousand dollars for another of his fantastic schemes.

Uncle Max muttered about "doin' his duty" and "no meanin' any harm." Soon she heard the glassware tinkling in the buffet under the impact of the front door slamming.

She believed Uncle Max had fabricated the story. In a Chicago apartment house half the people scarcely knew you

"CASE FILE: F.B.I."

name, much less talked about you. She was disturbed nonetheless about Dave Milson. For a time he had telephoned before calling, and she would find excuses, but now he arrived at unexpected hours, anywhere from dinner time to ten. She feared, too, he was again interpreting her easy graciousness for something else.

Vicky burst in shortly afterwards in a veritable explosion of energy. Mrs. Downes sensed Kate's fatigue and lured Vicki to the kitchen.

Kate thought angels must come in all sizes, for Mrs. Downes was one. But next week school would begin, and thinking about it paralysed her. She had been dismayed to learn the F.B.I. had no funds for providing a guard. Mr. Ripley had suggested she might want to employ a private detective.

He had, however, refused to recommend one, explaining he was not permitted to do so. He was like Bill in so many respects. He had the same unhurried way of talking, as though time were not his enemy but a friend.

Like Bill, too, he was thoughtful. He was frank with her, when frankness was needed, but she noticed he chose his words carefully at other times to avoid alarming her. He was so much like Bill...

Yet it wasn't as though she could confide in him as with an old friend. When the migraine headaches lay on her, she felt if there was someone she could pour her heart out to, perhaps Emil, it would ease the pain.

She had given her promise, of course, to the F.B.I. that under no circumstances would she disclose a word to anyone. Still, it surely wouldn't hurt with someone as close and trustworthy as Emil. Especially since he knew that something was amiss. He had commented recently on her haggardness.

She had laughed, and said, "Do you get very far with a line like that?"

He had remarked, too, "If I can ever do anything, Kate, you call me."

He hadn't mentioned it, but he surely had noticed that she kept her bedroom window closed. He and his wife undoubtedly had remarked about it to themselves, because their bedroom window was not more than twelve feet away, being on the other side of the building where it formed an L.

When the brisk tap came she was washing lingerie in the bathroom bowl. She glanced at the bedroom clock, and saw it was ten-fifteen. She opened the door a few inches and looked

out, knowing full well who was there.

"Hello, Kate," Dave said with an exuberance almost as unbridled as Vicki's. "Here's Mrs. Milson's little boy."

"Oh, Dave," she said, "I was going to bed. It was a brutal day at the store."

"Listen, Kate, I have news. I won't keep you long."

He didn't wait to be invited, laughing as he brushed by her. He covered every brash act with a laugh. As she closed the door she was trembling. He had no right to make so free with her apartment, to place her in such a position.

He dropped into a comfortable slouch on the divan, and looked as if he were put to stay.

"Guess what?" he asked as she seated herself in the winged chair. She was acutely conscious of his eyes on her hostess gown, where it hugged her at the waist.

He continued, "You know that screwy old duck who lives down the hall and helps you with your income tax?"

"Emil Shurk? And he's no old duck, Dave."

"Okay, he's no old duck, period."

"What about Emil?" she asked.

"I went down to the shoe factory today to sell his boss an insurance policy. We're old buddies. Went to school together. Say, Bill knew him. Oscar Jameson. Did Bill ever talk about Oskie? He was full-back in forty-six."

Come to think of it, she remembered Oskie, but couldn't recall what Bill had said about him.

"Doesn't matter," Dave continued, putting his feet up on the divan and stretching out. If Uncle Max could see him now...

"Oskie and I were sitting there talking, and this old codger passes by the door. I said, 'I know that guy. He lives in the same apartment building my girl-friend does.'"

He glanced at her, and then his eyes ducked. "Oskie said, 'That's Emil Shurk. He's our head accountant. I'll let you in on something if you'll keep it to yourself.'"

"You don't know Oskie, but he'd tell his own wife if he was carrying on with another dame. Can't keep anything to himself."

"I said, 'Okay, Oskie, let's have the lowdown.'"

"He said, 'We've given him notice for the first of the month. He's sixty-three.'"

Dave looked very much "in the know." "You get it, Kate?" he asked.

"No..." she said.

He explained: "They'd have to pay him a pension if they kept him until he's sixty-five."

She said, "I can't believe it."

The news lifted her out of her own orbit of fear, and transplanted her into Emil's. Little things burgeoned large that he'd dropped in their conversation. The refrigerator his wife had bought, the television set the girls had demanded, the rent increase, and especially his preoccupation when they would sit down to talk, and how he would come out of it when he shifted to think of her problems.

Dave was more loquacious than usual tonight, and more at home. He had taken off his tie, and opened his shirt collar.

She said with quiet firmness, "Dave, I don't want you to say it even in joke, that I'm your girl-friend. I'm Bill's wife, and it's the same as though he was coming back."

She saw him stiffen.

"Now listen, Kate," he said. "I said it to Oskie because I couldn't take time to explain who you are."

He looked as though she had slapped him, but she continued, "Dave, Uncle Max says the neighbors are talking. I like to have you come here, you know that, but maybe we shouldn't see each other so often."

He was on his feet, fixing his tie.

"Dave," she said, "I didn't mean to..."

By the time he reached the door he had recovered his composure. "Sorry," he said, "I didn't mean to goof off."

"You will come back?"

"Sure," he said, holding out a hand which she accepted...

When she went to bed she lay rigid, listening to the night sounds, and thinking that nights are far from being quiet. She was conscious, without being conscious, of Uncle Max's key in the door, and his soft, almost surreptitious movement towards his room.

For a long time she worked out how she would handle the beginning of school. Mrs. Downes could walk mornings with Vicki, and call for her afterwards. The private detective would sit guard in the school building, if Mr. Ripley didn't object to taking the principal into their confidence. In that way Vicki would not need to know, would not be scared.

Hiring a detective would be expensive, more than she could

Continued overleaf



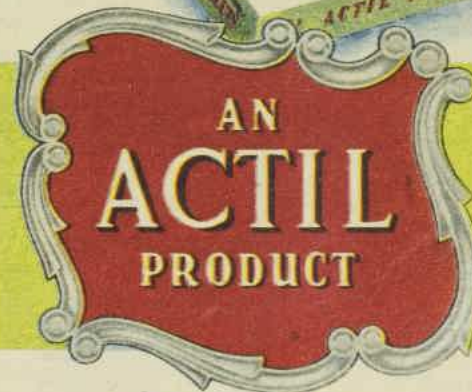
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afford for her salary, but for a week or two.

A week or two. She threw out of her mind the possibility the ordeal might drag out longer—threw it out because she could see what was happening to herself. She fought against it, but the more she resisted, the edgier she became.

She was doing things she never had. She was too quick to nag at Vicki, too sharp with them at the office, too ready to cross people, too quick to take offence.

She saw the morning dusk suffuse the room, and then the soft, leaf-filtered sun spread over the dressing-table. Having worked out Vicki's school problem, she turned to Dave Millson. She found satisfaction in the way she had handled him. He was so unlike Bill, brash, irrepressible, thoughtless, at times crude.

It was almost unbelievable how he had insinuated himself into hers and Vicki's lives, a name and a face unknown to her a year ago, walking in to repay a debt of thirty dollars.

But then, it was like Bill always said: "When you stop to think of the people in your life, you wonder how they ever got there. You never would have chosen half the ones you come to call friends."

She wished Dave had proven more like Bill. She needed someone to take her to dinners and parties, whom she could feel easy and natural around.

She wondered if it were possible for a woman to have such a friendship with a man, or was a woman always something to possess?

At six-thirty Vicki roused like a pack of Indians. Her noisy bumptiousness cast a pleasant normalcy over the apartment. Even Uncle Mat stuck his head out to protest a man needed his sleep. At seven Mrs. Downes bustled in to prepare breakfast, and by eight-ten Kate was hurrying down the hall.

She was partly through the street door when she noticed a letter sticking out of the panel of mailboxes in the hallway. It was a long, brown envelope that hadn't been pushed all the way in.

Her name and the address had been clipped from newspaper headlines, letter by letter, and pasted on. As she ran her finger under the flap, ripping it, she knew she shouldn't be doing that, but no power could have stopped her.

More letters, cut from newspaper headlines, were pasted on a sheet of ordinary plain white paper. She walked as something mechanical, back upstairs.

The message read: "Unable meet you at cemetery. Park car 1 a.m. Thursday morning southeast corner Milliron and Wright Streets under elm. Put shoe-box on car floor and leave child in front seat. Leave car one hour. Do not return before 2 a.m. Child will be left on front seat, and no harm come if you leave money."

As Rip signed out, his face was as undecipherable as his writing. He said to Peg, "Barker and I are going out on a shadow job. We won't be calling in."

She knew it was the Joe Walpo case. Walpo, the mad killer. She longed to ask him to be careful, but all she said was, "Yes, Mr. Ripley."

Barker ordered a full lunch, but Rip was satisfied with a malted milk. In a low monotone they fell to discussing the shadowing of Connie Anderson. It was Barker's first such job, and he was uneasy.

"It's impossible to pick out a tail on streets as crowded as Chicago's," Rip assured him. "I remember a Nazi agent who kept turning around and staring at the people behind him. Finally he accosted a stranger. He did that four times—but I was never the one. If I had been, it would have been only by the law of odds."

They decided on a loose job for Connie Anderson, since she knew them. Rip was to stay a half block or better behind her. Barker was to work the other

side of the street. He was to keep on the watch for anyone from the Walpo gang who might be checking to see if she were being shadowed by the F.B.I. They realised she might be tricking them.

The General Cases supervisor, from his desk at the field office, would act as co-ordinator. They would phone in as often as possible, and he would keep agents in radio cars near them.

It was two-forty, and they were waiting in the manager's office at the apartment building, when the agents upstairs telephoned that Connie Anderson was on her way down. Barker sat tense, fidgeting with his pipe. Rip casually flicked open the chamber of his .38 to drop shells in.

THEY watched as she walked out the front door and turned down the sidewalk towards the El. She was wearing a smart black sheath dress, and a chic little hat of green felt that bobbed becomingly with her movements.

Rip noted the green bag that hung from her left shoulder, the way she carried her arm close to her right side, the little rightward angle of her head. It was easier sometimes to follow such details and mannerisms than a body in general, especially in crowds where he might catch only the sight of that handbag swinging up ahead, or a head among many heads.

When she crossed the street, she was in a business district of fish and poultry shop, groceries, and drugstores. The agents had to run the hazard of perambulators that at times set up effective road blocks.

Only once did she glance back. That was when she paused to read the specials offered by a market.

On the El platform Barker walked to one end, Rip to the

other. Barker had a newspaper he was reading, but Rip feigned preoccupation, losing himself in the crowd.

Barker boarded the train as its air brakes pulled it to an easy stop, but Rip hung behind. Connie stepped aboard and then, as the train was moving, she took a quick, unexpected step back to the platform. Barker was caught, and Rip saw the astonishment and disbelief as his face swept by him, the train gaining speed. Rip smiled to himself, remembering the time the same hoary trick had been played on him in a New York subway. Her artifice alerted him to the fact that she expected to be followed.

She was walking his way. He bent down to talk with a five-year-old who wanted no part of him, and promptly informed everyone within hearing distance, which was considerable. Rip didn't budge. He talked with the mother a few minutes, carrying out his pretence that this was a family group.

Connie boarded the next El, and he found a seat in the coach immediately behind hers. At the Madison Street station in downtown Chicago she waited to leave the car until the crowd was gone. He was waiting down the street when she descended the stairs. She walked two blocks east, one block south, and turned into a department store where she went to the fashion salon. While she was trying on suits, Rip telephoned Peg to learn that Barker had called in. Would Peg please advise Barker where he was? Peg, all business, would.

Barker was waiting for him outside the store when Rip followed Connie out. From then on, for the rest of the afternoon, the shadow job became a montage of one store after another, of Connie Anderson looking at dresses, coats, and costume jewellery.

It was obvious she was filling in time. She continued to do so

when she bought a ticket at six o'clock for a Vic Mature movie. She stayed for the cartoons, and it was after nine when she left for dinner at a nearby hotel. Hungry themselves they took up vigilance across the street.

Afterwards she took a taxi to Oak Park, and they followed in another taxi. She paid the driver off at Ridgeland Avenue. She looked for a long moment at their taxi, but when it rolled past her, she started north on foot. A half block beyond they instructed the driver to turn out his lights and let them out.

They followed her for better than a mile. The neighbourhood was mostly in bed, only a few houses showing any light. They could scarcely see her form, but they could hear her feet as they ground the dry, brittle leaves of early autumn against the concrete. They themselves were conscious of setting up a crunching that seemed almost explosive in the stillness.

She stopped suddenly then, and Rip, who had been expecting it, held his feet fast in the sidewalk, as though he were geared to her. But Barker, across the street, continued. Rip felt his blood pound as he feared Barker would bring himself to a belated halt, and give the tail job away. But he was shrewd enough to know he had erred, and continued walking in the manner of a latecomer returning home. He was well down the street when Rip heard Connie moving on. Rip gained a little on her, fearful she might turn sharply into a house, and he would lose her.

For the barest brush of time he was conscious of someone near him. He could hear the body—the breathing, the faint movement—but before he could look back, a weight hit him. As the blow fell, he dodged, and the weight caught him on the back.

He struck the sidewalk like a dead body, and someone fell

on him, had hold of an arm, and was pulling it back.

Perhaps it was the shock of the pain in that arm that brought him out of his numbness. He came back with a lurch that threw the man off.

He got to his knees, and was pushing himself up, when somehow the man was over him again. Rip felt a hand crushing his left wrist, pulling it back. He grabbed the hand with his right, and with a judo hold pitched the man over him and let him fall to the sidewalk. The man didn't get up, and in the darkness Rip heard his breathing coming in spasms.

Drawing the .38, Rip backed a few steps to get beyond any possible tackle. He waited in the stillness, no longer hearing Connie Anderson's footsteps. He wondered what had happened to Barker.

The man was groaning, struggling to talk.

"Stay where you are," Rip said, "and put your arms over your head."

The man was twisted half on his back, half on his side, grotesquely. Rip himself stood breathing hard, feeling the pain mounting between his shoulders.

Events moved in and out of his consciousness that night with the phantasmagoric effect of matches remembered from dreams. Barker took form.

A couple chanced on them then. Rip asked them to go for a doctor.

So quietly did the Bureau cars converge on the neighbourhood, and set up street blocks, that few lights came on in the houses. Even the ambulance that came eventually to pick up Rip's assailant was only a blotch in the dark.

From one agent they learned Walpo was living in a shack on the grounds of a pretentious residence, and posing as a caretaker for the owners, who were in Europe.

Broadcasts had gone out, of course, to the peace authorities of three States, and everywhere road blocks were being set up. But as Rip rode silently back to the office, he thought it a

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TABLETS . . . 3/3 LARGE ECONOMY SIZE - REGULAR SIZE 1/9

waste of manpower. Walpo would shun the highways.

It was quiet at the office, with only a few agents on the dog watch, a girl at the switchboard, and another girl in the chief clerk's office. Rip doctored himself with the first-aid kit.

He wandered to his desk like a dog going to a familiar spot. The room was dusky, as at twilight, catching light from the glassed-in teletype and switchboard cubicles. He could hear the teletypes chirping away.

About four o'clock Barker and the others drifted in, a weary, frustrated crew.

"The fellow wasn't hurt much. Mostly had the wind knocked out of him. We put him to bed at Central Headquarters and gave the police a hold for the F.B.I. on him," Baker said. "His name's Burt Zane Anders. He says he never heard of Walpo. He wants to know who this Walpo is we're so excited about."

Barker began filling the pipe. "He saw you following a girl and knew you were up to no good. He was defending a woman's honor. He never heard of Connie Anderson, either. He was out for a peaceful walk, and saw you sneaking up on her."

After talking a while they got around to wondering why the fellow had slugged Rip instead of killing him.

It wasn't for a while they were to learn they were mistaken in all their conjectures. The actual reason was beyond the point of believable speculation.

They talked, too, about Connie Anderson, who had eluded the cordon, and whether she would elect to stay with Walpo in his flight.

"She could have been taking him a message," Rip said, "or information he needs for his next raid."

They were thinking of going home, when the switchboard girl signalled Rip she had a call for him.

One of the agents on duty in the linen closet across from Connie Anderson's apartment was on the line. "She just came in," he said. "Connie Anderson."

Rip returned to duty after three hours' rest. The telephone rang.

The voice he heard was that of Kate Martel. Leaving Barker to dictate a memo on the night's surveillance and search, he walked the few blocks to her office.

She was gazing out of the window. She didn't suspect his presence until he said, "Hello, Mrs. Martel."

She turned then, and he stopped suddenly, seeing her eyes.

"I have it here," she said, walking to the desk and picking up the cellophane envelope containing the extortion letter.

"I expect to be lectured," she said simply. "I handled the envelope and the letter, too. I didn't forget. I couldn't help myself. I had to know..."

He nodded in understanding, and said, "The lab can eliminate your fingerprints when it examines the document."

She stood behind the desk, and was fixed so rigidly that she moved only imperceptibly when the phone rang. "Yes, Sam," she said. "I've got a phone call in for New York. I'm sure the price will hold..."

As she talked, he listened without looking up. Her voice was like her eyes without lustre and aged beyond her years. She hadn't broken yet, but almost.

"I'm to leave Vicki in the front seat she said as she turned back to Rip. Leave her to the mercy of this fiend. I can't do that. I can't go through with it..."

"CASE FILE: F.B.I." by The Gordons

He diverted her mind by asking questions.

She said "I love Vicki as any mother loves her daughter. But it's more than that Mr. Ripley. I told you my husband was killed in Korea. Vicki's all that I have of him now."

She walked to the window, looking down again on the anti-like streams below. "If I don't go through with it — somehow he'll get to Vicki. You can't watch a child her age every minute, and that minute..."

She was thinking it out for herself, thinking it out as she believed Bill might have.

"And with school beginning — will he come this time, Mr. Ripley?"

He had to be brutal. "I don't know," he said.

As she turned, and he saw what was on her face, he said, "Look, Mrs. Martel, whoever he is, he knows you. Maybe slightly, but he knows you. Perhaps he hasn't broken you enough to suit him. I hope this is it."

"You're frank," she said. "I will be, too. I don't know how much more I can take. I fight it. I tell myself that I'm a fool — that that's what he wants. But it's something I can't fight. If Vicki was sick, I'd call a doctor, and I'd pray for God's help. If she died, I would have done everything I could. But this way, if I do one wrong thing..."

"We could hide an agent on the floor of the back seat," Rip said.

"If there was any fighting, shooting, Vicki..."

"Yes," he said. He continued, "There's another possibility. We could borrow a child-size mannequin from a store, wrap it up in a blanket. It will be dark."

Hope came into her face. She said doubtfully, "If he discovered it..."

"He would have to come to the car to know. We hope to take him. He might get away, of course..."

She hesitated. "Vicki's not very big. I could carry her if I had to. And at that time of night she'd be sleepy, and I'd have to. So if I carry the mannequin, it'll look all right."

She took a long breath. "I'll be there in my car at one o'clock tonight," she said slowly.

Rip consulted with supervisors and other agents about "covering" the extortion scene. After they had drafted an operational set-up, he studied the log reports.

Surveillances had been run on seventeen of Kate Martel's associates. The logs were repetitious, reflecting their subjects as creatures of habit. He drew three aside, and made an occasional note. The three were:

Log—Max Charles Martel (Uncle Max)—September 4.

7.10 p.m.—Subject leaves apartment building, 1213 Addison Street. Proceeds north one block, west two blocks, buys newspaper. Proceeds east three blocks, enters Jed's Cigar Store, exchanges money with man in his fifties, five feet eleven, two ten, greying, receding forehead, wearing dark trousers, flowered sport shirt, no hat (identified as C. Z. Oregon, known bookie, who, when interviewed later, said "Uncle Maxie" was "in" three hundred and seventy-five dollars to him).

7.45—Subject leaves cigar store. Proceeds two blocks east, enters Novak's tavern, orders beer. Talks with bartender (identified later as Charles Homan). Buys numbers tickets from bartender.

8.10—Subject leaves tavern. Takes Hempstead street car.

8.52—Subject checks in at Horton Manufacturing Company, where he is employed as night watchman. Surveillance discontinued.

Log—Emil Shurk (accountant)—September 7.

8.23 p.m.—Subject leaves apartment building, 1213 Addison Street. Proceeds east two blocks, enters Four Corners tavern, seats himself at back table.

8.53—Subject enters tavern telephone booth, talks for thirteen minutes. Returns to table.

9.42—Subject joined by blonde young woman, about twenty-two, five five, one ten, wearing dark green sports dress, no hat, hair done pony style (identified later as Ellen Richards, who lives in same apartment building as subject). She remains fifteen minutes at table.

Log—Dave Millson (real-estate)—September 9.

8.15 p.m.—Subject leaves apartment building at 1022

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checked for street. Subject pays check and they leave club.

2.35—Subject parks car on Dreamtime ballroom lot. Subject and dancer enter ballroom.

3.15—Subject and dancer leave ballroom, enter subject's car, and subject proceeds west.

3.40—Subject parks car before 801 Southington East Drive. Subject and dancer enter Apartment D.

3.55—Lights turned out in Apartment D. Surveillance discontinued.

Next Rip studied the memos from the agent who had "run the indices" at the Chicago police department.

The records disclosed that Uncle Max, under the name of M. Charles Martel, had been arrested, tried, and acquitted August 27, 1937, of trumped-up charges. The prosecution had sought to prove Uncle Max had induced a party to invest eight thousand dollars in a factory which Uncle Max had represented as a going concern, but which was "going" only in his head.

The records revealed, moreover, that Dave Millson, Kate Martel's would-be boyfriend, had been picked up March 21, 1946, for "breaking and entering," a charge dismissed two days later when he was released into the custody of his parents.

He gave his age as seventeen. He was one of five who had burglarised a sports shop.

The police files held no information concerning either Emil Shurk or Mrs. Elizabeth Downes.

Rip took the disclosures without comment. He considered them as only background to keep in mind as the investigation unfolded.

The credit records showed Emil Shurk earned sixty-six dollars a week, had no tangible assets besides his furniture and a car, and was labelled a good credit risk, although an appliance store had sought in 1947 to repossess a refrigerator.

Dave Millson, on the other hand, was termed a poor risk. A total of seventeen small claims had been filed against him, including suits by two tailors, three florists, and a nightclub. His income from his realty and insurance business was reported by his bank in the "upper-middle bracket."

When Rip walked into Connie Anderson's apartment later that morning, she was stretched out on the divan, fondling a drink.

"You, too?" she said, glancing up petulantly from her glass. "I'm not answering any more questions. I got my rights..."

"I'm not asking any," Rip said evenly.

On the way to her apartment Barker briefed him about the interview conducted by the other agents. She, too, said she had been out for a midnight walk. She denied she knew Joe Walpo was in the vicinity, and denied any knowledge of that attack on Rip. It was obvious she had consulted an attorney before returning to the apartment.

Afterwards the agents had conferred with the United States Attorney, and the U.S.A. informed them, as they had known he would, that he lacked sufficient evidence to bring a concealing charge. While it was obvious she had known Walpo's whereabouts the night before, there was no proof.

"I have some information that should interest you," Rip said.

"Yes?"

"F.B.I. agents in Oklahoma

picked up a woman named Flo Keye Emery, and are charging her with harboring a fugitive. She's Walpo's girl-friend. She lived with him in a shack outside Ponca City for a couple of months."

She put her drink down slowly. "So what?" she asked.

"Once before Walpo hid out with Flo Emery. Two years ago in the Ozarks. That time they lived together for eight months."

She said flatly, "I'm not interested in his love life. I told you that was all dead."

Rip kept his eyes on her. She had folded her arms and slouched farther down into the divan's pillows.

"We've examined your bank account," he said. "It shows a deposit of seventy-two hundred dollars May 16, 1951, which was exactly one week after Walpo held up the Greensburg, Pennsylvania, bank and escaped with thirty-seven thousand in cash. It also happens that you needed exactly seventy-two hundred dollars to pay off a note due on your yard-goods shop."

"You can't prove Joe gave it to me."

"We also learned your ranch-mink coat was bought in St. Louis two weeks after Walpo held up the bank at Joplin, Missouri — bought by a man answering his description."

She finished off the drink. Her lower lip was quivering. "I got the coat from..."

"We're not asking where you got the coat, or the money, or where you were going last night. We know."

He continued, "Maybe you haven't looked at it the way I do. To my way of thinking you were there with Joe Walpo when he blasted the head off the girl teller with the shotgun. You were there when he shot two women down without reason. You were there when he killed the marshal."

"You were there because you played along with him, you consoled him when he was in prison, you gave him the world of tinsel and liquor and gaiety he craved, you gave him your love, and you lived off his loot."

He took her hand and put a photograph in it. She glanced at it idly, and then gasped, shutting her eyes tightly as she held it for him to take back.

"Don't," she said.

"It's not a pretty picture, is it — what a shotgun can do? And yet last night..."

She pulled herself up. "If Joe was to surrender, you wouldn't shoot him, would you?"

"Has the F.B.I. ever?"

"You killed John Dillinger."

"Yes, we killed Dillinger. He was coming out of a movie. The agents called on him to surrender, and identified themselves as Federal officers. They risked their lives doing that, and they didn't open fire until he went for his gun."

"That's what Joe would do."

"Maybe he wouldn't have the chance. Maybe we could take him when he was sleeping."

"I wouldn't want to see Joe killed, and he's going to be killed if he doesn't give up. I worked it out by astrology the other night."

She walked to the decanter

and filled her glass. Rip felt the expectancy of the moment. While her back was turned, she asked, "Would he have to know it was me?"

"No one would know except the two of us."

"You wouldn't write it down or give it to the newspapers?"

"No, it would be between us."

She returned to the divan. "Joe wasn't always bad," she said. "He was a scoutmaster in his home down in Indiana. Now isn't that a laugh!"

"What happened?"

She shrugged. "What happens to all of us from the time we're little kids? What happened to me? If I'd been a different kind of girl when we first met..."

She laughed. "I guess I'm getting one of those complexes the goofs are always talking about. Joe wanted me the way I was, and if I hadn't been that way, he wouldn't have wanted me."

She swallowed the liquor. "I don't know why I'm gabbling like this. I guess I like talking to you. Do you know something? I think you're sweet."

"I think you've had enough to drink," said Rip. "What about Walpo?"

"What about me? What happens to me?"

"I can't promise anything. If you're not guilty of concealing..."

"I haven't got him here, if that's what you mean."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"You knew last night."

"I didn't say I did. But if I did, I don't today."

Rip untangled his legs, and rose to leave. "I hope you're being honest, Miss Anderson, because..."

At the door he turned. She was stretched her full length on the divan, and yawning. He said, "You knew he was in town. He phoned you two weeks ago yesterday."

Her silence rattled on her. "You're guessing," she said.

"It was about midnight. Look, we haven't even begun to investigate your association with Walpo because we thought you were a decent citizen interested in apprehending a mad killer. But now we're going to tie a few loose ends together—the seventy-two hundred dollars, the mink coat, the telephone call, the walk you took last night..."

She was on her feet, wavering slightly. "Don't," she said.

"I—"

He hurried on. "If you care anything at all about Walpo..."

"Don't," she repeated. "Please listen. I don't know where he is. I guess I can't get over once having loved him. I don't want to see him shot down. When I find out where he is..."

She put an inviting hand on his arm. He removed it and asked, "You have the F.B.I. phone number?"

She nodded and said, "It still goes. I like you. I think you play it straight."

He closed the door with her standing there, clutching at the negligee. Barker asked, "Well?"

"You never know. She's like a wildcat I once had. She can purr over you one moment, scratch you the next."

To be concluded

"CASE FILE: F.B.I." will conclude in next week's issue. Tension grows as special agent John Ripley and those associated with him pursue investigations into the three most explosive cases in the file left by Zack Stewart.

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are cruising aboard the yacht Ocean Wind. Mandrake is diving underwater, when, on deck, a sudden force draws all the

loose metal objects off the ship towards a distant island. Ocean Wind itself is pulled away despite the reversing of the powerful engines. The strong anchor chain snaps when the yacht is caught by the force. Mandrake is left behind. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



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Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/9, 36 and 38in. bust 51/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.
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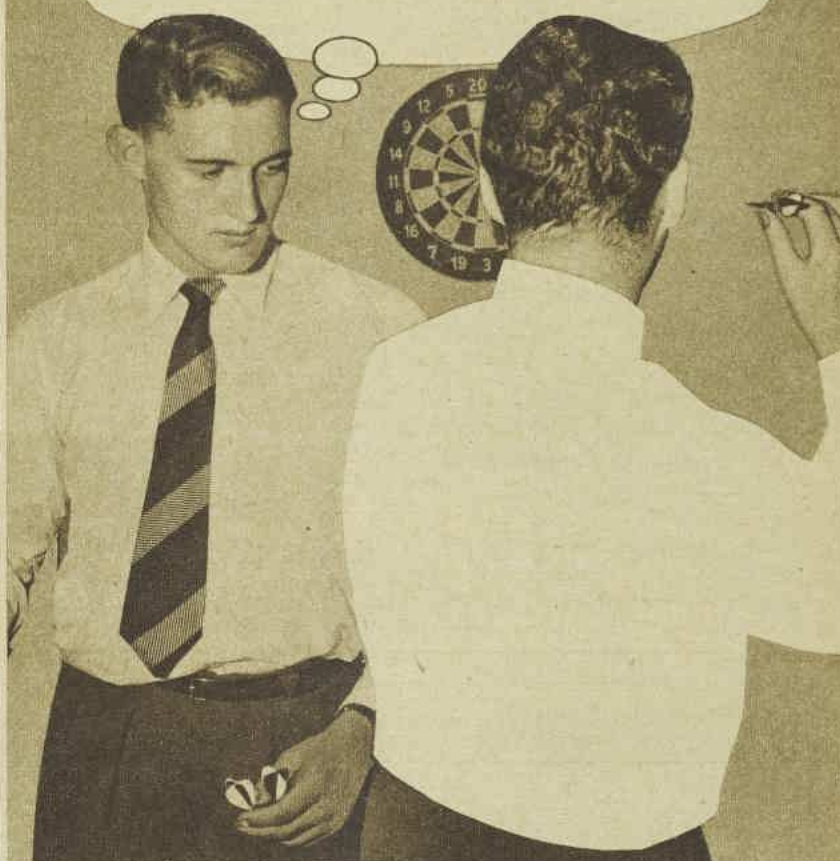
"ERNA." — Matron's one-piece dress designed with a graceful bodice-top and slim hipline. The dress is obtainable in woollen showerdrop suiting woven with a tiny black fleck. The color choice includes mustard, saxe-blue, aqua, and storm-grey. The dress is finished with a velvet trim and buttons. The color choice for trim is black and brown.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 40 and 42in. bust £5/4/3, 44 and 46in. bust £5/6/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.



Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 73. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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until I saw Bob's
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In copper
or washing machine



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